THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded by Benjamin Franklin

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Beginning: TOWARD MORNING—By I. A. R. WYLIE

ENDURANCE

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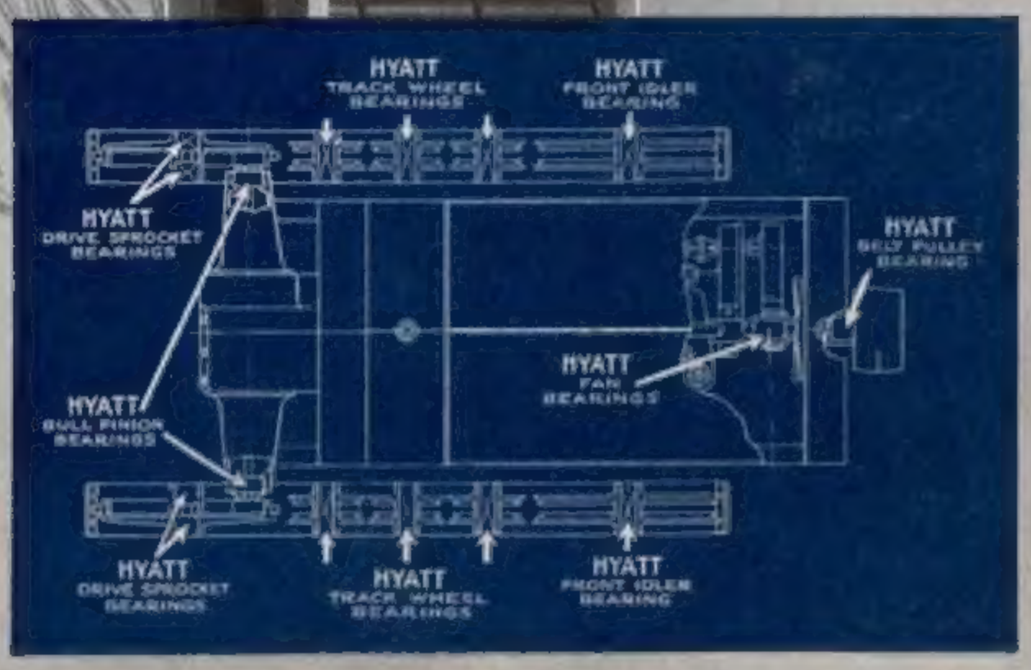

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Big Ben—Baby Ben—Pocket Ben—America—Lookout—Ironclad—Sleep-Meter—Bingo

La Salle, Illinois, U. S. A.

Sleep-Meter

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3 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 teaspoonful salt
1 cupful mashed potato
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About ½ cupful milk
(Use accurate **level** measurements)

Sift together the flour, baking-powder and salt; add the potato pressed through a ricer, cut in the Crisco, then use milk, as needed, to mix to a dough that cleans the bowl. Turn on a floured board with the knife to coat with flour; knead slightly then pat and roll into a sheet. Cut in rounds and bake about fifteen minutes in a quick oven.

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TOWARD MORNING

By I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"I Didn't Know," He Said. "I Didn't Know Flowers Were Alive Like Me. I Won't Hurt Any of You Again Ever"

HE WOKE violently. In the very midst of his dream he had been shot out of a cannon's mouth straight into consciousness. Yet for a moment he could not remember where he was. He seemed to be clinging to the outer edge of a monster wheel which whirled him through darkness till his brain went sick and giddy. Half-remembered landmarks flew past him. He clutched at them, trying to stay his mad flight. But they slipped through his fingers. The pace was at first too frightful, his clutch too feeble. But gradually the wheel began to revolve more quietly. The landmarks settled in their accustomed places. He clung to one of them—it was the big majolica stove just opposite; and this time his grip held. The wheel jerked and came to a standstill, and there was the *Herr Amtschreiber* Felde in his plush-covered chair, with the gray early morning light peering at him through the cracks in the closed shutters.

He did not move at first. His body ached all over, but he was glad to sit quiet. Though it was still too dark to see anything clearly, it made him feel more secure to recognize the dim outline of familiar objects—the table in the middle of the room, the four chairs drawn up stiffly in place, the plush-covered sofa with the carved wooden back, the Venetian mirror shining like a polished shield on the opposite wall, the big majolica stove.

It was the stove which held his attention longest. It explained his dream, and he always liked to have things explained. As soon as he had found a natural cause for it the dream did not trouble him so much. Yet it had been rather terrible. Even now the memory of it held a queer, uncanny fascination. Without being terrified any more he could still understand why he had been afraid. It had been an unusual dream, in that nothing had really happened in it.

He had been sitting in his chair, close to the warmth, drowsy with fatigue and worry and excitement, and then suddenly he found himself in an empty plain. He was quite alone, but afar off against the horizon loomed a shape so black and huge that it shut out the light of the sun. Its one red eye watched the *Herr Amtschreiber*. It brightened and grew dim and brightened again, but it never let go of him. And he sat there, puny and cowering and stark naked, and waited. He was not surprised that in spite of his puniness the eye should be so intent upon him. He had a dim but profound knowledge that they were vital to one another—that if the eye closed he himself would go out into nothingness, and that if he could turn away his gaze the eye would be extinguished forever. But he did not want to turn away. That was the odd part of it. Though he knew quite well that the eye would kill him in the end, he was fascinated, intoxicated. He felt that in a minute he would jump up and dance and scream and yell unknown blasphemies till he dropped—dead.

He, the respectable, respected *Herr Amtschreiber*, felt that he was going to dance—stark naked—and scream and yell blasphemies. But then mercifully he had wakened. And there he was in his plush armchair, aching from the embrace of the carved wooden arms, but fully clad and not even knowing what the blasphemies would have been.

It was nothing but the stove after all. He remembered now that he had gone to sleep staring at the fire glowing fiercely behind the glass-covered door. He had sat too close, far too close, and the heat had given him nightmare. Now the fire was almost out. It had a sullen, dying look and the atmosphere of the room was dank and stuffy.

The door opened. A woman came shuffling softly over the parquet flooring and loomed up at the *Herr Amtschreiber's* side. She carried a funnel-shaped coal scuttle, and opening the slot of the stove jerked in the coal with an angry rattle.

The *Herr Amtschreiber* stirred and stretched himself.

"Has the Herr slept well?" she asked with a singing South German intonation.

"*Na—es geht.*"

He got up and limped painfully about the room. He had a bad taste in his mouth and his eyes were heavy and sore with unrestful sleep. The woman came over to the window and threw open the shutters, and the light snatched the misty gray covers from the furniture and left it stark and bleak in its ugliness. The *Herr Amtschreiber* stood before the Venetian glass and peered anxiously over his spectacles at the reflection of a little man with a small pale face and a fair straggling mustache and round blue eyes. The eyes were young, but the face was middle-aged and faded. The *Herr Amtschreiber* sighed. He jerked the chocolate-colored coat higher up on to the sloping shoulders, and wriggled his legs in the baggy trousers. The shot-silk tie had worked up under one ear. He tied it carefully and fastened the low collar and smoothed his thin fair hair.

"*Na—es geht schon,*" he repeated sleepily.

The servant came back carrying a round tray with a white china coffeepot and a plate of rusks which she set at the head of the table. She was tall and broadly built. Her body

showed soft rounded lines under the dark cotton dress, but her bare arms were strong and hard as a man's. Her eyes were deeply shadowed and sad and beautiful and stupid as the eyes of a patient overburdened animal.

"The breakfast is there, Herr Felde."

He grunted and came and sat down. He dipped a rusk into the coffee and began to eat nervously. Every now and then he stopped crunching to listen, his head a little on one side, his brows knitted.

"Is—is it all right, Anna?"

"Oh, yes, yes, Herr Felde! The sister says she has been asleep. She is asleep now. It will all go splendidly."

"Yes, of course. I mustn't disturb her. I have got to be at the bureau early this morning. The Grand Duke is to open the new wing. I ought to be gone now. Bring me my hat and coat. Good God—what is it?"

He had leaped to his feet as though the cry from behind the closed double doors had been the sting of a serpent. It was a terrible cry—not loud, but pressed down and running over with agony. It was the cry of someone unsuspecting who has opened a door and looked down suddenly into a pit of horror. The *Herr Amtschreiber* stood trembling with clasped hands, his mouth gaping.

"What is it? What is it?" he repeated helplessly.

The servant Anna looked at him. She, too, was pale, but also she was smiling. The smile had some strange kinship with the cry that came creeping up to them through the stillness in low, advancing waves. It was world-old. It lit the patient, stupid face with an unfathomable wisdom.

"The *Herr Amtschreiber* shouldn't worry. It is just beginning—that is all. It must be gone through. It is always so."

"Always? It is impossible. Dear God in heaven! How do you know?"

"It is always so," she repeated stolidly. "My mother had ten children. I was the fourth. Six times have I heard my mother cry like that."

He was walking up and down the room—almost running—like some distraught hunted little animal—with the vibrating, deepening cry at his heels.

"Ten times! Ten times! It's incredible. Intolerable. Why isn't the doctor here? Doesn't he think he'll get his fees? Anna, how long—how long can that go on?"

"It depends." She gathered the breakfast things together. "Some have it more easily than others. The *Frau Amtschreiber* is not so young."

He stood still suddenly, close to the double doors, his soft hat squeezed between his nervous bony hands. The round blue eyes peered blindly over the crooked spectacles.

"No—no—we are not young, either of us. Is that our fault? One can't be reckless. One must do things decently—in order—*Standesgemäss*. A grand-ducal official can't marry anyhow, can he? One must wait. But I didn't know; I thought—— Nature oughtn't to punish people—for doing things decently. Anna, if I could see her for a minute ——"

"The *Herr Amtschreiber* will be late."

"Late? Yes—and—dear God in heaven—His Royal Highness is visiting the *Rathaus* himself. Some of us will get an order. If only I—— But my *Büreauchef* doesn't like me. I don't know why. I have always done my best. One must be careful. It wouldn't do to be late. Anna, if anything—anything happens you must come at once."

She helped him into his overcoat and brought him out into the dark stuffy passage. The cry had become a whimper. It had lost dignity. The revolt and passion had gone out of it. It was the pitiful, exhausted protest of a spirit already broken.

The *Herr Amtschreiber* shook his head.

"It isn't right. It isn't right."

"It will go well," Anna said soothingly. "The *Herr Amtschreiber* will see; it will go well."

Though he was so late he lingered for a long minute outside the massive gray-faced house. He felt dazed and battered and sore. It was as though he had run away out of a terrible battle. He was amazed that everything in the street was just as usual. He looked at a little boy in his blue overall, his satchel strapped to his shoulders like a knapsack—so grave and earnest and anxious. He looked at the big infantry soldier coming along with his clumsy and effective swagger, and he felt that he saw them for the first time. He was amazed that he had never realized them before. They were stages in one development—and the first stage of all was the sound of a woman crying. They meant fear and remorse and pain. He saw how terrible they were.

He looked up at the window in the top story of the big house.

"It wasn't like her to cry like that; she never cried like that before."

Then he remembered how late he was. He walked fast, but with dignity, till he came to a side street, and then he began to run.

He was not used to it. His lungs ached and his knees shook under him. And he was ashamed. He felt red with shame right to his very soul. He knew that *grossherzogliche Staatsbeamten* never ran. Nor were they ever late. They were always at their post, weaving their little pattern into the vast national design with absolute efficiency and dignity, without haste or disorder. Now he was late and running—and running absurdly, a sort of shambling trot, his face very red, his glasses jogging on the bridge of his nose.

A vague, unhappy anger ran through his shame. He did not know with whom or with what he was angry. It had something to do with Clärchen and that terrible crying. Either she shouldn't have had to cry like that or he shouldn't have had to run. There was something wrong about it all. It did not belong to the neat scheme of his life. It was as though a maniac had burst into his office and thrown all his papers out of the window. He wanted to cry too. The tears made the rims of his eyes red—tears of pity and worry and sheer physical weariness.

A man came out of a house at the corner of the street. He was tall and broad, with consciously squared shoulders and a strong slow step. He seemed to be leading an invisible procession and to be gravely, not unworthily, aware of his responsibility.

The *Herr Amtschreiber* stopped running. He choked back his gasping breath and set his glasses straight. It was as if he had suddenly remembered his own little bit of a procession and was trying to call it to order. Three paces away he swept off his hat and carried it reverentially.

The *Geheimrat* Köhler blinked at him, hesitated and finally stopped. Actually! Though he had married Clärchen's sister, the *Herr Amtschreiber* had not expected more than a nod—had perhaps not wanted more. For he was dreadfully late. Yet he was glad too. He wished some of his colleagues could see the *Geheimrat* patting him on the shoulder.

"*Na, mein Lieber,* how goes it? My wife asked me to inquire. She would have called herself, but you know how it is. She is to have *audienz* with the Grand Duchess this afternoon. With regard to the *Frauenverein*, you know. Still—she was very anxious. The *Frau Gemahlin* is doing well, eh?"

The *Herr Amtschreiber* made a little bow.

"It's very kind of you—please thank the *Frau Geheimrätin*. I don't know. I—I am rather worried—terribly worried." The rising tears in his heart almost welled over. "When I left she was crying; not just crying—groaning. It was awful. I—I don't know what to do. It's intolerable that anyone should have to suffer like that. I can't believe that it's right. I can't believe that everyone has to suffer ——"

Herr Köhler burst out laughing. He had a hard rasping voice, which he retained from his *Garde-Lieutenant* days in Berlin.

"My dear fellow, you're too newly married—that's what's the matter. Women have to go through with it. It's their duty. They were made for it. Mustn't make a fuss. Mustn't encourage them to make a fuss. We can't do with parasites in this country. Everyone to his duty. We fight—they bear children. There's too much of the old German *Sentimentalitäts Dusel* left. Must be rooted out. Eh, Felde?"

The *Herr Amtschreiber* nodded seriously. He felt suddenly stern, and stiffened as though the *Geheimrat* had rammed a poker down the back of his coat.

"Yes, yes, of course!"

"*Na, gut.* It must be a boy, eh? You know the good old custom—the first child to the Kaiser. A fine boy. See to it, my dear fellow."

The *Geheimrat* laughed and the *Herr Amtschreiber* laughed too. He had not thought about the child at all. He had only thought about Clärchen. He began to see things in their proper perspective.

"We'll do our best," he said.

"That's good. Look here—if it is a boy I will stand godfather. I'll—I'll do what I can. We must make something of him—something first-class. If we realized that every child is a cog in the national machine there would be fewer failures. Young Felde mustn't be a failure, eh?"

"No, no! It's very good of you. Very good. I shall tell Clara. Thank you, *Herr Geheimrat.*" Though they were brothers-in-law he could never have said "Thank you, my dear fellow," or patted the great man on the back. "It will comfort Clara!" he added unsteadily.

"*Ach was!* She shouldn't need comforting. She should be only too glad. But no doubt she is. A sister of Mathilde's is sure to know her duty. You're too soft, Felde—just a little too soft. It doesn't do. These are stern times. One must carry one's head high."

The *Herr Amtschreiber* lifted his head involuntarily.

"Assuredly, *Herr Geheimrat.*"

"*Na—also!* Good luck. And when the happy event takes place you must let us know."

"Assuredly."

(Continued on Page 113).

"I Have Got to be at the Bureau Early This Morning. The Grand Duke is to Open the New Wing"

"OKEH W. W."—By David Lawrence

PRESIDENT WILSON gets his name in public print more than any other man in America, but he considers himself "hopelessly useless for publicity purposes." Those were his own words when a friend suggested lately that he ought to bring his personality more into view and let people see how he works. Strange, isn't it, that the man who discovered the most impressive ways to make Congress and the country listen to his messages and the world to his recent speeches, a man who from the moment of his entry into public life has depended upon public opinion to sustain him, should be confessing a lack of publicity instinct!

But he was exactly right. That is the paradox of him—the basic reason, indeed, for the contradictory impressions that prevail of the President. At self-expression, the disclosure of his personality, of his own part in the many transactions that have run through his eventful five years in the presidency, he is far from a success. Newspaper correspondents who have been intimately associated with him ever since he was president of Princeton University and governor of New Jersey find it difficult to recall a single instance in which he has put himself out in the slightest to get personal publicity. On the contrary, he has squelched many proposals and schemes to boost his stock with the people. Campaign managers have found him difficult to manage. Principles and ideals are his fetish, not persons or individuals; acts and results count in government, he contends, not the idiosyncrasies of method or personality.

But Mr. Wilson's methods are novel, and therefore bound to excite inquiry. His disregard of precedents and traditions whenever they seem to conflict with naturalness or directness of action is food for biographers, historians, scribes and critics of these and future days. Secretaries and attachés at the executive offices, to whom the coming and going of presidents are almost like the passing of the seasons, testify to Mr. Wilson's originality. For they found him unlike his predecessors from the very day he sent back to them the first memorandum which they had submitted to him for his approval or disapproval and on which he wrote in pencil the curious phrase "Okeh W. W." They hazarded guess after guess as to where the President got the word. They had heard of his wholesome respect for the English language. Finally, after more memoranda similarly marked came to them, one of the assistant secretaries asked the President why he didn't use the abbreviation "O. K."

"Because it's wrong," replied the President as he went on signing his mail. "O-k-e-h"—he spelled it out—"is the correct word."

What the Dictionary Says

THERE was a sudden search for dictionaries that day, but though some of the lexicons attributed the use of "O. K." to Andrew Jackson for "Oll Korrect," none made mention of "okeh."

"Look it up in the latest dictionary," suggested the President to his puzzled inquirer. And here is part of what was found:

O. K.—a humorous or ignorant spelling of what should be "okeh," from the Choctaw language, meaning "It is so"; an article pronoun having a distinctive final use; all right; correct; used as an indorsement of a bill.

So it has come about that "Okeh W. W." is a kind of symbol of executive power in and about the White House. Most of Woodrow Wilson's decisions are made on paper, and that ancient Indian word conveys the approval of the Chief Executive to many vital acts of government policy. For his is primarily an administration by letter or memorandum, a reliance on the written rather than the oral word. It is Mr. Wilson's conception of how he can best manage his big job—a theory thoroughly and completely his own.

Is it an effective way? There is in truth no formula for a war president any more than there is a formula for this extraordinary war. There is no precedent by which we can judge Woodrow Wilson because nobody ever had Woodrow Wilson's job to do. He must feel his way forward amid the emergencies of rapidly changing situations—just like a general in the field.

Twenty-seven men have been president of the United States, but no two have been alike in manner, method or personality. No two had exactly the same problems. Nevertheless, we attempt to gauge our presidents by the

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Okeh W. W.

standards of bygone days. We gather from a dramatic, forceful, bellicose type an impression of the vigorous executive, and forthwith imagine that vigor can be expressed only in terms of sharp gesticulation or grim-set teeth.

We want each president on taking office to have absorbed all the fine qualities of his predecessors and to have rid himself of all their ill-fated theories. We want no jerky curves in the chart of intermittent administration. We covet regularity, symmetry and unremitting efficiency, no matter who the man or what the barrier. We want to synchronize men and policies. And our demands take the form of personal likes and dislikes of the incumbent President, according as he resembles or differs from the picture we have mentally drawn. We admit that a thoughtful Providence created Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson in different image, but we unconsciously imagine a composite personality—a combination of all the virtues of past experience and none of the empiricisms of changing circumstance. We insist that the president in time of war must be even more than this—he must be meticulously nonpartisan, judicially poised and scrupulously impartial to every interest, be it social, financial or commercial. What we think we ought to have is a kind of coalition president—but what we really describe is a Utopian superman.

Mr. Wilson does business by a minimum of personal conference and a maximum of personal correspondence. No mind could retain all the things that would be said to a president were he to see even half the subordinate officials who seek to talk with him. Anything that is worth while saying at all, reasons Mr. Wilson, can be said on paper. Any business that cannot be dispatched through the frankness of the written word had better not be dispatched at all. Persons who wish to take the President's time, with the exception of cabinet officers and members of Congress, must make known to him in advance something of their errand. Cabinet officers and heads of commissions, boards and bureaus write long letters to the President every day and get comprehensive instructions in reply. It may not be the most effective way—time will tell that—but it is a new way of administering the presidency, and applied to the mechanism of war is probably the most distinctive case of executive management in the world.

There have been many "okeh's" from the pen of Woodrow Wilson in the last five years to the requests for engagements, but the great majority of persons who have sought audience with the President have been unsuccessful in their quest. From this has risen the impression that Mr. Wilson is an exclusive person, that he "doesn't see people" and is too much to himself.

Critics have risen therefore to question whether Mr. Wilson is a good executive, a good administrator. But criticism, to be useful, must be based on truth. And most of the amateur critics who have arrived recently in our national capital to dissect the war machine, to pick flaws and expose weak spots, have found nothing more difficult to ascertain than just what President Wilson does with his time.

Some of the newcomers have not been dismayed by that drawback, but have absorbed all the gossip and hearsay, all the peevishness and petulance of intemperate officialdom, and after a few days of more or less personal observation have set down in sophistic sentences that Mr. Wilson is a fine moral leader but none the less a poor executive.

Others, more charitably inclined and of longer memory, admit that Mr. Wilson got along pretty well as an executive in public business during the years before we entered the war, but as to the huge tasks of organization incident to the fighting, why, a man so peacefully inclined couldn't put ginger and pep into the enterprise of war! They caught a glimpse of him motoring to and from the golf links; they saw him at the theater enjoying the show. Of his recreation they were informed; of his work they were ignorant. They saw a list of engagements at the executive offices daily, they read his proclamations and occasional speeches to Congress, and they imagined this constituted the sum total of his effort.

An Unprinted Story

THAT'S the trouble—they imagined. Imagination may help understand the romance of war, but fact is indispensable to valid criticism. There ought to be more known about what the President does—how he manages his job. It would help the President to understand the spirit and temper of his critics, but it would mostly help the country to understand the President.

True enough, the public impression of Mr. Wilson is quite different from the actual personality of the man. The President himself has remarked that of all the sketches and articles that have been written about him since he entered public life he has been able to recognize himself in only a few of them. He is portrayed either as a cold, methodical mental machine, devoid of sentiment and emotion, or described as a dilettante and dreamer, full of abstract visions, discouragingly impractical in concrete performance.

For these conflicting versions Mr. Wilson himself is partly to blame. He shuns personal publicity; it is genuinely odious to him. Since he has been President he has seen fewer correspondents and writers by far than any of his predecessors. Full description, however, of half the things that Woodrow Wilson has done since the war began would probably have answered many of those who have been skeptical of the President's whole-hearted interest in the military and naval sides of the war as distinguished from diplomatic phases and the interchange of peace speeches.

Take one thing, which at present writing is still unknown to the country and certainly to all but a few persons in Washington—something that would have made a splendid newspaper story at the time, something that would have refuted completely the absurd notion that Mr. Wilson's passion for peace and an end to the world's agony made it impossible for him to express contemporaneously a passion for war, for action, for victory as a means of peace.

It happened early last summer. Our navy was getting ready for action overseas. We had sent some destroyers forth, but the bulk of our forces were at home. The President left Washington for a trip on the Mayflower—the newspapers said. That was true, but they knew not where he went. The Mayflower moved slowly down the Potomac and several miles out to sea, where on the deck of one of the biggest American dreadnoughts the next afternoon were gathered the officers of the Atlantic Fleet. Everyone in home waters was there. Orders for the assembly had been previously issued by Secretary Daniels.

The President tabooed ceremony. There was no salute of guns or pomp of celebration. He went directly to the business in hand. And the business in hand was telling the officers of the Navy of the United States that the submarine had to be beaten and that they had to do it. He talked—well, it must still remain a secret; but if you ever heard a football coach talk to his team between the halves, if you ever heard a captain tell his men what he expected

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THE YELLOW DOG

By Henry Irving Dodge

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

IT WAS five o'clock. Walker shut his desk with a bang, stuck the keys in his pocket and, taking his hat and stick, made his way to the ferry. Walker was weary. He'd been arguing with grouches all day—grouches who kicked because we hadn't gone into the war when Belgium was outraged; grouches who hollered because we hadn't gone in when the Lusitania was sunk; and grouches who kicked because we had gone in at all.

He had been compelled to listen to the dreary talk of our fighting England's war; of its being a rich man's war; of the crime of sending our boys over there; the constant harping on German efficiency, German invincibility, the preposterous idea of the Kaiser's subjugating us as if we were an inferior people; and all the rest of the feeble-minded twaddle.

Walker was a sweet-tempered, peace-loving man. He hated argument. His occupation was anything but one involving disputation. For twenty long years it had been his business to write smoothing-out, soft-soap letters to disgruntled customers. He had to meet all comers and give them the glad hand. Many a time he wished some grouch good luck when he would have liked to kick him out. But that wouldn't have been good business.

Before we were in the war Walker assumed a neutrality even if he felt it not. But now that we were in he didn't keep his mouth shut any longer. It was a weary business, this arguing with fools or having to sustain faltering friends. But the bragging impudence of the Germans didn't offend him half so much as the carping, pin-pricking criticism of the Government and its management by a certain class of Americans.

Walker was simply the regulation, first-class American, who has the welfare of his country at heart, who feels that he owns it—as every good American should—and who hates everybody who hates it.

That evening Walker didn't go into the smoker as usual. Of late there had been too much near-seditious talk in there. And he'd formed the self-tormenting habit of listening for things he didn't want to hear. He found a seat in the day coach and, opening his paper, tried to read. But he was too angry—a kind of general "mad" that had possessed him for some time.

"Any Yellow Dog'll Lie and Keep Still as Long as You've Got Your Foot on His Neck"

Walker held up his paper and pretended to be reading when he saw A. D. Jones, one of the prominent pessimists, approaching. But there was no escape. Jones took the vacant seat beside him and at once opened fire:

"Walker, haven't you heard a good deal of disgruntled talk lately?"

"No more than usual," said Walker sourly. He folded his paper and turned for a shot at Jones. "Jones," said he, "I was wondering whether I hadn't got to be morbid. I seem to hear it all round me—discontent, carping criticism of the Government. What's the idea?"

Jones looked at Walker significantly. "It's an unpopular war," he said.

"Any war's unpopular with cowards and sneaks," growled Walker. "I can't understand the attitude of some people. Every time there's a bit of news about labor troubles in England or food shortage in France they seem to take a quiet satisfaction in it."

"You're morbid," observed Jones, for everything just then was squaring with his pessimistic attitude.

"A big battle, even if we lost it, a crack in the nose, wouldn't be so bad," Walker went on. "It would make us mad, rouse us up, stimulate us, any old thing! But it's this rotten, petty little talk, a word here and there by the sneak that's the dangerous thing."

"Rats!" said Jones. "Rats! That's just hot air. Doesn't amount to anything."

"Doesn't amount to anything?" Walker snorted. "It's the continual dropping of water that wears away the rock of faith, that seeps in and rots the moral fiber of the people." He clutched Jones' arm. "There he goes now! Listen!"

It was Babbitt talking: Babbitt, the self-exploiter; Babbitt, who didn't care what kind of light he stood in so long as it was the spotlight.

"I say," Babbitt shouted to the man across the aisle, "what do you think about that transport they sunk yesterday? Nine hundred of our boys lost! What do you think now?"

"First I heard of it," said the man across the aisle.

"It wasn't in the papers, but the rumor was all over the 'Street.'"

The rumor had made a break in the market and Babbitt had made a killing, which softened the effect of the shock to him.

Everybody in that part of the car turned and looked at Babbitt. There were blanched faces and dry lips. Then there was a soft moan, and the crumpled form of a little woman in black tumbled into the aisle.

Walker comprehended the whole situation. The coal of resentment that had been smoldering in him ever since he first began to hear slanderous rumors against the Government burst into flame. He saw the reddest kind of red. In an instant he crowded by Jones and had Babbitt by the throat. "You yellow dog! You damned yellow dog!" he shouted.

"Wha-what's the matter with you?" gasped Babbitt, pulling back.

"Don't you know that woman has a son on the way over and another just drafted?"

"How did I know she had sons in the army?"

"How do you know any woman hasn't sons in the army—you yellow dog! You want to assume that they've all got 'em there before you shoot off your mouth." Then Walker raised his voice so that everybody might hear: "What you said about that transport being sunk isn't true."

"How did I know it wasn't true?"

"All the afternoon papers denied it—a vicious Wall Street lie just to break the market."

"I don't read the afternoon papers," roared Babbitt, reassured as a number of his friends crowded down the aisle.

Jones had picked up the little woman in black and had taken her forward and put her in charge of some sympathetic women there.

"What's the matter?" demanded Charley Billings, pushing his way through the crowd. Billings was the most prominent butter-in of all the commuters.

"This fellow's talking sedition," shouted Walker. He had loosed his hold of Babbitt's throat but still gripped his collar.

"You lie! I ain't! I only said what I heard," protested Babbitt. "It was all over the Street."

"Yes, all the yellow dogs had it."

"He's got a right to talk," said Raymond Blinkensop, a tall, callow youth whose upper teeth protruded, giving him the appearance of chronic *mal de mer*.

"You lie! He ain't!" shouted Walker, forgetting his manners and his grammar. "He ain't got any right to lie about this Government."

"Who's lying about the Government?" said Walter H. Binns.

"He was, you yellow dog, you!"

"Don't you call me a yellow dog!" cried Binns, half rising.

"That's about all from you!" cried Walker. "If you don't shut up I'll push your face in. I can lick all you yellow dogs in this car here—one at a time or all together."

The spirit of his athletic boyhood was swelling in him. He wanted to hit somebody—how he wanted to hit somebody. They could see it in his eyes.

Binns subsided.

"But ——" gulped Blinkensop.

"No 'buts' from you, you stretched-out insect!" snapped Walker. And Blinkensop thought better of what he was about to say.

"I've got a right to free speech," growled Babbitt, jerking sidewise to disengage Walker's hand from his collar.

"You haven't any right to free lies. You don't try to find out whether it's true or not; you just lie, lie, lie." He turned to the crowd. "You all do it. You're a lot of yellow dogs!" He straightened up and glared at them. "I want to serve notice on you fellows right now—you, Blinkensop; and you, Binns; and you, Billings; and all the rest of you—any one of you that peeps a lie about the Government in my presence—mark! Look!"

Walker grabbed Babbitt by the collar and with his open hand struck him a heavy blow on each cheek.

A puffy commuter who had played bridge with Walker tried to pacify him. Walker cast him off as he would a canary bird.

"Keep away from me!" he shouted. "This is my fighting day. I'm fighting for Uncle Sam!"

IF YOU HEAR A MAN SAY TUZCANIA WAZ ZUNK, DON'T ARGUE WITH HIM ASSAULT HIM
Boy Detectives of America
Every calmity howler is a YELLOW DOG
B. C. A.
The Income Tax dodger is a YELLOW DOG

Then with old athletic form he pushed the yellow dogs aside and strode up to the end of the car where the little woman in black was being revived.

"I want to tell you, Mrs. Blakely," he said gently, "there's nothing in that report. It was only a vicious story put out by the Germans. No transport was sunk. Our boys are all safe on the other side." But the deadly virus of yellow dogism had begun to take effect in the little woman in black, as Walker was to know presently.

Walker, when he left the train at Danforth, had the curious feeling that he had suddenly become unpopular. He sensed that the crowd was against him. He was disgusted. Were all these fellows yellow dogs—these men with American names? At the edge of the crowd old Jimmy Beane, commission merchant, linked his arm through Walker's as they started to cross the street.

"That was a good one you gave Babbitt, Al."

Beane's indorsement made Walker feel better. After all, there was one man in Danforth who wouldn't stand shamefaced when the old Star-Spangled was sung.

"I've stood about all I can, Jimmy. I'm going to make it darned unfashionable to talk sedition when I'm round."

"He claimed he wasn't talking sedition," said Beane slyly.

"It was sedition camouflaged as rumor."

"You didn't stop to reason that point with him," chuckled Beane.

"Reason? Bah! Jimmy, I've come to realize there's no use arguing with those fellows.

"You show one of 'em to-day how wrong he is, and to-morrow he'll come at you with some new thing. It isn't what they say, Jimmy, that gets my goat; it's the spirit of the thing. You don't hear that sort of thing among clever, able men. It's the more or less unsuccessful, down-at-the-heel, half-educated, mediocre-minded dubs, who will believe anything so long as it squares with their grouch attitude, that talk that way. They forgather and spout calamity—spread an atmosphere of gloom all round."

Beane sighed. "You're right, Al. You can't argue with 'em."

"Jimmy," said Walker, "the only way to get that stuff out of those fellows' heads is to knock it out."

"'A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still.'"

"You can make him shut up, anyhow." Walker lifted his hand and said with a gesture of warning: "Jimmy, I tell you, the greatest danger to-day isn't the guns of the Kaiser over there; it's the yellow dog over here. He carries poison on the tip of his tongue and loves to howl everywhere and at all times." Walker grabbed the old man by the arm. "You feel as I do, Jimmy. You've got a regular Lexington and Bunker Hill face."

"You can dig clean through me without touching Teuton soil, all right."

"Jimmy, I'm going to stop this yellow-dog business."

"How? Write an article for the paper?"

"Bah! What's the use? The papers and magazines have been full of it for months, iterating and reiterating the same old thing. There isn't a single one of 'em that's had genius enough even to suggest a remedy, a definite remedy that you can put your finger on. Now, I'm going to do it—somehow."

"Trouble is, no one takes it to himself."

"You've hit it, Jimmy!" Then, telling off his words: "Bring—it—home—to—the—individual! Make him realize that he is a yellow dog!"

"You did that with Babbitt, all right."

"The Greatest Danger To-Day Isn't the Guns of the Kaiser Over There; It's the Yellow Dog Over Here"

"I shut him up, anyhow," commented Walker grimly.

"Pity you couldn't choke 'em all off that way."

"Any yellow dog'll lie, belly up, and keep still as long as you've got your foot on his neck. But one man can only keep his foot on the neck of one yellow dog at a time; and he can't do that forever. Trouble is, Jimmy, yellow dogism is all over the country. To combat it we must find an agent as ubiquitous as the house fly."

"But how to do it? That's the rub."

"If we can only find a cure for this community we'll have a cure for the whole nation. For a town is only a nation in miniature. Jimmy, the blood of this nation is full of white corpuscles—nonresisting yellow dogs. Red corpuscles is what we need—blood policemen." Walker laughed. "Only two hours ago I was a white corpuscle. Now I'm a red one!"

When they shook hands at the gate Beane said: "Al, you've raised my hopes again. I'd begun to think there wasn't a white man in Danforth. It's all rot, I know, but I'm obsessed."

"My hat's in the ring, Jimmy—all comers!"

Beane turned and looked at his companion with his jaw dropped slightly. "What's come over you, Al?"

"I dunno."

"Well, whatever it is, it's good."

The slap in the face that Walker gave Babbitt changed Walker's very nature. It instantly converted him from a patiently passive to an actively militant man. The Yankee coal in him had burst into flame and was consuming him. He had suddenly become the sole owner and guardian of the United States of America. He had with his fists, thank God, proclaimed himself the enemy of all yellow dogs. He would fight yellow dogism first, last and all the time. He would swat it every time it poked its head up in his presence. He had silenced a few. But that was not enough. The new spirit that had taken possession of him had given him powerful initiative. He would carry the war into the enemy's camp. He didn't know just how—but he'd do it! Our boys were over there—that meant a heap to him. He would show 'em that it meant a heap to be over here.

That evening after dinner Walker went to his library, seated himself before the grate fire and, lighting his pipe, tried to think out a cure for the nation against yellow dogism. As the result of his prolonged and profound meditations he reached three definite conclusions: There was no use in argument—that wouldn't do it; there was no use in writing articles—that wouldn't do it; there was only one thing to do—bring it home to the individual that he was a yellow dog, and bring it home hard.

Night after night Walker, with the help of his good pipe, operated his thinking machine, and his thinking machine was pointed in the direction of yellow dogism and was gaining headway all the time. The first thing, he thought, was to get at the cause of this malady. What was the reason of the pessimistic attitude of these men with good American names? Why did they persist in sowing the seed of doubt? Why did they continually harp on German organization? Why did they say anything good about the enemy, whom they hated just as he hated, and were quite as determined to crush?

Were they doing it consciously or unconsciously? They weren't vicious men, though the effect of their attitude was vicious. If one had called them unpatriotic they would have resented it hotly. Then they must be doing it unconsciously. Admitting that, they must be acting under an influence outside themselves; they must unwittingly be lending themselves to a sinister purpose.

Was it possible, after all, Walker wondered, that some German system had insidiously produced this rotten moral attitude in Danforth? The longer he pondered the more he realized how many German interests there were in this country. Many of his friends he had long known were influenced,

(Continued on Page 134)

All YeLLOW dOBBism is MADE IN GERMANY
THE "YeLLOW dOG" may have His Day but—this ain't it.
EVERY SCHOOL CAN HAVE A YELLOW DOG
Yellow dog
EVERY KNOWS WHY

SHOOTING STARS

By William A. Bishop
V. C., D. S. O., M. C.

IT was the mud, I think, that made me take to flying. I had fully expected that going into battle would mean for me the saddle of a galloping charger instead of the snug little cockpit of a modern aëroplane. The mud, on a certain day in July, 1915, changed my whole career in the war.

We were in England. I had gone over as an officer of the Missisauga Horse, of Toronto, a cavalry detachment of the Second Canadian Division. It had rained for days in torrents, and there was still a drizzle coming down as I set out for a tour of the horse lines.

Ordinary mud is bad enough, when you have to make your home in it, but the particular brand of mud that infests a cavalry camp has a meanness all its own. Everything was dank and slimy and boggy. I had succeeded in getting myself mired to the knees when suddenly from somewhere out of the storm appeared a trim little aëroplane.

To Fly One of These Tiny Waspilke Fighting Machines Seemed to Me the Most Wonderful Thing in the World

It landed hesitatingly in a near-by field as if scorning to brush its wings against so sordid a landscape; then away again up into the clean gray mists.

How long I stood there gazing into the distance I do not know, but when I turned to slog my way back through the mud my mind was made up. I knew there was only one place to be on such a day—up above the clouds and in the summer sunshine. I was going into the battle that way. I was going to meet the enemy in the air.

I had never given much thought to being a soldier, even after my parents had sent me to the Royal Military College at Kingston, when I was seventeen years of age. I will say for my parents that they had not thought much of me as a professional soldier, either. But they did think for some reason or other that a little military discipline at the Royal College would do me a lot of good—and I suppose it did.

In any event, those three years at the R. M. C. stood me in good stead when the rush came in Canada; when everybody was doing his best to get taken on in some capacity in order to get to the Front quickly.

Winning the First Wing

WE CANADIANS will never forget the thrill of those first days of the war, and then the terrible waiting before most of us could get to the other side. Our great fear was that the fighting would all be over before we could give a hand in it. How little we knew then of the glory that was to be Canada's in the story of the Western Front; of the sacrifices that were to reach to nearly every fireside in the Dominion!

For many months my part seemed to consist of training, more training, delays and more delays. But at last we got over. We crossed in an old-time cattle boat. Oh, what a trip! Fifteen days to reach England! We had seven hundred horses on board, and seven hundred seasick horses are not the most congenial steamer company.

We were very proud to be in England. We felt we were really in the war zone and soon would be in the fighting. But it is a great mistake to think that when you sail from America you are going to burst right up to the Front and go over the top at daybreak in the morning. The way to the war is long. There were more work and more training for us in England.

At first we were sent to a very sandy camp near Folkestone, and from there to a very muddy camp somewhere else in the British Isles.

It was to this camp that the aëroplane came that stormy day in July. A week later my plans were in motion. I met a friend in the Royal Flying Corps and confided to him my ambition to fly. He assured me it would be easy to arrange a transfer, and instructed me as to what I should do. If I wanted to get to the Front quickly I should have to go as an observer, meaning that when I flew over the German lines I should be the passenger in a two-seated plane and would do just what my title indicated—observe.

If one has a stomach for flying it doesn't take long to become a fairly competent observer. There are observer schools, where they teach you just what to observe and what not to observe.

This is not a joke. If an observer lets his gaze wander to too many nonessentials he cannot do the real observing that is expected of him.

A few more days of cavalry mud and I was convinced that to be an observer in the air was better far than commanding a division on the ground. So I applied for my transfer, got it, and went to observing school. I loved those first few flights in an old training bus. I don't think she could make more than fifty miles an hour; and as for climbing, she struggled and shook and gasped like a freight train going up a mountain grade. But it was thrilling enough for me in those days, despite the fact that I soon began to envy the pilot, who had all the fun of running the machine and could make it do a few lame and decrepit stunts.

After a few months I was graduated as an observer and was awarded my first insigne of the flying corps—an O with one outstretched wing attached to it, to be worn on the left breast of the tunic. I was rather proud of that one wing, but more determined than ever to win the double wings of a full-fledged pilot, and some day have a machine of my own.

In a very short time I was in France and ready for my first trip over the enemy lines. As I look back upon it now my life as an observer seems very tame. The work of the reconnaissance and artillery machines, as well as that of the photography and bombing planes, is very important. It goes on day and night, in good weather and bad; but all the time I was observing I wanted to be fighting. Whenever I would see one of the small, swift single-seater machines, which were just coming into vogue then for fighting purposes, my resolves to become a fighting pilot would grow stronger and stronger.

But far be it from me to detract one iota from the work of the observers. They take enormous risks and seldom get any of the glory. The men in the corps recognize and appreciate the quality of their work, but the public at large rarely hears of them. The feats of the fighting planes form the spectacular and fascinating side of flying, but in a sense the daily drudgery of the bombers, the photographers and the observers is of even greater value to the fighting men on the ground.

It is no child's play to circle above a German battery observing for half an hour or more, with your machine tossing about in air tortured by exploding shells and black shrapnel puffballs coming nearer and nearer to you, like the ever-extending finger tips of some giant hand of death. But it is just a part of the never-ceasing war. In the air service this work is never done. Everywhere along the line the big guns wait daily for the wireless touch of aëroplanes to set them booming at targets carefully selected from a previous day of observation. Big shells cannot be wasted. The human effort involved in creating them and placing them beside the well-screened guns at the Front is far too great for that.

Every shell must be watched. It is a startling thing, but true. When we possess the high ground and the ridges it is not always necessary for the aëroplanes or the balloons to do the observing; the artillery observing officer can go forward on the ground, and from a convenient tree top, a bit of trench or a sheltering shell hole see exactly what his guns are doing.

Every day there are hundreds of photographs to be taken so that the British map makers can trace each detail of the German trench positions and can check up on any changes in the enemy zone. Information is to be gained at all times by all manner of reconnaissances—some of them carrying you fifty to sixty miles into the enemy country. Then there is the fighting patrol work, which goes on at all hours. The patrol is not on our side of the line. It is far over the German lines to keep the enemy machines from coming too close even to their own front trenches. Of course they do slip over occasionally, but more than often have to pay for their temerity.

Low Flights Over Enemy Trenches

THE British infantryman—Mr. Tommy Atkins—takes it as a personal insult to have a Hun machine flying over him. It shouldn't be done, he says, and he grouses about it for weeks. How different with the German infantrymen. Our planes are on top of them most of the time. The Huns used to write wrathful letters home about it. Sometimes our infantry has captured these letters before they were posted, and they used to amuse us when we would get them in the daily army reports. I remember one particularly peevish old boche who wrote last May:

"The air activity where we are is very great. The English will soon be taking the very caps off our heads."

It is great fun to fly very low along the German trenches and give them a burst of machine-gun bullets as a greeting in the morning or a good-night salute in the evening. They don't like it a bit. But we love it; we love to see the Kaiser's proud Prussians running for cover like so many rats.

Whatever your mission, whether it be to direct artillery fire, to photograph, to bomb an ammunition dump or supply train or just to look old Fritz over and see in a general way what he is up to, your first journey into Hunland is a memorable event in your life. I may say here in passing that in the flying corps a German is seldom anything but a Hun, and the territory back of his lines is seldom anything but Hunland. Our general orders tell us to designate a Hun plane as an "enemy aircraft" in our reports, or "E. A." for short, but nevertheless we always think of both the machine and the pilot as a Hun, and they will ever be.

If it is artillery work you are on you have learned to send down signals to your battery by means of a wireless buzzer, and you are equipped with intricate zone maps that enable you to pick out all manner of fixed objects in the enemy's domain. You can locate his dugouts, his dumps, his lines of communication, his battery positions, his shelters behind the trees, and in a general way keep tabs on his "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

The day for your trip over happens to be one of wondrous sunshine and the clearest possible visibility. At every aërodrome behind the long British war line the aëroplanes are out of their hangars, and are being tested with such a babel of noisy explosions that in moving about with a companion you have fairly to shout to make yourself heard.

With your pilot you climb into the waiting two-seater. It has been groomed for the day and fussed over with as much care as a mother might bestow upon her only offspring starting for Sunday school.

"Contact, sir?" questions a mechanic standing at the propeller.

"Contact," repeats the pilot.

There is a click of the electric ignition switch, the propeller is given a sharp swing over and the engine starts with a roar. Once or twice there is a cough, but pretty soon she is hitting just right on every one of her multiple cylinders. It is all the mechanics can do to hold her back. Then the pilot throttles down to a very quiet little purr and signals to the attendants to draw away the chocks from under the wheels. Slowly you move forward under your own "steam" and taxi across the field rather bumpily, to head her into the wind. This accomplished, the throttle is opened wide, you rush forward with increasing speed, you feel the tail of the machine leave the ground, and then you go leaping into space.

You climb in great wide circles above the aërodrome, rig up the wireless, send a few test signals, get back the correct responses, and arrange your maps, while the pilot, with one eye on his instruments and the other on familiar landmarks, sets sail for the German lines, gaining height all the while. On the way to the lines you pass over your battery and send wireless word that you are ready to carry on. It is to be a day of counter-battery work, which means that some of our batteries are going to do in some of the Hun batteries.

The modern guns of war are very temperamental and restless. They get tired of firing at infantry trenches and roads and things, and more often go to shooting at each other. In this you help them all you can.

And now you come to make the acquaintance of "Archie," who will pursue you through all your flying days at the Front. Archie is a presumptuous person and takes the liberty of speaking first.

"Woof! Woof!" he barks out. Then—"Hiss-s-s. Bang! Bang!" Two flashes of crimson fire and two swirling patches of black smoke jump out of the air a hundred yards or so in front of you.

Getting Acquainted With Archie

THE experienced pilot swerves a little, neatly avoids the next volley, which breaks far to your right. Archie keeps barking at you for quite a while, and you seem to be leaving a perfect trail of diffusing black smoke balls in your wake. The pilot looks back at you and grins. He wonders if you have the "wind up"—army talk for being scared to death. It isn't any disgrace to get the wind up at the war, and there are few of us who can truthfully say we haven't had a queerish sort of feeling every now and then.

Archie of course is an antiaircraft cannon. How the airmen first happened to name him Archibald I do not know; it was when we got to know him better, and fear him less, that we began to call him Archie. With Archie it is the old story of familiarity breeding contempt; but of late the German Archie family has multiplied to such an extent as to make it almost dangerous to go visiting across the Hun lines. The German shrapnel shells are nearly always mixed with high explosives. They are very noisy, but most of the time your engine is making such clatter that the explosive efforts to wing you in flight go entirely unnoticed.

Leaving the border-guarding Archies far behind, you fly on until you pick up the four mounds that indicate the German battery position. You fly rather low to get a good look at it. The Huns generally know what your coming means and they prepare to take cover. You return a little way toward your own lines and signal to your battery to fire. In a moment you see the flash of a big gun. Then nothing seems to happen for an eternity. As a matter of fact twenty to thirty seconds elapse, and then fifty yards beyond the German battery you see a spurt of gray-black earth spring from the ground. You signal a correction of the range. The next shot goes fifty yards short. In artillery language you have "bracketed" your target. You again signal a correction, giving a range just in between the first two shots. The next shell that goes over explodes in a gunpit.

Ready to Meet the Enemy in the Air

"Good shooting!" you signal to the battery. "Carry on!" This particular battery is silenced for good and all.

Archie tries for you again as you return across the lines, but his range finding is very bad to-day. You salute your battery as you sail over, then land a few minutes later at the aerodrome, well satisfied with your three hours' work.

You have been to Hunland, and you feel your career in the air has really begun.

Altogether I spent four months in France as an observer. How I longed during all that time for a fight in the air, but no real chances came, and finally I quit my seat as a passenger without having fired a single combat shot, though the tidy little machine gun that was always near me seemed to yearn as much as I did to have a go at the enemy. I injured my knee after an observing trip one day, when the pilot crashed the machine in landing, and though I did not have to go to hospital with it, it gradually grew worse until May, 1916, when I had to lay up several months for repairs

My sick leave over I reported for duty again, and got a real surprise. I was told I could learn to fly! This made me happier than I can express. I pictured myself in one of the swift little fighting planes I had seen in France, and I felt in my heart of hearts that I should make good. I already knew what it felt like to fly, I knew the language of the air, the esprit of the corps, and some of the heart-palpitating peculiarities of our best-balanced engines. But all this time I had been a sort of innocent bystander. Now at last I was going into the air "on my own."

The Day of the First Solo

THE first step was to go to a school of instruction—a ground school—where the theory of flying and the mechanical side of aviation are expounded to you. I went through these courses, and by special permission was allowed to take my examination three weeks earlier than would have been the case in the ordinary course of events. I worked like a Trojan, and passed without much difficulty. Then was to come the real part of it all, the part for which I had waited more than a year.

On November 1, 1916, I was sent to another school—for elementary training in the air. This consisted first of all in going up in another old machine—a steady type called the Maurice Farnam and fitted with a dual set of controls, so that the instructor could manage one while I tried to manage the other. Never shall I forget those days of dual control. I tried very hard, but it seemed to me I just could not get the proper feel of the machine. First the instructor would tell me I was "ham-handed"—that I gripped the controls too tightly, with every muscle tense. After that I would get what you might call timid-handed, and not hold the controls tightly enough. My instructor and I both suffered tortures

So when suddenly one day he told me I could go up alone I had my doubts as to whether it was confidence or desperation that dictated his decision.

I didn't worry long as to which it was; I was willing to take the chance.

Then followed my first solo! This is, I think, the greatest day in a flying man's life. Certainly I did not stop talking about it for the next three weeks at least. I felt a great and tender pity for all the millions of people in the world who never have a chance to do a solo!

An ambulance stood on the aërodrome, and it seemed to me, as it has to many another student-pilot, that all the other business of flying had suddenly ceased so that everybody could look at me. I noticed with a shiver that the ambulance had its engine running. Were the doctors at the hospital expectantly fondling their knives? Everybody looked cold-blooded and heartless. But I had to do it—so into the machine I crawled, trying to look cheerful but feeling awful lonesome. How I got off the ground I do not know, but once in the air it was not nearly so bad—not much worse than the first time you started down hill on an old-fashioned bicycle.

I wasn't taking any liberties. I flew as straight ahead as I could, climbing steadily all the time. But at last I felt I had to turn, and I tried a very slow, gradual one, not wanting to bank either too steeply or too little. They told me afterward I did some remarkable skidding on that turn, but I was blissfully ignorant of a little detail like that and went gayly on my way. I banked a little more on my next turn and didn't skid so much.

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Day and Night, the Work of the Reconnaissance and Photography Planes is an Important Part of the Never-Ceasing War

The Corresponding Secretary

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

OLD Blodgett, the time-tried and trusty, who was Colonel Langworthy's right-hand man in the office, picked Archibald A. Temple's letter of application out of a hundred or two others and took it in to the colonel.

"This fellow seems to fill the bill pretty well," he said. "About the only one in the whole shooting match that does."

The colonel carefully adjusted his shell-rimmed eyeglasses; not the modern modification of motor goggles so dear to intellectuals, but the neat old-fashioned kind, fairly economical in their dimensions, and attached to the lapel of his coat by a thin black-silk cord that coiled by a spring into a little black-rubber button contrivance. Everything about the colonel was neat and spare. His neat spare figure was buttoned into a closely fitting business suit of gray; his white mustache was neatly clipped; and his fine silvery white hair, which might have made a picturesque mop, was scissored closely to his well-shaped head. His nose was aquiline; his eyes, too, had so much of the eagle quality that the glasses seemed almost superfluous.

Fine, military-looking old boy! Really there should have been a big map spread before him on his desk, with little flagged pins stuck all over it; and Blodgett should have stood at attention in an orderly's uniform. Every inch the colonel—though, as a matter of fact, he had never got beyond the grade of drummer boy.

Born in 1850, he ran away from home and enlisted at the age of fourteen, and was literally forced out six months later with the wound that gave him his limp. That closed his military career and sent him, dot-and-go-one, into the coffee-broking paths of peace. At sixty-two he was the firm of Slyfield & Langworthy. Old Ed Slyfield, from being the Big Noise, had first toned down to a more or less silent partner, and then had descended into the absolutely silent tomb.

Excuse all this digression; but it is necessary to know the colonel, who, wanting a secretary-stenographer, and a male of the species, had sensibly advertised for one. He had tried girls—two of them in succession; and they had resigned to accept positions of responsibility and enlarged authority in homes of their own. The colonel didn't blame them, being an eminently just and reasonable man and priding himself on it; but he was through with these fool women, by ginger! So he came down pretty handsomely in the matter of a wedding present to the last capable deserter and advertised for a capable young man.

"I don't like the Archibald," he said to Blodgett, frowning and handing back the letter. "I'd drown a dog with a name like that. Why in thunder do you want to bring me a letter from a man with that damned stilted lantern-jawed wooden cognomen? Let's see some of the others."

"I don't see anything the matter with the name," said Blodgett. "Anyway, a man isn't to blame for something his parents wished on him."

"If a man's parents are superheated idiots he's likely to be a sizzling idiot himself," snapped the colonel.

Blodgett went out without another word and returned with a large wire tray heaped with letters. The colonel frowned and delved into the pile; and for five minutes thereafter those letters went sailing into the colonel's waste-basket, propelled with more or less violence and accompanied by curt comment of an unfavorable nature. One of them only was reserved.

The colonel considered it for a little while and then summoned Blodgett.

"I guess I'll have to look Temple over. Make an appointment for him. I've got to have somebody right away. And you might make an appointment for this Davis. He might do; and James is some improvement on Archibald."

Blodgett pushed out his nether lip at the mention of Davis, but nodded obedience and withdrew. That same afternoon Archibald kept his appointment to the second, and the colonel took an instant dislike to him.

By way of explanation the colonel had vaguely expected a pale and precise person, with narrow shoulders, weak eyes and a timid and deferential manner. Archibald wasn't that at all. He was a well-built, well-groomed and fairly well-dressed young man, with a nose not unlike the colonel's own; he had a confident bearing, a steady eye and a complexion that rather suggested outdoors. If you have an undeniable gift of reading character from handwriting, which the colonel believed he had, it is annoying to find that you have apparently failed to hit a single characteristic in a perfectly easy case.

"Shall I be in Your Way, Mr. Temple, if I Sit Down and Wait for My Father? I'll Try to be Quiet"

The colonel gave the young man a sharp looking over and almost at once felt convicted of rudeness; whereupon he invited Archibald to sit down.

"Is this your letter?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"It doesn't look like the kind of letter you would write."

"No?" A smile; slightly amused, but perfectly respectful; and assured—confoundedly assured!

"Previous business experience—hm-m! El Paso; wholesale hardware." The colonel was reading the letter of application. "You don't know anything about coffee?"

Here, thought the colonel, will be his chance to say something smart and mine to give him a sufficient jolt.

Archibald, however, merely admitted that he knew nothing of coffee, and added he had not understood that knowledge to be a requirement.

"No," the colonel conceded; he was going to be fair about this. "What salary did Thompson & Yorke pay you, and why did you leave them?"

"They paid me two hundred a month, and I left them for family reasons."

"And you are willing to take a twenty-a-week job?"

"Until I've had a chance to prove that I'm worth more. Yes, sir. Here is Thompson & Yorke's general letter of recommendation, and I shall be glad to have you look up the other references I mention in my letter."

The colonel read the letter of recommendation, which was satisfactory enough, and, after making a note of it, handed it back. Then, after a moment's reflection, he indicated a desk on the other side of the room.

"You'll find notebooks and pencils in the top right-hand drawer. Please get the book that has been already used and take a letter I shall dictate."

He dictated as rapidly as he thought was fair, and Archibald A. Temple made his notes without asking a question; and thereafter he typed the letter with a fair degree of speed and laid it on the colonel's desk. If there had been any mistake in it the colonel would probably have mentioned the fact. As it was, he observed that the name and address of the Rio firm had been correctly spelled, and he had not anglicized his pronunciation.

"You know something of Spanish, then?"

"Yes, sir. You see, we had a large Mexican trade; and ——"

Archibald rose from his chair quickly, but not precipitately, as the door opened and a very blooming and bright-eyed young female face appeared at the aperture and smiled at Colonel Langworthy.

"I'm busy!" said the colonel severely.

The door opened wider and revealed a trim little fur-clad figure that advanced without further hesitation to the colonel's side, bent over him, pecked his leathery cheek with a crumpled rose-leaf mouth, and then pulled his ear.

"I'm afraid I'll have to interrupt you for just about a minute, daddy," said this very bright-eyed young lady quite decidedly; then, with a swift side glance at Archibald: "If this gentleman will excuse me ——"

Archibald bowed.

He picked up his hat and was for retiring at once; but the colonel stopped him by a gesture.

"I think that will be all that's necessary, Mr.—er—Temple. I have some other applications to consider; but if I decide to try you I'll have you notified. We have your phone number."

"Thank you," said Archibald. "Good afternoon!"

He included Miss Brighteyes in his bow and departed.

"Go to the devil!" said Colonel Langworthy. "I don't mean you, my dear," he hastened to assure his daughter. "And now what is it you want?"

"Isn't he horrid!" exclaimed Miss Langworthy. "Who is he, daddy?"

"He wants to be my secretary," the colonel growled.

"Oh, I hope not! Daddy, you wouldn't think of engaging him!"

The colonel turned and stared at her. "What have you got against him, Chicken?"

"He's so—so —— You know!" She smiled beautifully. "That's one delicious thing about you: you don't have to have reasons. I often think you have as much intuition as a woman."

"Stuff and nonsense!" the colonel ejaculated testily. "Intuition fiddlesticks! Nothing of the sort!"

"Well, you know you don't like him."

"Likes and dislikes have nothing to do with business. If I think the young man can do my work as I want it done, and better than anybody else I can get, I shall hire him. If you call that intuition I admit that I have an intuitive mind."

"What is his name?"

"Archibald A. Temple."

"Archibald! How awful! I should think that would be enough."

"You are absolutely unreasonable," said the colonel. "I'm not fond of the name myself, but what on earth has that to do with his qualifications as secretary? Do try, my dear, to use your common sense. Now what is it you want? I'm busy. Some money?"

"I told you you had intuition, daddy," said Miss Langworthy.

As Blodgett was cashing her check in the outer office she giggled:

"I think I've put a spoke in your friend Mr. Archibald's wheel, Mr. Blodgett," she said. "I'm glad you told me about it. I'll bet you one of these bills that daddy hires him."

"No friend of mine, Miss Julia," said Blodgett. "I'm just interested in seeing that the colonel gets a good man. He's got too much on his shoulders—and I get a little of it. Well, I'm glad I told you too."

"He has nice eyes," remarked Miss Julia.

Colonel Langworthy entertained a hope that the applicant named Davis might wriggle through the tests; but

the hope proved vain. Mr. Davis was a swift but inaccurate typist, and nothing more; so, during a period of reflection, the colonel's reason and sense of justice overcame his prejudice. "I can always have the pleasure of firing him," the colonel reasoned.

It would have been a pleasure. Colonel Langworthy chuckled as he anticipated it. He would be perfectly civil to this cocksure, self-sufficient young bounder, observing his mistakes without comment, but storing them in his mind for the day of reckoning. Then, when Archibald was lulled into a sense of security, "I'll come down on him like half a ton of loose bricks. I'll take his hide off and pepper the raw of him, and then put the rollers under him and shoot him to a nice hard place in the alley."

At this, Reason clambered groggily up to her throne and seated herself more firmly, while blushes overspread the face of Justice, above and below her bandage. "If you feel that way about it, why the dickens do you hire this Temple person?" Reason demanded. "You can advertise again and get somebody who suits you." Justice frowned severely. "To causelessly deceive the young man with a show of approval or tolerance and then treat him injuriously, adding insult to your injury, would be a course entirely despicable and unworthy," said Justice. "No motion for appeal from this decision will be entertained."

"Well, I'll give him a square deal," said the colonel, feeling properly rebuked; but he warmed to Archibald none the more for that.

A day or two later Julia asked him how he liked his new secretary.

"He seems to take hold pretty well—so far," her father replied.

Julia looked disappointed.

"Oh, I suppose so. There's a proverb about new brooms, isn't there?"

"He's more like a vacuum cleaner," said the colonel.

"You think they're fussy, noisy things. You don't really like them; but they get the dust out. Is that it?"

"In a way. He isn't noisy; but he's efficient—so far."

"I really think you are wonderful!" said Julia admiringly. "To have a person round that you hate, and put up with him just because he does his work well, and then to praise him! I know I couldn't do it."

The colonel smiled complacently. He would have purred if he had been a cat. This was very soothing.

"But you can't keep it up," Julia went on. "Sometime, when you're feeling a little irritable ——"

"I wish you wouldn't talk nonsense," snapped the colonel. "I'm thankful to be able to say I haven't an irritable disposition."

"I didn't mean that, daddy dear. I meant when he was unusually exasperating. He looks as if he could be. One of the kind that puts one in the wrong."

"If I am in the wrong I hope I shall always be glad to be put right," said the colonel stiffly. "Let's talk about something agreeable, my dear."

About the same time Mrs. Temple was asking her son how he liked his new employer; and Archibald told her that he found Colonel Langworthy about as genial as Greenland's icy mountains during a hard winter, and as communicative as a clam whose sacred confidence had once been shamefully betrayed. Then he chuckled; and when pressed for the reason he said he was thinking of Colonel Langworthy's daughter.

"There's one person who knows how to handle him," he said, and went on to tell of Miss Langworthy's intrusion on that first interview.

"I think she must be rather forward," Mrs. Temple remarked. "Why didn't you tell me about that? What kind of looking young woman is she?"

"Oh, she looked all right," answered Archibald airily. "I suppose I forgot to speak of her. She didn't seem important."

A week passed and Archibald thought it might be as well to speak to the colonel about something that had occurred to him:

"If you don't mind I'd like to suggest that I could just as well write your letters to Ramon Salvaterra and Henares, and the rest of the Rio people, in Spanish. They rather like it, from all I hear, and judging from our Mexican experience"

"Thank you," said Colonel Langworthy dryly and not at all gratefully; he might have said right out that he had not asked for suggestions and his meaning would have been no clearer.

"I didn't mean to be officious," said Archibald; and the colonel interpreted that as "Oh, well; if you want to be pig-headed about it ——" Then Archibald went on with his work.

"I suppose you would think it advisable to have all our correspondence written in the native languages of our correspondents—Dutch, Arabic, and so on," the colonel observed sarcastically a few minutes later.

"If your business with them is large enough or the prospect of getting business good enough—yes," Archibald replied. "If the correspondent's convenience and goodwill are matters of no particular importance, then, of course, it would not be advisable."

He spoke in a perfectly matter-of-fact way and smiled. By that time his smile had got on the colonel's nerves. And there was nothing impertinent about it; just a pleasant and polite sort of smile.

"Poppycock!" muttered Colonel Langworthy.

But the suggestion stuck in his head. He could not help thinking that it might be a pretty good idea after all. While Archibald was out to lunch the colonel called Blodgett in and asked him what he thought of it.

"Sounds like condemned nonsense to me," the colonel said, to give Blodgett a lead.

"How would you like 'em to write to you in spiggotty?" asked Blodgett unexpectedly.

"That's different."

"I don't see that it is. Of course they all have English clerks; but it looks as if you'd get closer to them if they could understand for themselves what you were writing about. It's just a question of whether you want them worse than they want you."

"Has Temple discussed this with you?"

"No," replied Blodgett, raising his thick eyebrows. "Is it his notion? Well, that boy has got a head on him! You've got to hand it to him. Can he do it?"

"I guess he can."

Blodgett nodded and left the room. Obviously he considered that the matter was settled.

"I've got a nice lot round me," the colonel growled.

He felt resentful. If Blodgett thought this was such a brilliant idea, why in thunder hadn't he spoken about it himself—and long ago? If it had come from Blodgett There was the rub of it. Impossible to dodge the conclusion that he had again treated Temple unreasonably and unjustly—dog-gone him! Later in the day, therefore, after a struggle that brought the words out with a jerk, he made his distasteful amende:

"Mr. Temple, I don't wish you to think that I object to suggestions from my employees. Quite the contrary. I—humh—I hope that I have an open mind; and—humh—as to that idea of yours, I've been considering it, and I guess we will give it a trial. So, if you will be good enough to rewrite the Salvaterra letter in Spanish I'll sign it and it can go out in to-night's mail."

"Yes, sir," said Archibald without any expression of surprise or gratification.

Then he wrote the Salvaterra letter; and after that the Henares and the rest of the spiggotty correspondence went out in Spanish. It is not at all to the colonel's discredit that he checked up Mr. Temple by taking some carbon copies of the letters to a little black-muzzled Spanish professor for an English rendering. That was only business. But the professor's translation only convinced the colonel that Mr. Temple had garbled nothing, and the professor himself highly approved of the composition of the letters. So there you were!

The next thing in order to be noted is the reappearance of Miss Julia at the office. Blodgett told her she was altogether too early for the colonel, whose lunch hour consumed almost exactly ninety minutes from one o'clock P. M., and only varied from schedule in extension of the time. Mighty regular the colonel was. Blodgett could send round to—to where he might be though.

"Don't trouble," said Miss Julia. "I'll go into his lair and look at the paper. He ate a very hearty breakfast this morning, so it's quite likely he will be back sooner than you expect. It didn't take me more than fifteen minutes for my lunch and I hardly ate any breakfast at all."

Reasoning thus cogently, the young woman entered the colonel's room and was surprised to find Archibald pounding his typewriter at the secretary's desk over in the corner. It is only polite to say that she was surprised, because she looked it. Her little start and her widened eyes, and the movement that she made—involuntarily made—to retreat to the Blodgett base—all these indicated, beyond a gentlemanly doubt, that Archibald's presence was entirely unforeseen. However, she recovered sufficiently to smile and say:

"Oh, good afternoon! Mr. Temple, isn't it? I came to drag my father off to a matinée; but it seems he isn't here. Shall I be in your way if I sit down for a few moments and wait for him? I'll try to be quiet, though most people seem to think that's an impossibility for me."

She continued to smile all through this; and Archibald bowed, smiled and said:

"Not at all!"

By which he meant to acknowledge the greeting; to assure her that he was indeed Mr. Temple; to corroborate her surmise of the colonel's absence; to protest against any assumption that she could be in the way; and to deprecate her self-accusation of loquacity. Then, to put her entirely at her ease, he went on pounding the typewriter; and if Colonel Langworthy had wanted to catch him wasting time and good paper that would have been the colonel's opportunity. A glance at what Mr. Temple was writing would have meant instant conviction:

"Furs, furs, furs and sweet violets sweet sweeter than all the roses violets and furs go together go together frosty weather sweeter than all the roses roses roses in her cheeks in her cheeks and I said she looked all right and she does look all right all right all right I didn't lie I cannot tell a lie a lie and Julia was her name Julia Julia Julia where my Julia's lips do smile there's the land or Cherry Isle cherry ripe cherry ripe ripe I cry I cry and her hand her little hand her little pudgy hand in its glove in its glove would I were a glove a glove glove love glove love and I said she didn't seem important and I lied I lied I lied like a villain because she may not be important imports Rio 14a but but what a but was there my countrymen but she looks important very important very important business very important business ——"

"It's perfectly wonderful how you do that," Julia said

"Archie Dear, in Some Respects You are Exceedingly Dense. I'm Sorry to Have to Find Fault With You Right at the Beginning; But You Know You Are"

suddenly. "I can't imagine how you manage to strike all the right letters."

Archibald had stopped at the first word.

"You see, all the keys have the right letters marked on them," he elucidated. "If you want to write A you simply put your finger down on the A key and it makes A on the paper."

He pulled the sheet from the machine and slipped it into a drawer.

"I'm so glad to have that explained to me," Julia said gratefully. "You make it all so clear. I really think I could do it myself now. It must be fascinating! You like it, don't you, Mr. Temple?"

"I positively adore it, Miss Langworthy."

She unpinned the violets from her coat and, burying her nice little nose in them, looked at the young man as she sniffed. Her eyes were mirthful.

"Don't you positively adore my father? I do."

"Adore isn't the word for it," replied Archibald ambiguously.

"You know that his bark is ever so much worse than his bite, don't you?"

"I couldn't say certainly. He hasn't bitten me yet." Archibald smiled. "I have a pretty tough skin."

"It's tanned, I see. Daddy told me you were from Texas

"That's near Mexico, isn't it? And you know Spanish. I'd love to know Spanish! Do you play the guitar? I can play the mandolin—a little; but the Mexicans don't play the mandolin, do they? Just the guitar? It must be simply wonderful to hear them; and to lead that wild, free, untrammeled life!"

"In a wholesale hardware establishment—yes; it's very thrilling."

"You are laughing at me," said Julia. "I don't think it's at all nice of you. And I'm interrupting your work; I know I am." She curved her wrist to look at her bracelet watch. "Oh, good gracious!" She jumped up and pinned her violets on again. "Please tell daddy I couldn't wait, will you, Mr. Temple? And I'm sure I hope you will like it here, even if you miss the thrill. Good by!"

She gave him a very friendly little nod and was gone before he could get to the door to open it for her.

The place seemed very wintry and dull all at once. Archibald sighed and took a few minutes to think it all over. He had a rather analytical mind and a good memory; so he had no difficulty in remembering every word Miss Julia had spoken and forming a few conclusions. All too few, those words! Chatter mostly; but charming chatter. Add the tone and the expression, the supplementary things that her eyes said and the embellishments of gesture, and it wasn't so foolish as it might seem set down in cold print; and, sifted out, there were two points, at least, that were noteworthy: She wished to reassure him regarding the colonel and she hoped that he would like it in the office—ergo, that he would stay. Mere commonplace? Archibald thought not.

No, the colonel did not bite; nor did he bark, except at Blodgett, who was used to it. He was just coldly civil or barely civil, as his humor happened to be, in all his intercourse with his secretary. And that intercourse grew, as time went on, by reason of the increasing scope of Archibald's activities.

Not content with the competent discharge of his secretarial duties, this busybody began to familiarize himself with every ramification of the business. In a month he knew quite a little about coffee, and in two months considerably more. He availed himself of Colonel Langworthy's kind permission to make suggestions, and most of his suggestions were good ones. The colonel watched him narrowly, his finger perpetually resting on the firing button, as it were, yet finding no just cause for pressure, and every kind of impediment to that action.

At the end of the second month the colonel felt obliged, as a matter of self-respect, to raise the young man's salary substantially. Archibald thanked him without effusion; and half an hour later he had the consummate impudence to tell his employer that he didn't know what he was saying. At least that was the way the colonel put it. He didn't use the words consummate impudence, but he left them to be inferred.

"Do you mean to tell me that I don't know what I'm saying?" the colonel demanded with some heat.

"I beg your pardon; but I think you had your mind more on your idea than on the form of words you used to express it," replied Archibald calmly; "or else there was an error in those manifests. You meant to say, did you not, that ——"

He proceeded to outline what he conceived to have been the colonel's meaning.

"Well, wasn't that precisely what I said?"

"I'll read my notes," said Archibald, and he read them; and as he read the color mounted to the colonel's cheek bones and stayed there in vivid patches.

"I see. Yes; I remember that was what I said, and you are quite right," the colonel admitted.

He was always having to say something like that. Later on he went in to Blodgett.

"Bill," he said.

He called Mr. Blodgett "Bill" in their more intimate moments; and Mr. Blodgett always answered "Huh?" as he did now, and went on with whatever he happened to be doing.

"'Member my stepmother?"

"Not very well. Why?"

"She was always right. Never missed it. Always telling me what I ought to do and what would happen if I didn't.

"Always right about it. Lord! How I used to hate her! It went on for years too; and what I suffered tongue can't tell. She was mighty good to me otherwise. I could have loved her if—if she had made a mistake once in a while, or let me be right once. . . . Bul."

"Huh?"

Colonel Langworthy drew hard on his cigar and emitted a thick cloud of smoke.

"They're bad enough when they're in petticoats. You kind of expect it. But to have them in the office with you and pay them wages —— Dammit!"

"I can't help being always right," said Blodgett. "It's my native good sense and years of experience."

"You! Great gosha'mighty! I'm talking about Archibald."

"I notice you've raised his salary. Catching on, isn't he?"

"He's catching on so fast that you'll find yourself out of a job pretty soon. I'll have to give it to him or put myself in the wrong."

"That's all right," said Blodgett cheerfully. "About time I was quitting, anyway. The old lady is always telling me so; and I've got all I need to live a life of leisure. I should worry!"

"Confound you!" said the colonel. "You know I didn't mean that. Can't you take a joke?"

"No joke!" said Blodgett. "Pretty near time you were quitting, too, or taking to golf, or sumpin'. You're getting forgetful and you use mighty poor judgment once in a while. That's why you've got your knife out for young Temple; he's showing you up."

The colonel glared at him for a moment, and then dashed his cigar on the floor and strode out of the Blodgett coop. A pace beyond the threshold he turned and spoke in a milder tone:

"What's the matter with Perez Hermanos, d'you suppose?"

"Dunno," Blodgett replied. "They've got up their proud Castilian noses about something, I should say. Ask Temple."

"Hanged if I do!" The colonel looked thoughtful. "Yes; there's something." And then: "Bill, if I hear any more from you about quitting we're going to have trouble—you and I."

Following this incident Miss Rita Carlson came up to Chicago from Dayton for a short visit with her relation and more or less bosom friend, Julia Langworthy; and there were doings of the usual sort in the Langworthy household. Naturally Julia showed her friend whatever of interest she had to show, and in that connection thought of Mr. Temple. She said:

"We'll go to the office and make daddy take us to lunch. He's a great beau, daddy is; and he'll do the thing properly."

And—do you know?—the very first thing Rita exclaimed: "Why, Archie Temple! What are you doing here?" And you would have supposed they were long-lost brother and sister, or something like that. It seems that Rita was a co-ed at Chicago—freshie—in Mr. Temple's sophomore year, and they had met—oh, probably not at all intimate, but Rita always was the kind who could make a great deal out of nothing, and naturally Mr. Temple couldn't appear cold or snub her.

So when Rita said "Now you must come and see me, and have a good talk over old times" and when Julia added, out of politeness, "Yes; do, please, Mr. Temple!" of course Mr. Temple couldn't do anything but say he would come. Daddy looked awfully annoyed about it. And he did come. Yes; it appeared that the Temples were Chicago people, after all, and not Texans. And before old Mr. Temple died —— Anyway, young Mr. Temple called.

He made himself very agreeable. Mrs. Langworthy quite took to the young man and asked him to repeat his call, not taking into consideration the fact that Rita was going back to Dayton within a few days and that the invitation was consequently unnecessary. Mrs. Langworthy has not been mentioned hitherto because she had nothing to do with the story; but there was such a person. Rita did return to Dayton; but Archibald called again, just the same. Julia, as she explained, had to be civil to him.

"It seems strange, though, that he doesn't know better than to thrust himself into the society of people who—well, you know, daddy! Really, he is only a clerk, isn't he?"

(Continued on Page 65)

"You Must Come and See Me, and Have a Good Talk Over Old Times," Said Rita

REFORM OR REVOLUTION

By Carl W. Ackerman

To-day, After Forty-Odd Months of Fighting, the Great Offensive in the West is the Only Method Open to the German Military Parties of Preventing a Catastrophe at Home

SINCE the Revolution of 1848 there has not been such seething discontent among the German people as there is to-day. Not since the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 has the nation Prince Bismarck created been so divided as it is to-day. In addition to the causes that produce revolutions there exists among the people the uncheckable demand for a radical change. After forty-odd months of fighting Germany is on the verge of final victory, political reformation or revolution. The imperial enemy believes in and expects the first.

The Hohenzollern monarchy has already been split by three great issues during the war. The first breach developed in 1915 between the Foreign Office under Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg and the Navy Department, at that time directed by Grand Admiral von Tirpitz. The issue was the submarine blockade of the British Isles and the sinking of passenger ships without warning. This crisis produced an unhealable wound between the two government departments and caused the fall of the Grand Admiral.

In the spring of 1916 the army leaders were divided. General von Falkenhayn, chief of the General Staff, championed the demand for a relentless war on the Western Front. Field Marshal von Hindenburg maintained that Germany could not continue the war unless all military and naval forces of the Central Powers were united. The Kaiser decided in Von Hindenburg's favor, and Von Falkenhayn was banished, at first to Rumania and later to Turkey.

The growth of economic difficulties and food shortages by the fall of 1916 and the Socialists' demand for peace compelled the Emperor to call a Crown Council and decide between peace and the ruthless submarine warfare. In January of last year the Kaiser decided in favor of his naval chiefs and the United States became a belligerent. The crisis brought about by this division between the people and the government marked the beginning of revolutionary sentiment within the German Empire.

Four Vulnerable Spots

EACH of these three critical periods had a decisive effect upon the inner political life of the nation. The first dispute tended to divide the official classes into two great factions, one diplomatic and the other military; the second disagreement separated the army into two camps; and the third created the Great Divide between the government and the people.

The year 1917 was a hectic one for the German nation. Doctor von Bethmann-Hollweg was dropped from the ship of state as unceremoniously as Bismarck, and a new chancellor, whose name the people have since forgotten, was selected by the military authorities to serve during a period of official indecision. Von Bethmann-Hollweg fell because the war party opposed his liberal policies. His successor collapsed because he antagonized the Reichstag leaders; and Count Hertling, the Bavarian leader, came to Berlin as Imperial Chancellor and Prime Minister of Prussia because he appeared to be the only statesman in whom the Reichstag majority and the military leaders had confidence. During 1917 the submarine war failed to end the war in the promised six months, which was a ruthless disappointment; but the Russian Revolution developed possibilities for a separate peace and the German nation looked to the East as a Land of Promise. They expected the sun to rise from the Polish plains and bring food, prosperity and victory. Should the discussions not bring a universal peace, the General Staff could be expected to end the war successfully in the West.

While the military dictators and the great business interests were exulting over the glittering prospects of the future, a fourth and entirely unexpected crisis developed. Germany, which had already been split by three great issues, could not be united on peace! There was no common ground upon which even a separate peace with Russia could be concluded. One party demanded a peace without annexation and indemnities; the other contended that Germany's boundaries should be secured at the expense of the defeated and crushed peoples of the East.

At this critical hour Premier Lloyd George and President Wilson interfered. The peace addresses of these two national leaders split the Central Powers into two groups; and to-day—the second of February, when this is written—not only is there a Liberal Peace party and a War Annexation party, but there are two distinct revolutionary movements under way in Germany and Austria-Hungary, one of them against the head of the House of Hohenzollern and the other endangering the political and military fabric of the Vierverband.

In the enemy body politic, in February, there were four vulnerable spots:

1. The public demand for a democratic peace and election reforms;
2. The open political gap between Vienna and Berlin;
3. The unbridgeable difference between the military war industries—annexation party—and the party supported by the working classes, the independent business men, the small tradesman guild, and the Social-Democrat-Liberal members of the Reichstag;
4. The feeling of uncertainty on the part of Bulgaria and Turkey.

At various times during the world war a revolt among the enemy people has been expected. In the fall of 1916 Herr Scheidemann, leader of the Social-Democrats, told the chancellor that, unless Germany made peace, there would be a revolution, and he would lead it. Germany made her peace overture of December twelfth of that year; and, though it failed to end the war, it pacified the Socialists. Germany was ripe for trouble then, and the culmination of the Somme losses and the lack of food would have brought about an internal earthquake had it not been for the sharp reply of the Entente nations, which created the impression among the people that the German Government was fighting a defensive war.

At another time—the period preceding the break with the United States—Germany was near a collapse; but the victories in Rumania and the prospects of submarine successes stayed the hand of Destiny. At each critical hour one of two things happened: either the German military party succeeded by a great offensive in creating new confidence, or the Allies, by failing to note the split between the government and the people, unfortunately accomplished the same purpose. To-day, however, with the United States and the Allies united in war plans and united in fundamental peace aims, there remains but one opportunity for the German leaders to reunite their country, and that is by a military decision on the Western Front. Only one of two things will unite Germany and prevent a revolution—the defeat of the Allies or peace.

Serious Political Differences

DESPITE the fact that Von Hindenburg has convinced the Kaiser that he can win the war against England, France, Italy and the United States, there are more reasons to-day for believing that a military decision will not end the war than there were a year ago. Fighting can take place on but two fronts—in France and Italy—and on the high seas. If the Allies are able to defend their main positions and keep an unbroken front, Germany cannot win, unless there is a break behind the lines, a break in the nerves or the endurance of the people.

The desire for peace in all belligerent and neutral countries far exceeds the desire for war. The difference between the attitude of the Entente peoples and the German and Austrian peoples is this: In the United States and Allied countries the people know their leaders are striving for a democratic peace; in Germany the public is convinced that their government is fighting for conquest.

The strikes which began in Austria and spread throughout Germany during January and February opened the eyes of the world to the fact that the people and the governments of the Central Powers were not united. These events are already known; and there are other indications of a revolutionary spirit among the people that show the seriousness of these political differences.

The clash in Germany is between two great parties. At the head of one stands Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, founder

(Continued on Page 88)

BANKED FIRES

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

Nichols' Gaze Was Arrested by a Sudden Surprise Sweeping Over the Man's Countenance and He Heard a Short Exclamation From Avril

FROM the wide window of his bright room in the Hotel Boscombe, Fisher Nichols could see the blue unruffled expanse of the ocean under a serene late-afternoon sky. The hotel had two arms reaching out toward the boardwalk that skirted the tides; and the protected space, closed in on three sides, was filled with windows like his own, those of the left wing flashing in pale spears of sunlight. Below, in a sere rectangle of sod, red goldfish were swimming lazily in a pool.

The still sea, the thin sunlight, the trailing goldfish, were all remarkably peaceful, incredibly quiet after the confusion of emotions and scenes that had torn Nichols through the past month. He settled with a sigh of prospective contentment into a luxurious chair and the thought of the comfortable pleasure the following weeks must hold for him. He put all memory of the Medial Iron Works permanently out of his mind—for a minute at least. The callous injustice of his treatment at the works once more slyly insinuated its barb among his happier considerations. A quick flush spread over his gaunt face; his thin, corded hands clenched involuntarily.

Then again he relaxed; with one leg swung lightly over the other Fisher Nichols lighted a superlative cigarette, and through its aromatic blue haze his gaze lingered on the soothing spectacle of the shimmering ocean. No matter what had happened at the Medial Iron Works he had been most surprisingly liberated, saved from an impossible position. He realized, looking back at his worst stress of situation and mind, that he had actually been near death. All his sense of proportion had been lost, his sanity involved.

Money, he told himself, was a magic solvent, money such as he now had—fourteen thousand dollars a year, as secure as anything could possibly be, for the rest of his life. By heaven, he was going to enjoy it too! He was going to let it do its utmost. No more beastly shifts in the open hearth, no nerve-shattering sirens waking him at dawn.

It was still February, but warm; and there was a constant procession of rolling chairs and pedestrians on the boardwalk. Seen from the height of Nichols' window the women's gay apparel made small moving dabs of brilliant color. The Boscombe was full of such festive women—women through the day in striped skirts and short alluring jackets, and at night in dinner clothes of tulle and satins, with deep furs about smooth, powdered shoulders and throats clasped in pearls. He didn't know any of them, it was true—they all appeared surprisingly contemptuous of humanity at large—but it was a pleasure merely to make his way among them, to feel that, correctly dressed, he was a part of the polite scene.

What he particularly liked was a complete absence of any outward and visible signs of the war. It was not evident in the jewels and new gowns of the women; the men were mostly casually intent on novels and their cigars; and the menus were bewildering in their offered choice of delicacies in and out of season. Fisher Nichols told himself that he was sick of all mention of the war; it was tied up with the affairs of the Medial Iron Works; and he had dismissed one with the other.

The sunlight dissolved into a rosy and then cobalt dusk. The windows along the hotel were flooded with warm light, shades were drawn, and Nichols slowly and contentedly commenced his preparations for dinner. He had been saved by a miracle, he thought again, fastening pearls in his shirt. His mother had been confined for so many years in a sanitarium that she had long ago ceased to have a definite affectionate meaning, and her death had been nothing more than an amazingly opportune good fortune. There had been no one else to share the money at last released. He was glad of that, too; he wanted, needed, every dollar, to blot out the memory of the past.

The elevator by which he descended was crowded with scented women and prosperous men; silks crushed against his shoulder, the lights slid over lustrous pyramids of elaborately dressed hair. A procession moved in the direction of the dining room; joining it he was swept into the expanse of snowy tables and subdued artful decoration. He chose the most artificial and expensive foods possible—clear green turtle soup, terrapin, capon; an especially pungent cheese with his coffee. Afterward he lighted a cigar of the size and slender shape called Fancy Tales and took a seat that commanded the fragrant throng.

It was his second night at the Boscombe, and he began to be vaguely lonely. He didn't want to talk with the men, who, he felt, would revert to such stupid topics as iron works or the war; but he did want to listen to the purely ornamental chatter of the women. Through his youth and early manhood he had worked too hard, and for too little pay, for an opportunity to come in contact with the feminine world of the Hotel Boscombe; but always, he told himself, he had longed for the companionship of just such finished products of a super-civilization; and it was a fact that he had never been tempted by a cruder charm.

A table of auction bridge formed behind him; a number of girls swathed in furs went out toward the boardwalk; a graceful woman passed in the most frivolous clothes imaginable and with a serious periodical under her arm. It was all extremely inviting, tantalizing.

He rose finally, and aimlessly wandering found himself at last in the pool room below. Some people were seated at tables writing; one of the two pool tables was in use, and a tall thin boy with bright red hair was knocking the balls about at the other. He saw that Fisher Nichols was alone, without immediate purpose, and said in an abrupt, youthfully awkward manner:

"Would you care to play fifty points?"

Nichols was not predisposed to agree; he played games of skill exceptionally well, and he thought the thing would degenerate into a tiresome procession; yet from an absence of any contrary purpose he indifferently consented. His interest, however, was immediately challenged—the boy had a good stroke and an accurate eye, and it was soon evident to Fisher Nichols that there was a capital chance of his being beaten. The other ran nine, failed by a fraction at a difficult bank, and stood leaning on his cue.

"That was splendid!" he cried, as Nichols successfully negotiated a commanding position.

In the end the elder won by a scant five points, and he nodded for the marker, thankful of even that small margin. "But you must let me pay," the boy protested; "I lost." He promptly dug up a folded wad of money from a trouser pocket—Nichols saw a fifty-dollar bill among the others—and paid for the game. "You're good," he said; "I can beat most men who'll play with me. Don't you think this is a rotten hole? I do. I want to go to war. But I'm too young, you see, without someone's consent. Avril won't give it, and she's my sister and guardian. I tell her I'll run away if she don't watch out. But it would be wrong to leave her stranded like that. We have no one but each other."

"Your sister is very wise," Nichols replied. They were walking from the pool room, mechanically turning to the stair that led above. "There are plenty of men going in the drafts."

"That's where you are wrong," the boy replied earnestly; "we need everything we've got. Besides, I want to go. I want to be in it! Of course you are doing yours." His frank gaze swept Nichols' face.

The latter was conscious of an annoyance perceptibly touched with embarrassment. He would have answered a man sharply, directly; but there was something unexpectedly disconcerting in the candid youthful interrogation.

"I have been making steel," he replied grudgingly, against his will.

"That's ripping," the other said; "but it must be hard on you to be kept out of the best of it."

"There is no best to war," Nichols declared.

"I know what you mean," the boy added gravely; "but the way I see it a bird has no choice. Everybody halfway decent is in it, whether they like it or not. There's Avril, over in the corner with that yellow covered French book. I wish you'd come along and talk to her; she hasn't said a word to anyone but me since we've been here."

Fisher Nichols hesitated, debating the propriety of accepting such a youthful invitation. The Avril in question might think that he had forced an introduction. He saw, moving slowly and undecidedly toward the corner, a slender girl of perhaps twenty-five, in black velvet, with a flaming crown of vivid red hair, intent in a paper covered novel. She looked up as they approached, and immediately Nichols would have given a great deal to be out of his present situation. The girl, for all her warmth of color, had the coldest and most disdainful face he had ever seen. However, there was no escape possible now.

The boy said: "Avril, we have been playing pool, and he beat me, and so I thought you would like to talk to him."

Fisher Nichols bowed stiffly, flooded with painful embarrassment, but managed to pronounce his name in an even voice.

"Boys are so trying," she said, lifting an indifferent gaze.

Her eyes were remarkable, softly and richly brown like velvet; but her mouth was discontented, satirical, bitter. It was her mouth that gave her such a glacial, unapproachable air.

"Sit down," the youth insisted. "My name is Gilbert—Gilbert Sandby, and you know Avril's my sister. He's like you, Avril, and doesn't think it's necessary for everybody to go to war. But I do; and what's more—I'm going!"

"I told you, Gilbert, that I wouldn't listen to you about the war. You know what I think of it." Her voice was cool and low, and diversified by the faintest accents.

"I am afraid that I'm intruding," Nichols put in.

"Don't be a crab," Gilbert told him. "I wish someone would drop a bomb under Avril. You make me sick!" He turned to his sister.

The girl said nothing but made a deliberate, graceful gesture toward a convenient chair; and after a momentary silent debate Fisher Nichols drew it forward. Really, he thought, her hair was extraordinary; it swept up from a

white brow in a burning mass and was confined in a simple smooth knot. Her throat was slim but round, and was circled by a narrow band of black velvet with a clasp of beautiful diamonds. The only other jewelry was a square emerald ring of amazing size and purity, in the severest setting possible.

The yellow paper novel drooped in her narrow lap, a long slender finger inserted at her place; and she gazed non-committally before her. A feeling of angry resentment rose in Fisher Nichols—it wouldn't hurt her to make even a perfunctory gesture of politeness, say a few civil words. A deeper contempt compressed her lips, and he turned, following her gaze. It rested on a woman billowing with fat and tightly laced into a staring magenta dinner gown. The greater part of Nichols' annoyance perished in the realization that Avril Sandby had not considered him at all.

She murmured: "What fearful women!"

"I thought most of them pretty fine," he asserted, determined to be as independent as she.

"Perhaps you have never had tea at Colombin's," she replied half absently.

"I haven't," he admitted belligerently.

"What I meant was," she explained, "that you would never see such women in really good places abroad. I never saw them outside picnics in the parks, till I had to come back to America."

"You haven't been much in America, then?"

"I have lived in Europe since I was fifteen. I'd be there now if it weren't for this beastly war. It got so impossible I had to come back. I gave up my apartment on the Rue de Penthièvre. Such a charming place, over the British Embassy gardens. All my friends scattered, killing each other." She shuddered delicately.

"I detest the war, too," he told her suddenly. "All the jingoism about it makes me sick."

She raised arched red eyebrows. "That's rather unusual, isn't it, over here?" she inquired. "Everyone seems appallingly patriotic." She rose languidly, the black velvet accentuating her extreme thinness. "I'm going on up, Gilbert," she told her brother. "Don't be too late."

She nodded shortly to Nichols, and walked away, a black transparent film of tulle clouding her blanched shoulders.

II

BACK in his room Nichols suddenly realized that in the half hour past he had not thought once of the bitter ending of his labor and hopes at the Medial Iron Works. Through the multiplying weeks until now there had hardly been a minute, an act, that had not whipped up the dull misery of recollection and resentment. But gazing once more from his window over a sea hidden in the night his mind had been entirely occupied with Avril Sandby.

Her disdain, it now appeared, was no deeper than a discontent with her present surroundings, with circumstances over which she had no control. That last, he saw, would vastly annoy her; it was clear that she was accustomed to mold life to her desire. The war had upset her contentment just as it had his own. He had never met another woman who had stirred his curiosity half so deeply. In spite of her complete self-possession he was vaguely sorry for her; and that feeling bred in him a sense of something lacking in his own position—a void the money and pleasure would never fill. It was a shadowy conviction, and he dismissed it immediately with an impatient gesture; but it left a lingering melancholy at the base of his determination.

His thoughts shifted, and he found a surprising similitude in the circumstances of Miss Sandby and himself: she, too, was outside the community of interests of the Hotel Boscombe. He instinctively felt the presence of an inner disturbance, more fundamental than anything her manner or words had expressed. In short, she was unhappy; and, like two mirrors flashing back and forth a single image, he learned that he was just that—desperately unhappy. Lonely. He had never before been that latter; rather, he had never had time to realize it. Work filled a tremendous part of a man's life—he had almost thought a proper man's life, but he hastily withdrew the qualifying term. Yes, he was lonely; so was Avril Sandby. He wondered if he should have an opportunity to talk to her to-morrow.

When the day arrived it was flooded with a pale unseasonable warmth, a forerunner of spring and languor. The wide porch of the Boscombe was crowded with rows of vigorous and indolent people; there were the plaid gayety of steamer rugs, the inevitable novels, slow drifts of cigar smoke, and snatches of talk from the hooded depths of double Bath chairs. Fisher Nichols made his way apparently aimlessly down the length of the porch. In reality he was searching with a rapidly increasing energy for Miss Sandby. He hadn't seen Gilbert, her brother, either, that morning, and he was seized by the dread that they had gone. Then unexpectedly he found himself standing directly in front of her.

She was sunk in the depths of a soft coffee-colored greatcoat against the angle of a Bath chair, the yellow-bound novel sprawling at her side. She wore no hat, and her hair was more remarkable, more like spun fire than it had been by night. He said good morning conventionally and she made a barely adequate response. Ordinarily he would have gone on, with perhaps a feeling of consigning her to the devil; but this morning a contrary impulse held him where he was. More than that, he dropped with a capital assumption of ease on the farther edge of the chair. She exhibited no concern at this; her face, slightly satirical and cold, was unstirred. He was glad now that he had stopped, and his ease became genuine; for he realized that there was nothing personal in her attitude—he was no more nor less than an indistinguishable part of the entire unsatisfactory scene.

"Gilbert's gone for the day," she said after a lengthy silence, "with a cousin of my mother's. A major. I'm sorry he turned up. The uniform and all that will make fresh difficulties with Gilbert."

"But you are right," he answered her; "all this stir and cry about the war is unnecessary." She exhibited no interest. "Personally I want to hear nothing more about it." He began to get an immense amount of pleasure from her very detachment. He leaned back in a more comfortable position and lighted a cigarette. An impulse to talk about himself became irresistible. "Do you mind?" he asked. "You are like one of those old oracles the Greeks got such tremendous satisfaction from just by talking. I thought about you last night, with the result that I found out I was lonely."

"Most people are, I fancy," she replied. "That is—people, not herds." She made a brief gesture toward the length of the porch.

"You are very critical," he observed.

"Why not?" she asked coldly. "Isn't it natural to prefer superior things and people? Yet," she added with a warming of her voice, "it is decidedly unfortunate. To be happy you must be easily satisfied."

"Not necessarily," he objected; then he stopped, aghast at what he had been about to say, the indiscreet compliment hovering in his mind. "I don't think happiness depends on yourself at all," he declared instead. "Take me, for example: I'm a steel man; I've never been anything else—started in as a boy. Hated school, you see, and never did any good there. But I'd always been fascinated by steel mills, and at fifteen I was in the pit. That is the part of the open hearth below the furnaces," he explained; "the ladles are there, and when a heat is tapped the steel runs down into them. I won't tire you

She Said Nothing, But Sat With Her Gaze Fixed on the Floor, and a Sharp Pity for Her, for Them Both, Tore at Him

with a lot of description—the important thing is that I went up; I went from shoveling slag with the huskies to the tapping floor above. I got to be second helper; and then melter, with a furnace in my charge; then assistant night superintendent ——"

He broke off, and his face grew somber. The smoldering fires of his just indignation blazed up once more.

"When I went into the Medial Iron Works," he told her, "it was called an old-fashioned plant. There were no converters, and the duplex process was unheard of. When it was about time to tap a furnace a test was drawn off and the melter judged the condition of the metal from a fracture. A good man could tell the percentage of carbon within ten points. It was mostly like that—a question of genuine skill.

"But with the opening of the war new capital came in, and it was decided that we must have modern scientific methods. A laboratory was run up and the tests had to be made there. It was like that all through. I stayed on day and night to get hold of the new ideas and keep the mill up to the impossible mark they had set us. We were doing it, too, when my superintendent left to be the manager of a big locomotive plant. It was generally thought that I'd get the place above. I was in line for it. You see, I had slaved there since I was a boy; I knew the works as if they were the inside of my hand. They imported a man from Pittsburgh. The policy demanded it. Anyhow that's what I was told, very politely."

He stopped, with a strained face; a quaver had come into his voice in spite of every contrary effort. Fisher Nichols gazed at the girl beside him, helpless to conceal his suffering; and he was amazed to see an intense momentary sympathy, understanding, shine through her indifference. It vanished immediately, leaving her completely detached; but her responsive feeling had been unmistakable. It stirred him enormously; his interest in her increased a thousandfold.

"It nearly finished me," he acknowledged. "I was drawn pretty fine; I can see now that it was my temporary condition; but at the time keeping alive didn't seem to be worth the necessary breathing."

"What pulled you out of it?" she asked in her low frigid voice.

"Money," he replied somberly. "The Medial Iron Works is in Harrisburg. I got a leave to come on to Philadelphia for a funeral; and, independent, I didn't go back. Not as assistant superintendent, with a stranger from Pittsburgh over me. I'm free," he declared; "and I am going after all the pleasure it's possible to have."

"That is terribly interesting," she said with a faint return of the feeling that had so surprised him. "I think it is the most interesting thing I have ever heard. I mean real. That's the important thing, isn't it—reality? I don't know—I've never had any; but it must be."

"The steel is actual enough," he admitted, his old passion for the metal illuminating his speech. "It's wonderful, pouring out of the furnace into the ladle, white as milk, in showers of gold and green and rosy sparks."

"Magnificent," she murmured.

Her gaze became fixed on the sea, veiled in a sunny haze; apparently she was unconscious of his presence. A swift regret at having talked so much possessed him. He could not understand why he had related such a purely private history to a superlatively, a disdainfully indifferent stranger. Avril Sandby was patently the last being in the world to invite easy confidences. His talk must prejudice whatever slight opinion she may have had of him. Nichols rose awkwardly.

"I have made a fool of myself," he said shortly.

She glanced up at him, surprised.

"Oh, no," she replied obviously; "and you smoke very good cigarettes."

"Shepherd's Hotel," he told her, immensely relieved. "The war has made them hard to get too. May I leave a box for you at the office?"

"No," she replied crisply.

He lingered for another minute; then, his powers of conversation exhausted, left her with an abrupt bow. Nichols did consign her to the devil. He had never met a more difficult or ungracious person; he disliked her acutely because of what he felt had been a self-betrayal. However, she easily crowded out all thought of the past, of the mill; as a fact she blotted out everything but herself. She was, he told himself, like a piquant sauce. Without her, or rather the mental image of her, life was as flat as boiled mutton. Already. The result of this was that an overwhelming uneasiness fastened on him; he tramped up the boardwalk to its farthest, deserted end, waiting impatiently for evening. He had never cared deeply for a woman, he reminded himself; but Avril Sandby was absolutely the first of her type that he had encountered. All the things she represented were instinctively important to his vision of the absorbing feminine. He wondered vaguely if he were going through that process known as falling in love. He couldn't imagine anything more hopeless.

She was, he recalled, extremely late in coming out from dinner; and it was nearly eight when, dressed with the nicest care, he rang for a descending elevator. It was nine before he rose from his small table, and the halls and office were filled with color and a suave chatter threaded with the strains of a discreet orchestra. Miss Sandby occupied the corner where he had met her the night before. Gilbert was with her, he saw, and a heavily built man in olive drab. They were talking busily, and with a feeling of extreme depression he turned away, when Gilbert Sandby waved urgently at him.

"I'm going!" he said excitedly after Nichols had been presented to the major. "Avril has decided to let me. I wanted to fly, and I am only in the Ordnance; but it's something, anyhow. Everyone ought to do what they're able," he repeated with a flushed, eager countenance.

"I suppose you are to be congratulated," Fisher Nichols pronounced.

The major gazed at him with a dawning criticism. "That spirit will win the war," the officer declared decisively. "Perhaps you are like Avril, who has been too long away from home. I don't approve of people living away from their country; they lose a lot of its spirit."

Whatever he approved or disapproved was of no moment to Nichols. His entire interest was fastened on Avril Sandby. She had on a cloudy brown dress with a glimmer of gilt about her thin waist, and the light that slid over her marblelike shoulders flamed in her hair.

"Suppose we go down and send off our telegrams," the major suggested to the boy.

"I was a fool this morning," Nichols repeated, when they were alone.

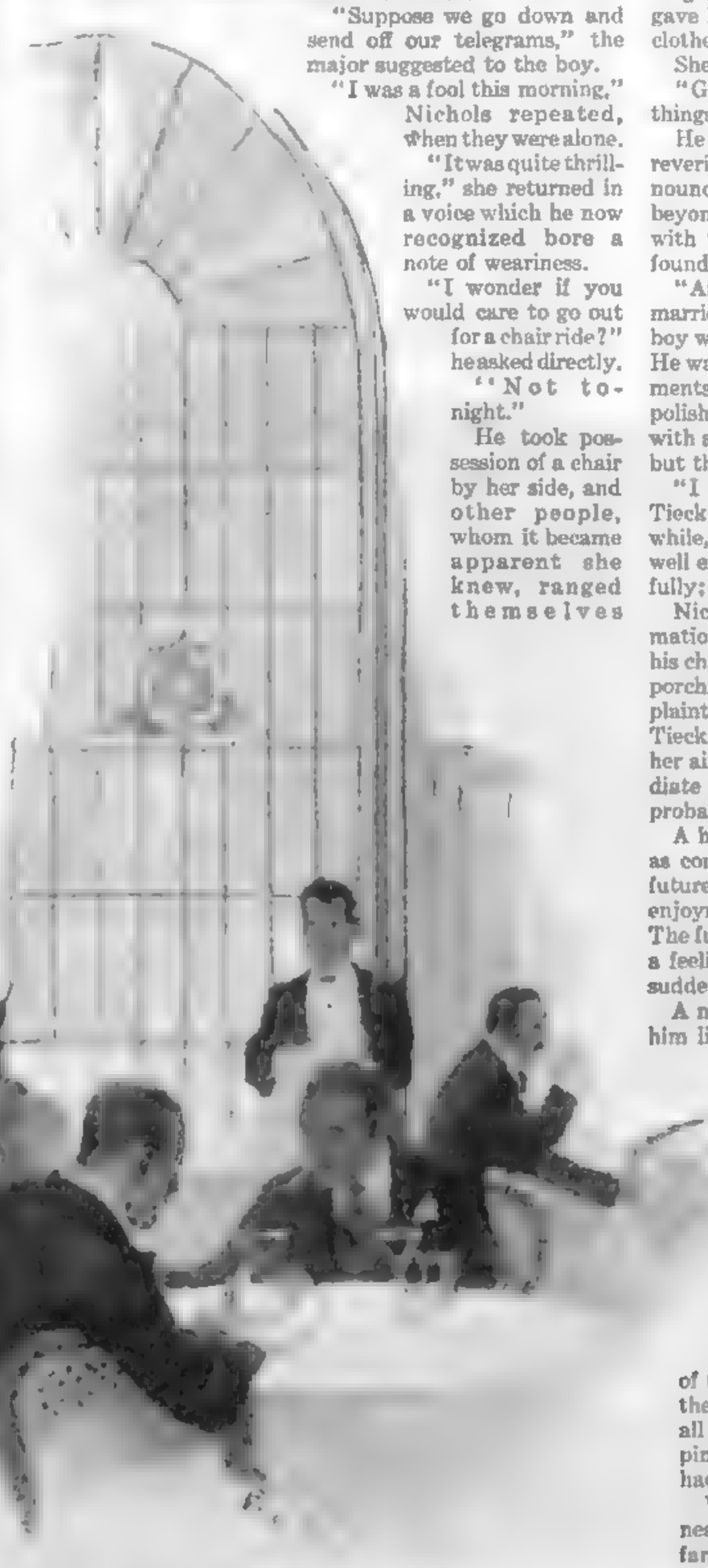
"It was quite thrilling," she returned in a voice which he now recognized bore a note of weariness.

"I wonder if you would care to go out for a chair ride?" he asked directly.

"Not tonight."

He took possession of a chair by her side, and other people, whom it became apparent she knew, ranged themselves beyond. She answered some direct questions but showed no animation, put none in reply.

"That steel"—she turned to him after a little—"I've thought about it a lot. It seems wonderful. I don't see how you can leave it for this." She made her familiar contemptuous gesture.



"I Suppose a Great Deal of Care Is Taken to Keep Out Undesirables, Well—Enemies?"

III

"BUT I explained to you why I can't, won't, go back to the Medial Iron Works!" he half cried at her in an uncontrollable exasperation. "A rank outsider put over me; all the work I had done, the years devoted to the plant—ignored! Where's the justice in that? If laboratories are more than faithful service I am done with steel!"

He stopped at the absolute lack of any interest, even attention, in her attitude. Nichols almost had the feeling that the words had been choked back into his throat by a ruthless hand. He sat with clenched hands, breathing unsteadily, an actual hatred of Avril Sandby at his heart. She was inhuman, lacking in even the rudiments of sympathy or decent politeness. As he studied her, with the gaining knowledge of an increased familiarity with her phases of being, he again recognized that her face was marked with a cold weariness out of any keeping with her years.

Fisher Nichols wondered at this. She led what seemed to him—particularly for a woman—an existence of unadulterated pleasure. She had youth, a knowledge of beauty, and the money to satisfy the most select taste; Paris was at her finger tips; and—yes, she was personally lovely. He had not decided this at once; at first she had seemed too sharply colored, her face too pointed; and her indifference had repelled him. The latter especially he felt no longer. She infuriated him, but the very fact of his anger gave him an increasing preoccupation with her. And her clothes were a pure delight.

She rose, smiling at him faintly.

"Gilbert is leaving to-morrow, and I must look over his things."

He sank back into his chair when she had gone, lost in reverie, until his attention was caught by the sharp pronouncement of Avril Sandby's name. The people seated beyond, to whom she had nodded, were discussing her with the utter carelessness of their surroundings he had found characteristic.

"Arnold Sandby's daughter," a woman explained. "He married Minnie Engard. Bags of gold. She died when the boy was born. But of course you knew Arnold in Munich. He was in Jena later, and then Paris. Diplomatic appointments. The sort of man who looked as if he had been polished with champagne and ruddy duck and perfumed with a gardenia. . . . Oh, yes; some years ago. No one but the two now.

"I met Avril Sandby at San Sebastian. A young Von Tieck was mad about her. It had been going on a long while, I heard. . . . No, I can't tell you that. He was well enough, for a German. Sang American songs beautifully; you know, those old things of Stephen Foster's."

Nichols felt a sharp ridiculous pang at the latter information. He stirred angrily, and then abruptly quitted his chair. He walked out into the darkness and chill of the porch. The invisible waves were making a constant complaint on the shore. An affair with a young German, Von Tieck; going on a long while! That probably explained her air of detachment, her entire lack of interest in immediate things. This Von Tieck was of course at war, probably killed. It was hard on her.

A heaviness of being descended on him, an indifference as complete as Miss Sandby's to his surroundings. The future, planned with such a determination of triumphant enjoyment, was without a single promise of alleviation. The future was as dreary as the remembered past. He had a feeling of being lost in a trackless monotonous waste; suddenly his feet were leaden, his spirit cold.

A memory of the blazing activity of the works affected him like a touch of nostalgia. They were extending the open hearth at the Medial Works, adding a bank of six furnaces. There had been a great deal of talk about oil as fuel. He wondered how this would affect the fluxing of the iron scrap. Sleep deserted him. Avril Sandby—an unhappy love affair; no more unfortunate, he told himself in a moment of illumination, than his own.

Yes, he loved her—whatever that meant.

He turned it over and over in his mind. He was no longer young—thirty-seven, to be exact; and his wasn't the simple passion of youth. It was more various and, because of that, infinitely more tyrannical. Avril was not only the promised goal of a mechanical instinct; she filled all the needs of his complicated substance. She was the pinnacle for which his spirit, long starved, he now saw, had blindly reached.

When he saw her the next day he felt both infinitely nearer her, because of the intimacy of his desire, and farther away than ever, from its very hopelessness. It was after lunch, in the office of the hotel. She stopped.

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THE FUTURE IN ENGLISH LAND

An Interview With the President of England's Board of Agriculture—By Cameron Mackenzie

AGRICULTURALLY, England to-day is like a motor that, stripped of its guards, all impedimenta jettisoned, is being driven to the very last possible flicker of its speedometer. Something by this time is known in America of the country's tremendous food-production effort, and of how, in defiance of centuries of tradition, occupiers of land are compelled to cultivate it—to cultivate it properly—and are helped to cultivate it. The government has imposed upon English soil a vast machine, an organization that, while recognizing no law but the law of national good, also places to the farmer's hand even the tiniest implement that he may need to secure a maximum yield from his acres. The ancient sanctity of the land has gone; government-owned tractors, government-managed labor depots, government-supplied seeds and fertilizers, and much else from the government have come in.

Short of out-and-out confiscation and farming by the government itself, it is difficult to conceive of a policy more radical. Only as a war measure could it ever have been instituted. But the war measures of to-day, they tell you in England, are beyond peradventure the bases for the peace measures of to-morrow; and accordingly Englishmen, seeking to visualize the kind of country, the quality of existence, that will be uncovered to them at the end of the present struggle, are doing no little wondering and speculating concerning the future in nearly every department of life activity. Land, so much more vividly and intimately a national issue in Great Britain than it has been in the United States, perhaps tops the list in the number and insistence of the anxious queries it has provoked.

Speeding Up English Farm Production

WILL all the charming attributes, the gentle amenities of ownership be found to have disappeared? Will every inch of every acre be disclosed, in time to come, die-stamped with an order of stern efficiency? Will the social asset of soil possession survive? What will be the aims, the underlying principles, of the new policy? What will be a tenant's relation to his landlord, a landlord's relation to his own holdings, the relation of both to the government? How about the large and complicated food-producing engine that within the last twelve months has been built? What of the ex-service men who, it is known, will in great numbers be seeking farm settlements? Is land nationalization a foreordained step? All these are questions which Englishmen are asking themselves to-day; and such in general were the questions that I put to Roland E. Prothero, the president of the Board of Agriculture for England and Wales.

No man could be better qualified to answer them. Not only has Mr. Prothero's life been spent in a study of English farming and allied economic and social problems, but he has been and is the motive power and the brains of the country's present agricultural effort; he conceived the plan, organized it, has directed it, is directing it; in conspicuous degree he is the pivot of the whole undertaking. To contribute haphazard a few other details concerning Mr. Prothero, he is a member of Mr. Lloyd George's cabinet; he sits in Parliament for Oxford; for many years he was chief agent for the Duke of Bedford, one of the greatest of the great English landlords, an office the importance and significance of which may not easily be overestimated; his books upon agriculture are overwhelmingly standard; he himself is something over sixty—although without a "Who's Who" one would never guess it—tall, ascetic, distinguished but not distant; scholarly but not pedantic, and of many men, the most kindly and courteous. It was in one of those offices, unknown in America—fire-lit, almost homelike, and with windows reaching close to the floor that Mr. Prothero talked about the future in English land.

Mr. L. F. Plood, Mr. Prothero's Representative in Enforcing Through County Councils the New Land Policy. Above (Center): Mr. Roland E. Prothero, Who Has Been and Is the Motive Power and the Brains of the Country's Present Agricultural Effort

"There can be no doubt," he said, "that with peace there will be in Great Britain a strong revolt against the tyrannies of war—against the many injunctions and prohibitions made necessary by the emergencies of the present situation. Many men will desire to resume, as speedily as possible, the highly individualized lives that they led before; and that consideration must be taken into careful reckoning in estimating what the future for English land will be. But for all of that it is idle to pretend that we shall return to anything even approaching pre-war agricultural conditions. A new order has been set upon English soil, a new doctrine, already invested with the authority of the law, implanted upon it. There can be no going back! And the essence of that new doctrine is that land is a national asset to be used for the national good.

"That principle is fixed. It is reflected even in our new modes of thought regarding land problems. No longer is it our habit to consider issues, at one moment from the viewpoint of the landlord in relation to his tenant, at the next from the tenant's in relation to his landlord; now we group tenant and landlord together and think of them as a class, with the government, the agent for national welfare, opposed. Granting as much then—that a new responsibility permanently and definitely attaches to land tenancy and ownership—what are to be the exactions of the government? With what standards will landlords be forced to comply and with what will tenants?

"The immediate object of our land policy is food production—food production and nothing else. The nation with the last sack of wheat will be the nation that will win the war. And so our one single urge now is to plow up, plow up! In the fifty years preceding the war, three million acres in England and Wales dropped out of cultivation and became either grass or waste land. During 1917 we not only saved 30,000 acres that threatened in that year to be lost to arable, but we increased the area of our plowed land by a quarter of a million acres; during 1918 we shall add to that a million other acres. Broadly speaking, the aim of the Board of Agriculture for the present is to redeem all of the three million acres lost and to make sure that a maximum of the twenty-seven million acres that we have totally is sown with crops of the greatest benefit in the existing crisis to the country as a whole."

The War in the Wheat Fields

"AFTER the war our objective will be different. I do not look for a policy then directed toward making England self-feeding. But from the struggle we have necessarily taken many severe lessons, and not the least of these has been that we should make ourselves at least capable of self-feeding. Not to be self-feeding, but to be capable of self-feeding. To that end the new English agriculture must be schemed out; and such a policy will necessarily imply a new kind of control by the government over land—at least a continuance of the control that is now being exercised; for the welfare of the nation and its safety, the principles already established cannot be abandoned.

"Occupiers of the future cannot be permitted to let large tracts go to waste and become foul. Power must continue to reside with the government to compel cultivation and the sort of cultivation most serviceable to the country's victualizing problem. Much more acreage than heretofore must always be devoted to essential crops—wheat, potatoes and the like; much less must be devoted to nonessential crops—mustard, hops and the like. Sections that are of value in food production may not, at an owner's whim, be given over to purposes of pleasure or sport.

"Holdings must be tended, watched, cared for; drains and waterways must be kept clear and game inimical to crops must be removed. Shiftless tenants, whether to the landlord's protest or not, must be turned out; tenants too ignorant, too poor, too under-equipped properly to work their leases, will have to go. In the future, as well as now, nothing can be permitted to stand against good husbandry and the most useful husbandry. It is now agreed here that, no matter how violent may be the post-war reaction, the government must retain its control and supervision over land, and that if the country is to be, as it must be, always capable of self-feeding, that the doctrine of land as a national asset must be consistently and stoutly upheld.

"The chief purpose for which the government at all times will be evoking its new powers will be to maintain the balance between arable and grass necessary for national security. At the end of 1917, when our food-production effort began, there were about eleven million acres in England and Wales under the plow and about sixteen million in grass. A reversion to those proportions would mean defeat for our program. If we are to make ourselves capable of self-feeding, between thirteen and fourteen

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Fathers and Sons' Tournament

By O. F. LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

In the Yale-Harvard Match Young Reynolds, the Phenomenal Intercollegiate Golfer, Had Won From Cartwright, Six Up and Five to Go

REYNOLDS wrote hurriedly a telegram of two words: "Congratulations, son!" pressed the button for the office boy and continued the interrupted dictation. A half hour later, with the merger agreement finished, he said briefly to his secretary: "Tom won the Yale-Harvard golf match this morning." He tore unconsciously the yellow telegram into little pieces and dropped them in the direction of the wastebasket.

The coming merger was for Reynolds the all-enveloping thought. The virtual absorption of Smith & Rockwell by Reynolds & Co. was culminating, practically on Reynolds' own terms. This was the greatest afternoon of Reynolds' life. Tom's telegram had interrupted the historic event only momentarily.

Burns, the secretary, faded into the outer office, and Reynolds reached mechanically into the desk for a cigar. He wanted to revel mentally in the realization that the persistent, dogged battle of a quarter century for success had broken his way. He walked to the window and gazed far down at the miles of city buildings. The confusion of sights and distant sounds encompassed him subconsciously—the faint clanging of the gongs of the surface cars, the dull roar of vehicles, the puffs of snowy steam from the skyscrapers, the graceful thrust of the bridges over the East River, the crawling human specks far down below, the buglike automobiles and the hoarse ferry whistles.

His eye followed the northward course of Broadway. Up there, round Union Square, Smith & Rockwell did business—still. Within sixty days he would control that house also. Then he thought of Tom, his son, again, in terms of business. Tom could go in under Rockwell and learn the game.

Barring panics, wars and other acts of God, Reynolds saw his business position assured. His wife's social standing had always been unassailable—so that was all right too. The future was big with even greater possibilities of business success. "Him as has gits!" thought Reynolds.

He pulled his desk chair to the window. He would take the rest of the afternoon off. This was a big occasion—even if he was celebrating it alone. So he sat and smoked, and thought back over his career.

The review of the past consumed some time. The longer it lasted the further his retrospective vision departed from the strictly business details of twenty-five years of commercial strife. A kaleidoscopic vista of events passed before his eyes. The shadows of the June afternoon grew more slanting, the northward streams of human midges in the city's cañons grew heavier; the secretary looked in to lay some typewritten forms on Reynolds' desk, and then withdrew. Presently the sounds of typewriters and voices in the outer offices ceased. Still Reynolds sat and stared and thought.

Out of the survey of the past and present came gradually several dominant facts. They did not come easily. The man was no facile analyst of self. He had perhaps never thus surveyed his past so apart from its purely business relations. But now, suddenly, in one afternoon, he was plunged abruptly into that introspective experience that comes to every thinking man at some time in his career, when he must unequivocally face the question as to what life has meant and done for him—and what he has meant and done for life.

Out of the survey came several dominant facts. The first was that he had so far lived practically only to be successful in business. Vacations he had rarely taken. Pleasures he had enjoyed, only to relax for a few hours from tension of work. And he realized, almost with the speed of a flash of lightning now, that his vacations and pleasures had generally been taken alone.

The second fact, leading out of the first, was that he hardly knew his wife and children—that is, with the intimacy of a real father. How he happened to see this so clearly now, when in all the past years it had made no dent upon his conscience, he couldn't say. But the shock almost numbed him. Before his mind flashed other fathers—Hutchinson, for example, whose fine boy, Hal, was almost inseparable from his dad.

Then his own boy, Tom, came back to his thoughts. Was it only an hour ago he had sent to the youngster that cold-blooded telegram of congratulation? Truth to tell, he had hardly known Tom during the four years of his college period. Tom, the golf crank! "Dad, the business crank!" thought Reynolds after a moment.

The third fact was that he, Reynolds, was forty-eight years old. How many years more of business had he—or

What There Was in Golf Anyway Reynolds Senior Did Not Know—But He Had Decided That He Would

of activity? Oh, perhaps twenty—and then perhaps as many more of an increasingly sedentary old age, if he was lucky. He actually shivered at the sudden realization of approaching age. His head had been down all these years while pushing forward, crowding others out of the road, and now as he raised his eyes abruptly he was staggered at the consciousness of the actual end of the journey in the hazy distance ahead.

And still he sat. He recalled that there was no need of his going home; he had told his wife not to count on him for some dinner engagement or other. And his children made practically all their plans without him.

One thing he must settle. What had he missed in life, these twenty-five years during which he had glued his eyes upon the process of making money? That he would now be husband, father and pal in his own family he was determined. He craved his family with a thirst that was as violent as it was sudden. But what else had he missed that he might have had? His eyes swept the room and finally fastened upon some tiny torn pieces of paper. Tom's telegram! Tom's own victory, on the same day! Oh, the blindness of the afternoon, not to have known that for Tom that message meant the biggest news yet in his life. "Congratulations, son!" Reynolds grunted.

Somewhat before nine, as the last of the twilight passed into night in the now deserted downtown streets, Reynolds rose and went out. A passing taxi took him to the Union League. Had his wife seen his face she would have exclaimed at the expression it bore. He had started on another conquest.

He realized that he was hungry. At the table he directed that the free evening papers be brought him. When the soup arrived he was already immersed in the story of the Yale-Harvard match, in which young Reynolds, the phenomenal intercollegiate golfer, had won from Cartwright, six up and five to go.

"If Reynolds continues to play true to form," chronicled the reporter, "it is predicted by Jack McPherson, the Wildwood pro, that before long nothing in the land will stop him. Reynolds seems to be the find of the last few years in the East."

What "six up and five to go" meant, who Jack McPherson was, and what there was in golf anyway Reynolds Senior did not know—but he had decided that he would.

II

A FORTNIGHT later Tom literally blew home from college, anything but a sedate senior. The lad was breezy, high-spirited and a perpetual favorite. The father noted, as if making a new discovery, that Tom was surrounded by girls and boys and was constantly going somewhere. Mrs. Reynolds and the other children were bound the next week for Bar Harbor. Reynolds himself must stay in New York, perhaps all summer, to complete the merger. Tom—what were his plans?

"Come into the den a moment, Tom," said Reynolds one morning.

"Right-o!" said Tom.

Then and there the business career of Tom was settled. He was to go in with his father—but beginning in September. "You see, Dad, I'm right on my game just now and there are some corking tournaments coming off this summer. McPherson wants me to go into the National Amateur ——"

"The what?"

"The National Amateur—the tournament in Philadelphia that brings the crackajacks from all over the country. You know—Ouimet, Travers, Chick Evans, Herresh ——"

Soberly the father asked: "Are you going to lick them all?"

"Bunk!" ejaculated the son. "But I'll tell you what will happen: Jack McPherson says I'll have the stuffin' knocked out of me, and it'll do me a pile of good. Season me up, you know."

"Fine!" said the father heartily.

Tom regarded the older man curiously. When had Dad taken an interest in vital things before? Say, he was almost human! And then a hand grenade exploded in front of Tom, for the almost-human asked: "When—eh—is your next tournament?"

"The Westchester County Championship, Dad, out at Wildwood. Qualifying round to-morrow. Why? Can't I go—or something?"

"Sure you can go! But say, I'd—sort of like to come out and see you play!"

The heavens fell! Dad, who had never gone any particular where with Tom since he was a kid! Was the old gentleman sick? Tom darted a searching glance at him. No! Reynolds Senior could not be persuaded to wait till the second day of the tournament, when match play would begin. He must come out to the qualifying round.

The next three days were full of new sensations to both father and son. They were discovering each other. They had lived in the same street, the same house, eaten at the same table for years—and now they were getting acquainted. Reynolds Senior certainly must be going to die. He resigned to Tom the wheel of the car on each run out to Wildwood and back, though the governor was passionately fond of speeding the car himself.

Then the fool questions he asked about the great and glorious game! He must know just how Tom had drifted into college golf, how he had made the college team, and how he had finally become absorbed in the game. What were the special attractions of the sport?

However modestly Tom depicted his own personal attributes in the game his father seemed to exceed in humble interest his son's own manner. "Sufferin' cats!" thought Tom. "Shall I break the terrible news to mother?"

Oh, What a Drive Young Chandler Made, Almost to the Bunker! A Good Two Hundred and Seventy-Five Yards

Then those rounds in the Westchester tournament! At first his father proved an actual nuisance to Tom, and nearly threw him off his game completely in the qualifying round. The governor certainly was some duffer when it came to gallery etiquette. He had to learn from his son that he mustn't speak, even in an audible whisper, when the ball was being hit; that there was actual sanity in the gyrations of the players in addressing their beloved little white pellets; that he mustn't stand behind the player, because that gentleman would catch sight of him out of the angle of his eye in the moment of play; that he mustn't walk in front of the player, because it was not only dangerous but was apt to make the player foozle his shot; that he mustn't walk on the putting green, and that he mustn't express frankly his opinion of Tom's good playing. The game required great concentration, and little things like fathers following the players were apt to throw the fellows entirely off their game. On the other hand he absolutely must not trail along behind so far as to be driven into by the following pair.

Reynolds Senior with serious mental strain tried to absorb all these new thoughts. He had landed in a new world, where any brains or ability he had possessed in business seemed to have no value. He felt himself a clumsy intruder. Here was clearly a sport, built up through hundreds of years, Tom said, demanding new ways of thinking of him and making him look like a stupid infant. Nothing he had ever done seemed to justify his existence at Wildwood.

He wasn't even a good conversationalist at the nineteenth hole, as they called the bar. But Tom knew everybody and was enormously busy enjoying life—save when he recalled that his poor old dad was sticking round on the fringe of the crowd. Then he would bring up a man or two, evidently golf celebrities in this new world where Reynolds felt he had nothing to sell or to offer. He couldn't seem to find a common ground for conversation. Business talk was taboo. Even the language was half Scotch and half crazy. What were bunkers and stymies and brassies and niblicks?

The friends of Tom were respectful to the visitor, and then passed on to their intimates. Certainly to Reynolds the game seemed an overrated affair. Now business was a great battle—often to the death; but this golf was nothing but just banging a little white rubber ball with a stick as far as you could or poking it into a hole. Nothing easier! And so he expressed himself facetiously to Tom.

Between the morning and the afternoon matches on Friday, the second day of the tournament, Tom drew his father aside. "Let's walk across the fair green to the third tee. I've something to show you. Come on with the bag, caddie!" said Tom.

Arrived at the tee the lad said to his father: "I'm just going to call that statement of yours, Dad, about this game being not so much. It's the breath of life, and I'm about to fix you so you'll pursue its elusive image till you pass away. Selah!"

And therewith Tom placed the white ball carefully on a tiny pile of sand and handed to Reynolds a driver.

"And now, Dad, glance about you! Take your last look upon the world as it was. Finished? Then lace out the little pill, straight over the direction flag down there!"

The lad was laughing at his father, thought Reynolds, who got mad. Father and son looked each other intently in the eyes. There was a good bit more happening than a simple challenge. Youth was jollying age upon youth's chosen field. Reynolds seized the club, glanced back toward the clubhouse to assure himself that no beastly spectators were watching, and smote the ball with full force.

Out—out—out, far over the head of the caddie and straight down the fairway sailed the ball, to disappear over the brow of the hill. To the astonished expression of Reynolds that the thing had happened so easily there succeeded a grin of exultation. "You know, Tom, I played ball when I was your age."

Tom shook his head. "Forget it! It's the first and last one you'll drive like that for years. Now, Dad, paste it again!" And he teed up another tantalizing little pellet.

This time something happened—or rather, nothing happened. Following a mighty grunt the stroke swept harmlessly past the ball. "Once more, Dad!"

The second effort was disconcerting. With seemingly conscious deviltry the tiny sphere started down the course, but described a wide arc to the right, falling ultimately directly before an astonished golfer on the ninth fairway.

The veil should be drawn over the next fifteen minutes. Two important facts stand out, however: Before the event was over Dad had purchased an entire box of balls from Son and lost them. The last kick that Reynolds gave to a ball upon the tee sent it farther than the preceding effort with the driver. The second fact was big with Fate. Reynolds was provoked clear through. And to cap the climax Tom remarked airily that golf was still some game, quite a bit other than baseball or delivering ice. Then father faced son:

"See here, you—you Mister Young Golfer! I'll bet you you'll see the day when you will wallow before me and beg my humble pardon for those words." Dad was smiling, but it was a mighty funny smile.

"How much you bet?" Son was smiling, and serious too.

"Tom, I'll—bet you one thousand cold dollars against the aforesaid physical debasement before me. Make it a two-year limit?"

"Sure, pop!" said the incorrigible. And with it the hands of Reynolds and son clasped in a grip that neither had felt the other give before.

That night Tom got his mother's ear for a moment: "I landed Dad, mother. He's got to be a golfer now—or lose a thousand. Which he won't be willing to do, so long as the lamp holds out to burn." Then he told her of the mighty swattings on the tee that day and of the bet that succeeded.

And the wife and mother sighed thankfully and said: "Oh, Tom, I'm so thankful! Doctor Waters didn't want to tell your father that he must get exercise or break down soon. You know your father. He'd have gone on his way in business, just to spite the doctor. And now perhaps he'll—he'll ——" There were tears in her eyes.

"Of course he will, mother dear! What you will be will be a golf widow; no other kind."

III

THE bet was not mentioned again between father and son. Dad went back to the office the following Monday, after Tom had won, hands down, the Westchester championship. The elder Reynolds had behaved in an exemplary fashion on the links the Saturday of the finals. He now knew what a driver was, and he used the information for all it was worth. He was beginning to talk the vocabulary of golf. Mrs. Reynolds went, as per schedule, the same week to Bar Harbor, and Tom started north somewhere to a house party.

Then a real event occurred. Reynolds secured playing privileges at Wildwood, and somehow secured, shortly after, membership. McPherson, the pro, fitted him out with clubs and conducted him to the practice tee. Subsequent events proved that Jack's descriptive powers had not been wholly exhausted by previous pupils. McPherson believed in speaking truth as plain as the bare heath of his bonny Scotland, and Dad winced many a time under his tutelage. But the baseball swing yielded finally to the

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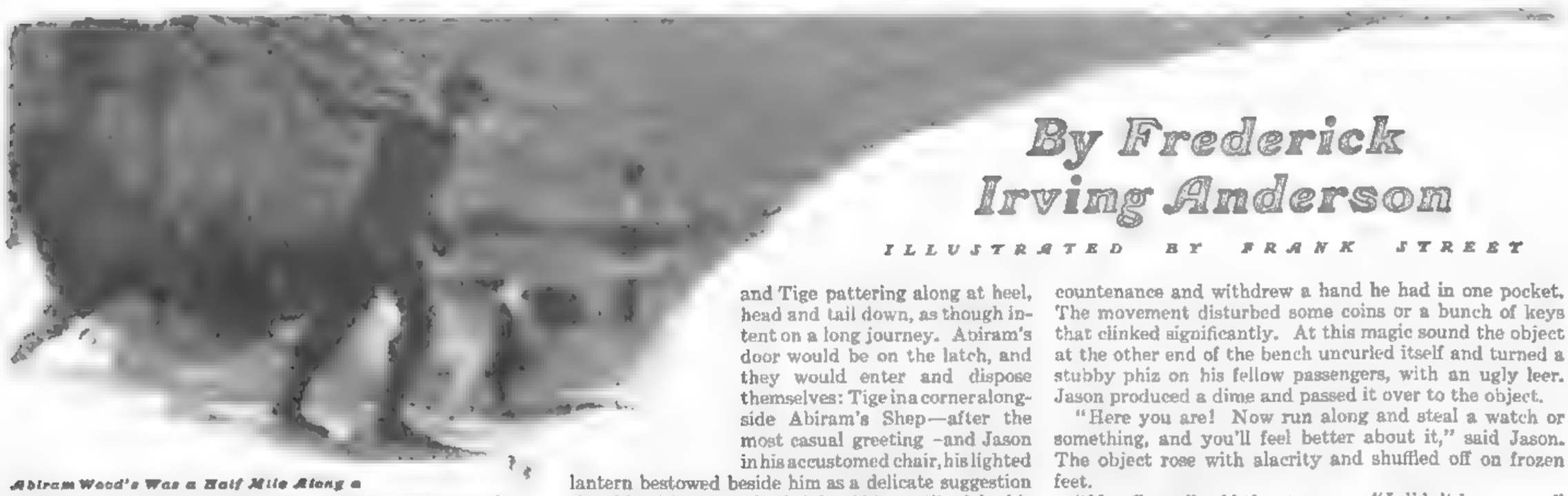
THE GOLDEN FLEECE



Abiram Wood's Was a Half Mile Along a Frozen Road, With Here and There a Pool of Shattering Ice

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

INDIAN summer—with its haze, its frosty morning, its mellow days, its red sun—still lingered, though it was late November. Here in the paved street, between walls of brick and mortar, one merely sensed it, as a thing present, beneficent, indefinite; actually to feel it these hurrying people must have memories of previous existences and faith.

Jason was seated on a park bench. At first he had revolted against park benches. But there had come a time when there was no other place to sit—and he must sit, because he was footsore and weary. Park benches have become a symbol of the footsore and weary.

About this time—so Jason's family almanac would have run if it had ever been written—look for hog killing; look for pumpkin pies in the pantry; and rats in the root cellar; and woodcock in the alders; and ice in the water pipes; and sugar in the parsnips; and look for souse and piccalilli and doughnuts and pickled peaches with cloves stuck in them, in the row of stone crocks on the whitewashed shelf of the cellarway; and a cold ham and a hank of dried beef hanging from nails above.

And about this time—don't delay this—look for fifteen cords of wood in the hickory lot; and partridge in the juniper swamp; and a coon in the ash tree back on Bull Mountain, with a moon coming up through the bare branches; and Bug Webster's Nip, and Jason's Tige whimpering dolefully as they dig down in lieu of climbing up. And about this time listen for the click of the manure spreader and the creak of the wagon hauling in corn; and get out your jigs for pickerel fishing through the ice which is coming; and see to it that the chicken house is warm for the winter, because chickens can no more lay than a man can think, with cold feet. And put on the storm windows, and feed the bees, and clean out the brush in the cove where the cattle drink; and watch the shagbarks with the patience of a country doctor, for the moment is at hand when one shivering blow from a sledge, delivered while you are poised on a branch forty feet up, will bring them to the ground like hailstones.

And about this time look for refractory butter in the churn and red flannels and rabbit stew and a fox pelt or two and Thanksgiving and the smell of baked apples and kerosene lamps and wood fires and the kitchen. For the dusk of the year is at hand and the long, cold night comes on; and the muskrat has shingled his house, the fox has dug his burrow and the field mouse is tucked away in sleep. Outside the branches will complain, the snow crunch under foot, the wind search for shelter. And inside all is snug and tight and warm, with fires burning and larder full. And now, until sap runs, we will feed the stock and draw milk from warm udders and keep down the rats and nurse chilblains and sit by the lamp and read.

And about this time ——

What time was it, by the way? Jason shook himself and glanced up at the illuminated dial of a great clock that hung against the night. It lacked three minutes of seven. He had been sitting there since four-thirty. He was cold; but the cold was good to him, as the hair shirt is good to the anchoret whose mind dwells on holy things. About this time ——

About this time Jason would be getting into his sheepskin coat and his coonskin cap and his mittens, and telling mother he would be going down to Abiram Wood's to see about the line fence. It was a half mile along a frozen rutted road, with here and there in the sinks a pool of shattering ice; with the air crisp and still, and a spendthrift moon looking on through the filigree of gaunt trees; and Tige pattering along at heel, head and tail down, as though intent on a long journey. Abiram's door would be on the latch, and they would enter and dispose themselves: Tige in a corner alongside Abiram's Shep—after the most casual greeting—and Jason in his accustomed chair, his lighted lantern bestowed beside him as a delicate suggestion that his visit would be brief. Abiram tilted in his rush chair against the chimney wall, exploring the recess of an ear with a match stick; his mother, apple-cheeked, with flat white hair and spectacles, rocking over her knitting; and Rose, the daughter of the house, her head under the lamp at the table.

No salutations; only the blessed silence of neighbors with such inextinguishable topics as line fences, to piece over from day to day. Gusts of talk and eddies of silence. Now they would all be intent on one of the dogs twitching through a dream; a mouse scampering among tinkling glasses on a cupboard shelf; a stray breeze searching the shutters. The doctor going by at a gallop, rattling his whipstock, as was his custom, along the parapet of the bridge—Sophie must be worse to-night; Ed White coming home from town, his loose wagon spokes proclaiming his identity; and Abiram saying suddenly and quite out of the air: "Ed's nigh hoss has cast a shoe."

Jason sat up, shivering. He had seen the fire, and been warm, in his dreams; but now the chill of actuality was in his marrow. The scenes of the city had been shifting swiftly as he tarried. First the street lamps had come, blue white in the dusk; then here and there a yellow window. As the shades of night deepened, more lights, until every window of the tall walls that closed in the tiny park glowed in regular design, like the peg holes of a cribbage board; elevators climbed past vertical rows of windows like glowworms; cornices glistened; tall architectural shafts phosphoresced; electric signs wove their interminable round. This was the hour of the peak of the load, as the slaves who watched steam gauges, ammeters and synchronizers in the central stations put it. Then the tiers of lights began to go out, one by one. Black streams like migrating rats emerged from the holes at the feet of the mountains of brick and mortar. The streets, the winding paths of the park, suddenly dammed up with swirling crowds, close-wrapped, shivering and tired-looking, yet eager in this last stage of the day, the homing flight—at the end of the journey they were awaited by such homely comforts as ice boxes, dumb-waiters and delicatessen. In another half hour the sudden tide had subsided, leaving the world to Jason and the stragglers—a covey of cabbies, heads together; a handful of newsboys tossing pennies at a crack; nocturnal scrubwomen beginning their day where the others had left off; and the usual humdrum of a city street.

A big man in loose tweeds and horn spectacles stopped at Jason's bench to adjust his shoe laces. At the far end of the bench, curled up like a mole, was a ragged pariah. The man examined this object gingerly; but his keen eyes lingered on Jason. As he put down his foot and started off, the wearer of the horn spectacles remarked with perfunctory obviousness that it was a fine moon. It was indeed—a great, orange-yellow moon with a distinct rind, just clearing the sierra of roof tops. A few paces off the man in tweeds paused uncertainly. He came slowly back and sat down by Jason.

"He's left his car fare in his other suit of clothes," said Jason to himself, "or maybe he has just found a fine gold ring and will sell it cheap."

The stranger was looking at Jason again sharply, too sharply and confidently for a beggar or a liar. He said in a low tone:

"Is everything all right with you, partner?"

Jason started violently. He stared fiercely at the fellow. What the deuce did the fellow mean—was everything all right with him? Of course everything was all right with him! He wouldn't have been here unless everything was all right. He continued to stare at the man, who lost countenance and withdrew a hand he had in one pocket. The movement disturbed some coins or a bunch of keys that clinked significantly. At this magic sound the object at the other end of the bench uncurled itself and turned a stubby phiz on his fellow passengers, with an ugly leer. Jason produced a dime and passed it over to the object.

"Here you are! Now run along and steal a watch or something, and you'll feel better about it," said Jason. The object rose with alacrity and shuffled off on frozen feet.

"No offense," said the stranger. "I didn't know ——"

"Oh, that's all right," said Jason. But it wasn't all right. Why the deuce had the fellow picked him?

"I didn't know," said the other, still lingering. Jason saw with a start that he had a five-dollar bill on his knee and was absent-mindedly smoothing it. "I've been down and out myself, when my shoes were still good." He was looking at Jason's shoes, which were still good.

"That's my window, over there, just above the O in the big sign," said the man. He was folding the bill into a compact taper. This snooper, decided Jason, undoubtedly had been watching him here on the bench for the last hour and a half.

"One time," said the man reminiscently, "I was trying to shave with a hock-shop razor in a ten-cent lodging house." He chuckled audibly. "My neighbor in the next cell looked in and said: 'Try this one, partner.' It was a real razor. Well, we got to talking. To make a long story short, he passed me this. Gosh! It looked as big as a tarpaulin. I asked him where I should send it when I got through with it; and he said: 'Don't get through with it; keep it circulating; if it loafs on you, pass it on.' That's the way he got it. That's the way I got it. And that's the way," said the man as he thrust the folded bill at Jason, "you can have it. No? All right. No offense, I hope. That's my window over there, just above the big O. I'm in the fur business, trapping skunks. Drop in any time." And he started off briskly.

When Jason finally rose, his feet were like blocks of ice. He had to walk briskly for half an hour before he could restore circulation in them. In front of a tall plate-glass window he paused and took an inventory of himself, from the soles of his feet to the crown of his hat. Not a line in the reflection suggested to him that he was hanging on by his teeth. Yet the big man with the horn spectacles had picked him unerringly, knew he was lying and let him know it. Jason vaguely speculated on the riotous extravagance to which he might have subjected that pedigreed five-dollar bill. This recalled the sensation of hunger; and he sought out his pet beanery, with a table alongside the steam radiator, where he could absorb calories by radiation while he was taking on alimentary fuel. This meal consumed fifteen cents, plus five to the girl who attended him.

When he emerged it was the theater hour. Limousines flashed by, as luxuriously tenanted as the sedans on a Watteau fan. He passed a fashionable restaurant. Through the lace hangings—like a stage illusion through gauze—he tasted the atmosphere of glistening white cloths, sparkling glass and silver, soft warm lights; seated artistically about, like a Ritz scene in a musical comedy, were tailors' dummies and *couturières'* manikins, with faultless undertakers' apprentices serving them. He watched them play at food, wondered what they ate; whether, when they ordered their viands, they took note of the right-hand column on the *carte du jour*—dollars and cents—and performed feats of mental arithmetic during the process of deglutition, the way he did once when he sat in that marble hall. He was held spellbound by the sight of one dummy getting his score—on a silver salver. The dummy signed it and let it lie. There is a race of people who do just that thing, day in and day out, month and quarter the year round. Hard cash answers for *pourboires*; the fountain pen, with the aid of the clearing-house association, does the rest.

Jason moved on. A little farther up the Avenue he passed a row of brownstone houses, whose soft interiors looked out smugly through half-drawn blinds. This was the New York of Van Bibber. No delicatessen snacks there, but single and polyphase butlers, chefs in all languages, service

entries, and garbage buckets that would thrill a church picnic. Such things do happen of course in the best regulated of civilizations. Nevertheless, when one is standing on the outside looking in one is apt to be at least politely incredulous, especially when he has just been singled out of a crowd and offered alms.

Jason quickened his pace. The sight of these riches roused his ambition again, as the smell of savory cooking courts the appetite. He wouldn't always be on the outside looking in. Behind every one of those fountain-pen lives there existed at one time or another, as the root of it all, an idea—good or bad, but an idea. One rich man peddled oil in a hand cart; another learned to play ragtime a little better than his fellows and charmed the ear of an ironmaster; a third owned a mule that kicked him into a fortune over a gold-bearing ledge; a fourth squirted superheated steam down an abandoned oil well and it coughed up molten sulphur; another mixed carbolic acid and formaldehyde, and upset a dozen industries with the jelly that resulted; another turned a shoe box into a camera; still another stamped out flivvers with a triphammer. Every mother's son of them had been as poor as a rat in the beginning, fool and philosopher. Every mother's son of them had stalked an idea with his eyes open, or been feloniously assaulted by it in the dark, like a man coming up against a vicious bedroom door in the dead of night.

Jason had an idea! That was why he was hanging on by his teeth. All he needed was a friendly ear to pour it into, a luxuriant bush called Capital to hang it on, to weather. Once the thing got started he, too, would possess a magic fountain pen, to keep his feet warm while he exercised his brains on other ideas that he could already perceive sprouting like asparagus buds in the spring. Some day he would be able to sit back and smile at fifteen-cent meals; at being picked out by a benevolent gentleman with horn spectacles as more needy than a disreputable bum with whom he shared a park bench; at looking in wistfully through lace curtains at the fairy-tale luxury and ease inside. Nothing in life pays such dividends as retrospect. He would be like Andrew Carnegie, mourning his lost opportunity of being a newspaper reporter; or that great banker, said to be the only man in the world who could think in terms of a billion dollars, who betweentimes longed for his three-and-a-half-dollars-a-week job as machinist's apprentice. All things come to him who waits; God helps those who help themselves; there is always room at the top; you can't keep a good man down! Meantime he was trying to swing a big idea in a hall room without damaging the plaster.

This last reflection reminded him of his hall room, and he turned his feet in that direction. The moon had clouded over and a cold drizzle had come down. He hurried on, to preserve his hard-boiled hat, his only coat, and his shoes, which were still good. As he tucked himself into his abode, a twenty-cents-a-night room that paid four per cent net as charity, as clean as an oyster and as austere as Moses, the other ever-recurring picture came up again—the farmstead snug and tight for the coming blasts; its sheaves in the cribs, fodder in the bay, cattle in the stanchels and fire on the hearth. All he had to do was to reach out a hand, and it was his for the asking. And a mother bird to welcome and coddle him, with never a word about the harsh world that had turned the tables on her fledgling who had gone forth so blithely to conquer. No! He would stick it out. Sooner or later he would find that friendly ear for his big idea.

He was almost asleep when a new idea possessed him, and left him wide awake for the night. It was startling. It concerned Rose, the girl with her head under the lamp. They had been brought up together like puppies in the same litter. The gods had set that stage; and he, the principal actor, had walked out when his cue came, like a man who has missed his lines. Certainly they should have married. It had never occurred to him until this moment.

II

IT WAS eleven o'clock at night. The window above the O in the big sign had its shades drawn, but there was a light behind the shades. On the door was the simple legend:

JOHN BAINGE—SKINS

The man with the horn spectacles evidently carried his stock in trade in his vest pocket, because the interior of his office revealed no sign or smell of fur. In the front room were a desk, chairs and files, suggesting that the tenant had not yet moved in. The second room was equally vacant of expression, save that at this particular moment the man in horn spectacles was engaged in jimmying a door leading to his neighbor's premises. An observer would have concluded that this was John Bainge's regular occupation, so apt and skillful was he at the task. The door open, John Bainge entered boldly.

He found himself in the audience room in a mahogany suite much more gaudy than that in which he plied his trade in skins. Particularly there was a carved mahogany desk, about which the business of the room seemed to center. To the underside of this desk John Bainge carefully screwed what might have been mistaken for a canned pancake, from its size and shape. The rug was of fine weave; but John Bainge without hesitation punctured it with a jackknife, and with great care proceeded to weave into it what might have been an extra warp thread. This done to his satisfaction he gave his attention to the quarter-round guarding the baseboard. This he followed inch by inch along the wall back to his own quarters; and having shut the jimmied door and restored its fastenings to their usual condition he proceeded to follow up his own baseboard, on his hands and knees, to the rear of a small safe bearing his name and occupation, which stood in the far corner. He was in the act of threading two small holes in the back of this safe when he was startled by a hand on his front door. John Bainge dropped his thread and approached the door with the tread of a cat. A certain loose readiness in his gaunt frame indicated that he was prepared for action. Again the hand rattling the latch. John Bainge threw the door open with alarming suddenness.

A seedy individual was half precipitated across the threshold; he straightened himself with an odd smile and said: "You don't recognize me, eh?"

John Bainge did not, and said so tartly.

"The last time you saw me," said the visitor, "my shoes were still good."

A light broke over the man with the horn spectacles, and his features relaxed.

"Ah!" he said, breathing easier, for this person had all but caught him red-handed. "You have come for that five-dollar bill." And he produced the pedigreed V.

Jason—for it was Jason, attired in a college-cut suit that must have been subjected to the further humiliation of fumigation—shook his head. He didn't want money. He still had a few dimes left. The man in the horn spectacles having invited him to drop in, and Jason seeing his light burning to-night had come. The help he needed was some decent office stationery and a decent address at which he might receive an expected letter. His present residence was a charity lodging house, mostly tenanted by dips who worked the crosstown street cars.

Jason made free to sit down, smiling. There was something about John Bainge—especially in his shirt sleeves—that he liked instinctively. John Bainge's skin suggested that its owner, at some period of his life, had hoed corn in a corn-growing sun.

"When I saw you in the park the other night," said Bainge, drawing on his coat, "I thought you were dressed for a party. Did a fire break out since?" he asked politely. "Or have you been liquidating?"

Jason chuckled and he stretched out his ragged feet. It was a long, sad tale, but he told it briefly and in a sprightly manner. Jason had chummed with a fellow lodger, who solemnly averred he knew where there was a swell job for the one of them who could dress the part. At his suggestion they pooled their resources in clothes and matched pennies, winner to take all—clothes and job—and bunk his friend over hard times. It all sounded so plausible. The plausible devil won, took his pick of Jason's clothes—and evaporated.

John Bainge ran an appraising eye over Jason's outfit.

(Continued on Page 95)

"No Offense," Said the Stranger. "I've Been Down and Out Myself, When My Shoes Were Still Good"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

Scum of the Melting Pot

AMERICAN carelessness, cussedness and politics are responsible for the internal situation that has caused so much anxiety during the past year. In the heat and stir of preparation the scum has risen to the top.

As America has turned her face toward the enemy every dirty cur in the country has snapped at her heels. We have found that enemy intrenched in America as well as in France—sapping in our schools, undermining in our press, burrowing in our municipal and state governments—sniping whenever a back has been turned.

It looks bad, but it is only scum, and beneath it Americanism is coming to the boiling point. We are in the healthy condition of knowing what the trouble is. We have been too free with America—giving everything and demanding nothing. We have had a happy-go-lucky, don't-care theory that nobody need worry about what the unassimilated foreigner did or thought; that everything would come out right in the end; that there was some magic in our air that would transform the lazy, the weak, the vicious, into hard-working, honest, desirable American citizens. We have considered the "rights" of every nationality in the world except our own.

The immigrant who comes to America to become an American and who works at that job should be welcome; but of late years too many of another kind have settled here. Powerful influences have been at work against their Americanization in the old way. Free entry and opportunity have been given not only to the honest, sturdy immigrant with a sincere admiration for our country and the will to work and become a loyal American, but to the fellow who had only the will to work us and against us. The foreign agitator has been welcomed and told to go ahead and agitate, even when he blackguarded our country and lied to the ignorant and the credulous about our government. The professional troublemaker has been permitted to go ahead and make trouble. Almost any scoundrel in Europe who fancied a trip to our shores has had a fair field and plenty of favor over here—because "this is a free country and the refuge of the oppressed." It has been the refuge of the oppressed, but it has also been the haven of a lot of rascals who have abused our hospitality and besmirched our institutions, not only from the soap box but from the forum.

The final blame for these conditions rests at the door of naturalized and native-born American politicians and demagogues, who, to gain and keep office, have basely appealed to sectional and race prejudice, to passion, ignorance and discontent. They have made possible the perpetuation of a babel of tongues, a segregation of races, a growing class prejudice in this country. They have exalted the hyphen until it has become a badge of honor; they have groveled to every vote except the American vote. It is about time to show them what the solid Americanism of this country can do to them at the polls.

Added to all these forces, selfish, grafting, sinister, we have the class appeal—the easiest of all with the uneducated or half-educated foreigner, who has been class-ridden all his life, without the opportunity that he has over here to become a member of any class for which his brains and his will to work qualify him. As the appeal to discontent, to class, is the easiest, so it offers the best field for the demagogue, the grafter, the cheap "intellectual" limelighter. Its apostles, "men with soft hands and hard faces," or with hard hands and soft faces, are everywhere just now—among labor, bidding it take advantage of the nation's need; among farmers, telling them that they are getting a raw deal. They search out a particular sore spot, a local grievance in each town and county, and base their appeal on that. Last and least are those fatuous fools—the nut-sundae Socialists from the ranks of the self-styled "intellectuals" and the well-to-do lemon-pop Bolsheviki uplifters—preaching something, they don't quite know what, and urging anything, they don't just care what, so it keeps the spotlight on them. They are self-sacrificing idealists to the last dollar of the other fellow's business, but hard as nails in their own affairs.

They look like a formidable lot, but they are not. These men are simply scum—pikers, grafters, liars and demagogues—insincere, selfish and dishonest—who will run like rats once America recognizes that even rats can spread malignant disease.

We must start by cleaning them out of the schools, the press and the government. The man who plays partisan politics and appeals to class and race is self-exposed—work against him; vote against him; throw him out. Never mind what he calls himself—Republican, Democrat, Socialist or Nonpartisan Leaguer—the label is camouflage. We need brains, honesty and Americanism this year. It is better to keep ten men out of office on suspicion than to let one traitor in. And not all the traitors are Germans or pro-Germans. Not all the profiteers are millionaires or employers. There is something peculiarly vile about the American who tries to make money or office out of this war—who, while other men die for an ideal, snouts out gold or place among the graves.

The Price of Wheat

A FARMER writes us that if the Government had let matters alone he would have had three dollars a bushel for his wheat, in which case he would have raised a big acreage. But now he feels aggrieved, and considers that anything he may do, ever so grudgingly, is a favor to somebody.

This attitude is not typical, but it exists; and so long as it exists it is a menace to the feeding of the Allies and to the preservation of our own independence. Any man who takes this attitude is either ignorant of the war situation or he is a traitor. If he is ignorant he can be informed, and he should be inducted without delay into a few of the fundamentals as to the meaning of wheat in the winning of the war.

To keep a people in fighting spirit they must be fed with their natural food. That means beef for the British, bread for the French and macaroni for the Italians. In time of peace, bread constitutes fifty-two per cent of the food ration of France.

The wheat crops of France and Italy have been reduced by one-half; and if their armies are to continue to fight our battles until we are ready—they must be fed. Certainly, if they are willing to furnish the bullets and the blood we ought to be willing to furnish the bread. If we are not, then we are not worth dying for and our democracy is not worth saving.

Wheat never went to three dollars under fair and normal conditions. It touched that figure only because English buyers a year ago injudiciously attempted to draw the last kernel out of storage, even after the markets were exhausted. Three-dollar wheat represented not the cost of production plus a reasonable profit, for much of that crop in the West left the farmers' hands at seventy cents or less. It did not represent a true value, for that figure makes bread the most costly of all the standard foods, whereas normally and properly it is among the cheapest.

Three-dollar wheat means about three times the usual pre-war price, and that is far and away above any increase in any other staple article of life. Three-dollar wheat means bread riots in the big cities, for bread is the biggest issue in life to a hungry and desperate people. Three-dollar wheat might mean defeat for the Allies.

Nor is the patriotic farmer to calculate coldly whether he can make more money by raising corn than by raising wheat at the government price! Does the soldier calculate whether he is doing the thing that is best for his pocket? Nay; he does the thing that needs to be done, even though it costs not only his profits and prospects but his life.

The government price of wheat does carry a profit; but even if it did not every farmer should be not only willing but anxious to devote the necessary ten per cent of his land to the raising of this greatest of all the bread grains. It is no more than his reasonable service. He would even then come far short of what thousands of our men and of our Allies have done when they made the supreme sacrifice, leaving helpless women and children to shift for themselves.

After the war is over will come the day of reckoning, when every man will be judged by what he did or refused to do. Even now the boys going to the Front are passing judgment upon the attitude of their own fathers. When the boys come home it will be they who will conduct the affairs of this country for a generation; and they, with their loyal supporters behind them, will make a careful accounting of those who coolly profited or even attempted to profit by the exigencies of war.

Just as in the Civil War men lost standing forever in their own neighborhoods and wandered through life afterward marked and alone, so will now be branded those who refuse to support our army and our cause, except on the basis of Shylock. And this is as true of laborers as it is of farmers and manufacturers.

A Hasty Measure

A BILL introduced in Congress by a Southern Democrat provides that every income-tax payer shall, on a given day, make a complete report of his property holdings to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue—partly, as the author candidly explains, that we may have accurate data on which to proceed to a conscription of wealth.

The bill would no doubt supply the author and his fellow amateur Bolsheviki with a basis for the conscription of wealth that lay outside their own congressional districts. But that would be the merest temporizing with a great object, for it is quite certain that with anything like a fair chance the men who had accumulated the conscripted wealth would immediately proceed to accumulate more.

The ideal which the author has in mind can be far more certainly achieved by two or three more muddle-headed, discriminatory, oppressive revenue bills like the one that a Democratic Congress presented the country with last fall. In this manner he may well hope within a short time to create a perfect condition under which it will be impossible for anybody to accumulate any wealth.

DESPOTISM BY THE DREGS

By William Roscoe Thayer

Bolsheviki and Anarchists Who Propose to Set Up Disorder in Place of Such Order as the World Has Been Able to Maintain Condemn Themselves and Their System

THE dissolution of Russia, through the shameful action of the Bolsheviki, must have a salutary effect, which neither they nor the Germans who corrupted them foresaw. It served both as a warning and as an example. Years before the Atrocious War began, sober observers believed that Western civilization was headed straight for a social revolution—a revolution which should be more thorough, more ruthless, more inexorable even than that of France in 1789.

At the opening of the French Revolution the great mass of the Third Estate, the peasants and laborers, and even the bourgeoisie, being without political rights, were still subservient to the privileged classes, which numbered altogether only a few thousand individuals—who ruled them. Now, however, thanks to the spread of democracy as a political system during the past one hundred and twenty years, the very lowest classes, socially and economically, enjoy in most countries the franchise; and even in despotic countries they have contrived to band together in labor unions and other organizations.

The French Revolution of 1789 differed totally from the Russian Revolution of 1917 in that it was launched by some of the best leaders in France, and that when it passed from their hands into the control of the Terrorists it was still led by men of unusual, if mistaken, intellectual force. Mirabeau, whose valiant words gave the keynote of the Revolution, was himself a noble and, what is far more important, was one of the very few transcendent statesmen of modern Europe; and Robespierre, the despot of the Terror, was an educated man, fanatical, narrow, hard as steel and unbending as flint.

The Reign of Ignorance and Violence

IN RUSSIA, however, though the Revolution seems to have been begun by reasonable men like Milyukoff, it slipped quickly down to Kerensky, the political tight-rope walker, and from him to the Bolsheviki, with their incredible despots, Lenine and Trotzky. Neither by training nor experience, nor by mental endowment, were these two sufficiently equipped to run even a dairy; and yet the world beheld them, for four months and over, directing the destiny of more than a hundred and fifty million Russians, and incidentally affecting all the nations involved in the great war.

It is because the Bolsheviki represent the lowest layer of Russian society—the very dregs, to be precise—that their experiment in despotism has far-reaching significance. I call them the dregs, not from any snobbish rating, but because that is a word which describes them. It is a pathetic and terrible fact that after civilization, as we know it, has been in progress for so many, many centuries, there should exist in Russia, or any other country regarded as civilized, a large body of the population lying stagnant at the Bolshevik level; and, more awful still, that by a sudden whirl of fortune they should be able to seize the reins of government and play the many-headed despot over the multitudinous millions of their countrymen.

The Russian dregs have superstition, but no religion. They have been taught for centuries to bow their heads low, a posture in which they cannot look their fellow men face to face and eye to eye, much less look up and recognize a Power higher than that of man. So ignorant are they that they do not understand the simplest intellectual laws of life. They do not understand that a lasting government cannot be founded for the crude purpose of transferring into Bolshevik pockets all the dollars outside of them.

"Behold, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed!" Oxenstiern, the Swedish statesman, remarked three centuries ago; and, to the eye of pure reason, human governments have nearly always been run with a minimum of wisdom. Still, the Bolsheviki are the first to boast that ignorance, incompetence and inexperience are the best equipment for those who attempt to govern a state.

If we apply the Bolshevik doctrine in other fields we shall see at once its absurdity. In war, for instance, it would be equivalent to asserting that the bows and arrows and tomahawks of Iroquois Indians would be more effective weapons than howitzers and machine guns and seventy-fives are to-day; or, in transportation, that the oxcart, with its primitive wheels cut from the trunk of a large tree, with which the Russian muzhik trundles over the muddy Muscovite plains, is superior to the modern locomotive and its trains of freight cars.

During the period of reconstruction after our Civil War shortsighted politicians practiced the Bolshevik method when they handed over the control of some of our Southern States to the negroes—persons, that is, who had had absolutely no training in government and who had recently been actual slaves. We may attribute to them all the good intentions we wish; but the result was what it had to be. And that episode stands out now as one of the most disgraceful in our history. Years later a well-known abolitionist, a friend of mine, was talking the matter over with a sensible old darky who said: "Dose yere politicians up No'th tried to put ign'rance on top of 'telligence; but it wouldn't stay dar."

It would be well if every Bolshevik in Russia, and those who think like him in all parts of the world, would adopt and ponder the old darky's wise words. You can put ignorance on top of intelligence, but it won't stay there. The mere fact of living in the twentieth century presupposes a certain modicum of intelligence on the part of even the lowest.

Formerly, before modern inventions had made the whole world one neighborhood, life was really very simple. The village supported itself, raising its own food and other necessaries, and passing its day as monotonously as a bagpipe's drone; whereas now that village must be very remote which does not count among its villagers persons with intelligence enough to have relations with the great business of the country and to tap national channels of distribution. We live at one or more removes from Nature, and we must know the machinery that connects us with life, or else we perish. And yet it is precisely at this time, when intelligence is the condition indispensable to our existence, that the Bolsheviki unfurl their banner of ignorance and propose to overturn society.

If they ask us to repudiate the old Romanoff methods of unjust government we concur; but, because we repudiate the despotism of the Czar, we repudiate also the despotism of the dregs. Insist, if you will, that under the Czar's régime Russian society was so organized and governed that the lion's share of wealth went into the hands of the Czar, his court, their friends and a limited privileged class of nobles and capitalists. Do the Bolsheviki offer a juster system, one in which equality and fraternity really prevail, one in which there is even a distant recognition of liberty? Far from it. The Bolsheviki do not even disguise their piratical motives; Czarism did. By its more sophisticated methods it hid its rapacity under economic and social subterfuges. The devil was not only the inventor of indirect taxation, by which a whole people can be fleeced for the benefit of a fraction, but he invented, also, most of the devices by which despotism oils its machinery. The Russian Bolsheviki are merciless to their enemies, to whom they acknowledge no obligations, no rights, and whom they intend to crush by force. Every person possessing a dollar is their enemy.

The Prussian Parody on Democracy

EXTREMES meet. The German Empire, the most highly organized despotism, past or present, proclaims that no non-German has any rights which it respects; not even the right to live. And it denies that any moral law or regard for duty, or for humanity, or for justice, can bind a German in his dealings with non-Germans. This is exactly the doctrine preached by the Bolsheviki.

Having wriggled themselves into power, the Bolsheviki bluntly announced that they would rule alone. They would not tolerate representatives of any other class to share in the government, or to speak in either the name of their class or of Russia; and this they called democracy! Even Prussian despots were more careful than they to keep up the pretense of giving all classes a share in the franchise, and so presumably in the government of the state. Every Prussian voted; but the votes were so weighted that in some cases one Junker equaled sixty thousand plebeians.

This is the Prussian way of practicing equality; and yet there are glib, sanctimonious and deceitful German professors who boast of Germany's manhood suffrage and of the deep craving for democracy in the German heart. We shall not understand the situation until we perceive that the Bolsheviki and the German despots detest democracy equally, and that their detestation creates another strong bond between them.

The principles of the Bolsheviki, or Maximalists, are summed up in the cry: "We want more!" which differs only in degree from that of the German pirates: "We want

the earth!" The Bolshevik is born into the world in very wretched circumstances. After passing beyond childhood he has no one but himself to turn to for support, then he can earn only a scanty pittance, he has only meager fare and unceasing toil. On looking about him he sees other men much more fortunately placed in life; a few enjoy great wealth, which they did not earn themselves, but the larger part labor in one way or another, and the scale has been so arranged that most of them are so well paid that they can give their families ease and comforts—perhaps even luxury.

This inequality in their lots seems to the Bolshevik proof not only of inequality but of rank injustice. He believes himself the victim, and no doubt he sometimes is, of exploitation by those above him. He thinks that the social and industrial system in which he is hopelessly imprisoned regards him as unhumanly as it would a wheelbarrow or a hoe—a tool necessary for accumulating wealth for the beneficiaries of the system; not a man with a man's hopes, needs, sorrows and sufferings, to be dealt with sympathetically.

If he inquires of his aged parents how it was with them they tell him that it was no better; or with their parents, or with those who went before, as far as tradition whispers. And so he concludes that a hideous and merciless injustice persists from age to age in the world and, like a python, strangles him and his fellows in its frightful coils.

The heart that nurses a grievance, the head that turns over and over in sullen anger a wrong which it cannot redress, can never be safe counselors. Whosoever speaks in wrath, speaks folly. But the Bolsheviki and all like them listen to their wrath and act as it dictates. Since they cannot get the wealth they covet in any other way, they will take it by force; and anaky sophists urge them on, telling them that the wealth is really theirs, because they and their kindred earned it.

Wanting More

TO WANT more—if more means education, wisdom, virtue, power to do good, humanity—indicates an appetite at once healthy and laudable; but when more means money, luxury and other material and sensual things it is a very doubtful object of pursuit. And when you begin seizing from another, on the mere warrant of your own greed, that which belongs to him you embark on downright robbery. Nor will your plea that he first robbed it by so-called lawful means from those who could not resist him absolve you.

Having entered on this process of appropriation, where will the Bolsheviki stop? If they take all the dollars of all the non-Bolsheviki, how will these be able to survive? The Germans, of course, are not troubled by such questions; they see to it that the occupants of lands which they covet—Belgium, Poland, Serbia, Armenia—are either slaughtered outright or left to die from lack of food. The Bolsheviki, however, have not yet reached the pass where they are ready to destroy, even if they could, the millions of Russians whose wealth they covet.

Nevertheless, so far as appears in their avowed principles and in their acts, the great incentive that impels them is to transfer into their own purses the rubles which belong to others.

I believe that every government, like every individual, not only should cherish and proclaim ideals but should strive to the utmost to attain them. The higher the ideals in either case, the less likely it is that they will be wholly attained.

A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?

An Anti-Kerensky Demonstration in Petrograd

But ideals, as we use the word, imply a reach upward; an endeavor after something better; the yearning for the intangible, the invisible, the holy, the ultimate good. Test the Bolshevik aims by this touchstone—you find nothing ideal about them. They cry out against the greed and injustice of the privileged classes and the capitalists; and all they plan to do—all, according to their vision, they can do—is to substitute their own injustice, their own greed for those of their enemies. They will never capture my sympathy or that of anybody else who sees that this is a moral world, in which the immoral can be put down only by superior moral force. To dethrone one greed and set up another equally hideous can bring no improvement; and in this case it may be that the system of industrial and social greed against which the Bolsheviki rage is less evil than their own incendiary purpose.

They have not learned a truth that was revealed to men ages and ages ago—long before industrialism was dreamed of—that order is heaven's first law. Bolsheviki and anarchists who propose to set up disorder in place of such order as the world has been able to maintain condemn themselves and their system. They advocate a condition so utterly antagonistic to every human and natural law that it cannot possibly endure. Anyone, of course, can cause disorder. And if the disorder be on a sufficiently large scale it may be called a revolution; but revolutions do not last. After the anarchist has smashed everything he detests he must set up in its place a régime in which everyday life can go on, business be transacted, commerce be extended, the ordinary human contacts be enjoyed, the individual experience of men, women and children be undergone.

The Premier of the New Russian Government

Prairie-Dog Utopias

THE time must come, even in the Utopia of which the anarchist dreams, when there will be no more enemies for him to blow up. His Utopia provides for no regular occupation; but if we try to visualize it we see only him and all his fellow anarchists whirling round like epileptic mice in a frenzy of movement that leads to nothing. Political revolutions do, indeed, seem to be in permanence, if not chronic, in some of the South American republics; but if we examine closely we shall find that usually, after a few days or weeks of violence and hysteria, during which a tyrant that would be attempts to oust the tyrant that is, the country returns to a state of tranquillity—at least so far as to permit the ordinary routine of life to be resumed.

Visit any of those republics after it has come through the longest, frightfullest and most sanguinary revolution, and you will perceive that all of its population which has survived somehow or other succeeded, even during the worst days, in getting food; from which you infer that the humdrum employments of life, against which the anarchist rages, still went on, though in diminished volume. Revolution can no more be an enduring condition in a state than can brain fever be in a person. The anarchist may rejoin that he does not aim at forming a state or a nation; that, on the contrary, he desires each individual to be isolated, to be his own master, to follow his own whims and passions, unhampered by the laws or whims of anybody else.

Have you ever seen a community of prairie dogs, in which each sits up erect at the opening of his particular burrow? Substitute anarchists for prairie dogs, each with a gun, watching to snipe any of his neighbors who unwarily pops his head out of his hole, and you have a foresight of the Utopia that anarchism hopes to erect on the ruins of the present world. But prairie dogs live on a comparatively low level of morals and intelligence in the animal kingdom, and no reasonable man would take them as a pattern for building a human state. That the best the anarchists can hold up to us as their vision of what should be is the prairie-dog community shows where they belong.

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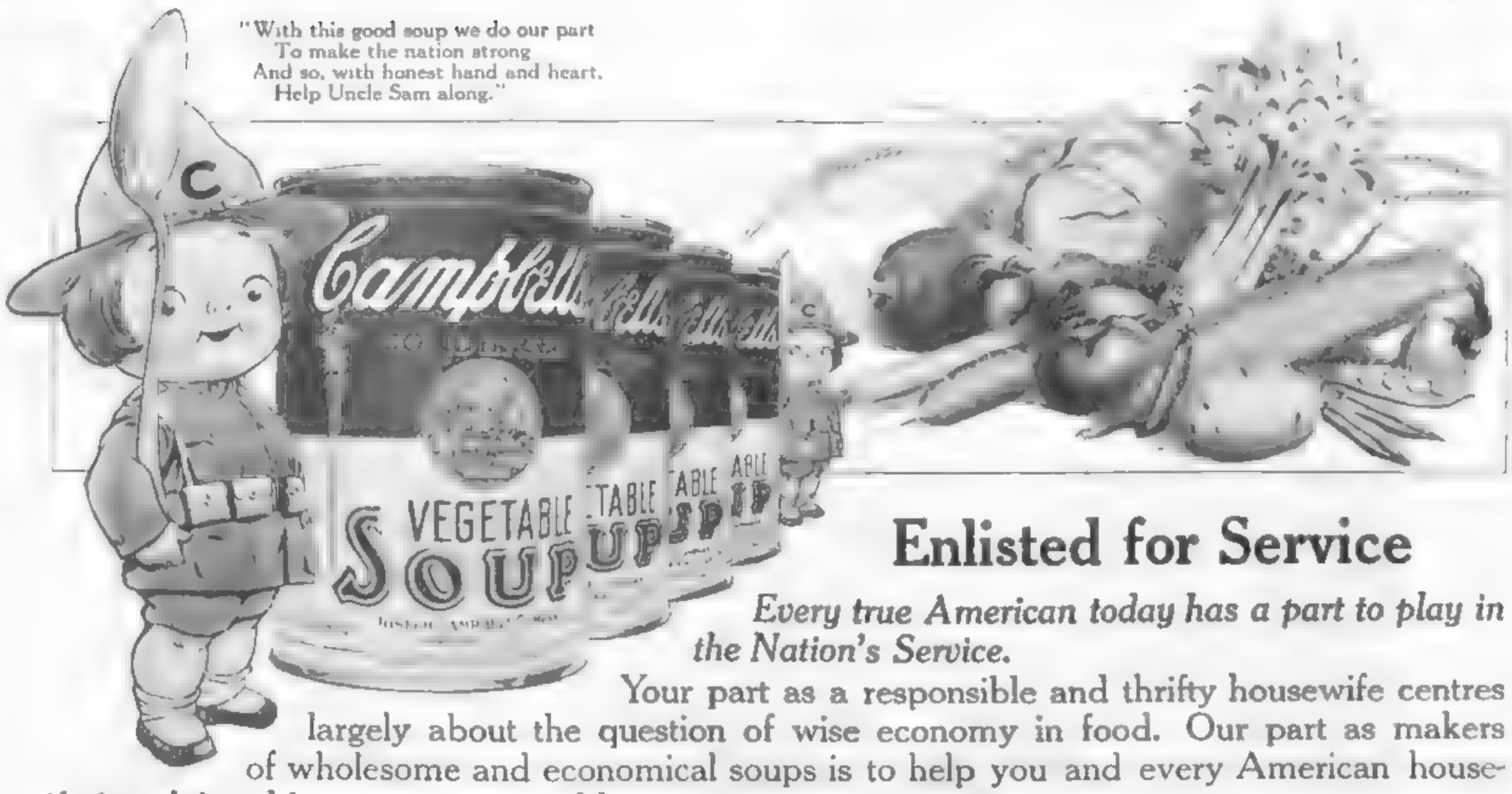
A Demonstration in Petrograd

"With this good soup we do our part
To make the nation strong
And so, with honest hand and heart,
Help Uncle Sam along."



Enlisted for Service

Every true American today has a part to play in the Nation's Service.

Your part as a responsible and thrifty housewife centres largely about the question of wise economy in food. Our part as makers of wholesome and economical soups is to help you and every American housewife in solving this ever-present problem.

These nourishing soups not only help you to do your part in patriotic food conservation but in using them you gain for yourself and your family a substantial benefit both in health and purse.

This is particularly true with

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

Its appetizing quality and distinct nutritive properties make it especially valuable at this time of the year.

In making it we use selected beef, from which we obtain a full-bodied invigorating stock. With this we combine diced white potatoes, tender Chantenay carrots and sweet yellow rutabagas. Also baby lima beans, small peas, Dutch cabbage, Country Gentleman corn, juicy green okra and choice tomatoes, celery and parsley.

We add barley, rice, fresh herbs, A. B. C. macaroni and an agreeable suggestion of leek, onion and sweet red peppers.

This tempting soup supplies some of the most necessary elements of a properly balanced diet—strength-giving and corrective elements whose remarkable dietetic value is not generally understood.

In using it you get the benefit of choice ingredients grown on the largest scale, bought at wholesale when most abundant, put up fresh and cooked with scientific economy and skill.

You save retail cost of materials. You avoid needless waste, loss and spoilage. You save on your fuel bill because you have no cooking cost. You have an inviting ready-cooked dish that is all pure nourishment and can be served on your table any time at three minutes' notice.

Order this wholesome soup from your grocer by the dozen or more and keep it on hand.

21 kinds 12c a can

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

EDUCATING ROBERT

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

There Was Much to Learn; and He Did His Best to Learn It

"I DON'T care one bit whether you have good-looking clothes or not, so long as you are warm."

So spoke Mrs. Franklin when Robert went to college. As a result, he went with no evening clothes; but he had three sets of all-wool underwear, a quarter of an inch thick, which he wore during one winter and never again!

There had been some question as to whether Robert should go to college at all. There was five hundred dollars a year that could be spared, but it could have been used very easily for other purposes. Robert was not at all sure that he should not go to work and add to the family funds, instead of to college and subtract from them. He laid the matter before a friend of his, who was, in Robert's eyes, the greatest man in the world; and the friend, who really was a great man, told him to go if he could get the money without stealing it.

So Robert left his little country town and went to the great University. He left behind him Elizabeth Noyes, the prettiest girl in town. Robert was engaged to her, though nobody except themselves knew it. She was four or five years older than he; and he, of course, did not know that she had been secretly engaged to four other boys in the same way. She was a girl with a lot of romance in her, and being engaged probably didn't do her or the boys any harm.

Robert's first year in college was not a great success. When he arrived there he didn't know a soul, and very few of the friends that he made in his freshman year were among his chums when he was graduated. He was six-feet-two and weighed one hundred and forty-seven pounds. His physique was not considered appropriate for football, and in a very few days he was dropped from the freshman squad. In school he had been a leader in the classroom and had made up his mind that he would excel in college. Accordingly he became something of a grind.

In due course he discovered that to become a civil engineer he should have to go to the summer school on Martha's Vineyard. This required money; and not only was there no money for it, but he soon found that five hundred dollars was not quite enough for the college term. Other men lived on even less than that, if it could be called living, but Robert could not, or would not, quite make it. Therefore he addressed envelopes at twenty-five cents an hour, and later got a job in the physical laboratory, making drawings for lecture purposes, cleaning and setting up apparatus, and assisting the instructors in demonstrations. This was pleasant work and profitable enough, but it took time that Robert could have spent better elsewhere if money had not been so important. However, it did little harm, for it lasted during only the first year.

Robert's mother had a distant relative in Brookdale, a town only a few miles from the University, and a suburb of the city. Robert, calling in accordance with his instructions, had found her a pleasant, kindly woman, and as time went on became very fond of her and her husband, a successful lawyer. It became the usual thing for him to spend Sunday with them, and always they went to church. One morning as they were walking there they met a young girl, tall, with very light hair and very bright eyes.

"Mother is not very well this morning," she said; "so I had to come alone."

Her name was Harriet Allen, and she was not pretty. They all sat together, and she and Robert sang hymns from the same book. She asked him to come to tea that afternoon, and he went. She did not attract him particularly; but no girl would have done so, because for him there was only one girl—Elizabeth Noyes. Robert's cousin, Mrs. Wesson, and Mrs. Allen were very good friends, and eventually they decided that something must be done for him. Something meant society, and society meant dances.

Robert didn't know it, but dances meant a dress suit. Fortunately for him, his first dance was a very small affair in a private house; and, again fortunately, he saw before he took off his overcoat that every man was wearing a dress suit. Not one of them, boy or girl, did he know except Harriet; he could not face them, and disappeared. The next day he learned that he could buy a dress suit for fifty dollars and a pair of white gloves for two. To spend so much money was a serious matter; and after struggling with the problem he decided that he would not do it. He had bills to meet and he must be sure of the summer school.

Then as a curious coincidence, he had a stroke of luck. Robert was an excellent draftsman; and Mr. Wesson, knowing it, recommended him to a client who wanted copies made of a lot of old maps and plans. He did the work in a month and received fifty dollars for it. It meant long hours—longer hours than were good for a tall, thin boy of eighteen; but with the money he bought the clothes and went to another dance.

He soon found that he could not dance. He had done well enough in his country town, but here things were different. He knew no one, and it took heroic efforts on Harriet's part to get him through the evening. She asked some of her friends to help, and they did their best; but it was of little avail, for Robert was raw material and needed more than one night's training.

Champagne he had never tasted, and one glass of it made his head reel. He could not join in the chatter that was all about him, which was so very different from the language of his town. He went back to his room knowing that that world was not his world, and sure that he could never be of it; but Harriet Allen, out of the kindness of her heart—her seventeen-year-old heart—told him that she would teach him to dance.

"It isn't a bit hard," she explained; "you can learn in no time. People dance differently in different cities; you've only to learn to do it our way."

She taught the tall, clumsy boy as well as she could. She was not proud of her work, but he was a charity patient and she stuck to it.

Spring came; and when Robert Franklin should have been out-of-doors, storing away the strength and health that is the right of every man, he was indoors working in the laboratories or over a drafting board; for more work had come, and with the knack he had for drawing and lettering he was making money, an incredible amount of it. Two hundred dollars he had over and above the amount needed for the college year, and the summer course would cost not over one hundred and fifty.

Sundays he kept free and did no work. By chance at first, and then by design, he went on long walks with Harriet Allen. She was pleasant and entertaining, and he enjoyed being with her; but it never entered his head that she was even as attractive as Elizabeth Noyes. He thought of telling her of his engagement, but never quite got up courage. He was a little ashamed of it, especially when he remembered that he couldn't possibly buy even a ring. Of course Robert did not suspect that he had had nothing whatever to do with bringing the thing about, but had been pulled into it by an experienced and artful woman. But no harm was to come of it.

College closed and he went home for a few weeks, spent in fairyland with Elizabeth; and then he went to Martha's Vineyard. At last the life he needed was his—open air, long tramping across fields, swimming, baseball, all with the right sort of boys. He went back to college tanned, full of health and spirits, weighing one hundred and fifty-six pounds, and with an inkling of the life that was in the college, a life of which he had known nothing.

Things happened rapidly at the beginning of his sophomore year. First and most important, he of necessity took a course in geology, a course famed wherever geology is taught. There were over four hundred men in it, drawn from every part of the University; and there were seats for those who came simply for the fun of it—for the lecturer was a famous man.

The first day the great crowd gathered about printed lists, finding places, and assistants made explanations that no one listened to. Finally they called the roll, and he answered to "Franklin, R. S." Then he heard "Franklin, Stephen," called; and the man next to him said: "Here!" He turned and smiled at the man who had the same name as his. Franklin, Stephen, was captain of the university crew and the greatest undergraduate in college.

For two weeks they sat side by side, and Franklin, S., began to like Franklin, R. S., the long, rangy boy who said queer things and had such queer views of life. Sometimes they walked across the campus together; and soon Franklin, R. S., began to do a little hero worshiping. He chose a good hero.

The next thing was a visit from Walter Bacon, Robert's most wonderful man in the world, who was vice president of a railroad.

"I happened to be in town," he said, "and thought I'd run out and see how you were getting along."

Robert told him everything, to the last detail; and when Bacon heard the tale he understood that things were not as they should have been, and he told the boy so.

"You must not work so hard," he said. "There will be lots of time for that later. You are young and this is the

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YOU have only to come into contact with owners and dealers to hear—anywhere and everywhere—astonishing stories of the *comfort*, and also the *economy*, of this new Hupmobile.

Since *The Comfort Car* weighs 600 pounds less than the preceding model, the resulting savings in operation and upkeep are very marked.

In gasoline, these savings average 24 per cent; in tires, 15 to 18 per cent.

(Continued from Page 26)

time for youthful things, the time to prepare your mind and body for what is to come; and you can't do that if engaged in hack work indoors when you should be outdoors with your fellows, getting your fun and exercise.

"Oh, yes! I know about the money part. You have three years more; I'll give you fifteen hundred dollars—five hundred dollars a year. Don't worry now as to whether it's a loan or a gift; I have plenty of money and I can't imagine a better investment for a little of it. Do as I tell you. Remember that books are a large part, but only a part, of a college education. There are other important things."

That was on a Saturday night. The Wessons were away, Harriet Allen was in Europe. Sunday morning Robert walked across the campus and through the great gate on his way to the church across the square. It was a wonderful day, warm and clear. At the gate he met Stephen Franklin.

"Hello! Where are you bound?"

"Church."

"Better come with me. The river will be fine." Satan in the flesh!

"I've never rowed."

"Never mind; it's easy. I'll show you how." And Satan won; for Robert went with Stephen.

When Robert's wherry, a clumsy, safe craft, was back in the boathouse and Stephen's graceful shell safe on its racks, and they were dressing, the older man said:

"You have really never rowed before?"

"Only an ordinary rowboat on the river at home."

"I think you could learn to row well. Of course, handling a sweep is not the same as sculling; but you have the build and seem to catch the idea. Why don't you try it? You never can tell; you might make a great oarsman."

The boy, thrilled, was mute. Stephen went on:

"If you will come down early to-morrow—say, at half past two—I'll show you the rudiments in a pair oar and see if I can't get you started in an eight."

"Are you really rowing?" Harriet exclaimed a month later. "Oh, I'm so glad; it will be wonderful for you!"

Harriet had returned quite grown up, a lady of eighteen and coming out that winter. Robert was very glad to see her, especially as he could like her as much as he pleased now, for Elizabeth had written to him that it had all been a mistake and she hoped he felt the same way about it. Robert did; and that romance was ended.

If during his Sophomore year Robert did not find himself, he at least learned what there was for him to do; what the University had to offer him; what was there for the taking—if he could learn to take it.

Harriet Allen came out and then he began to understand what manner of girl she was. He discovered that Mrs. Allen was a sister of Mrs. Archibold Hubbard; and that Mrs. Hubbard gave precedence to no one socially, and was, so far as one woman can be, the leader in the highest and mightiest circle of the elect. Naturally Harriet was well taken care of. Mrs. Allen was a semi-invalid, and, as a natural result, Mrs. Hubbard managed Harriet's first season, and did a good job of it. It seemed to Robert that Harriet was busy every single minute; it seemed as though every man in college was wildly in love with her. But she did not forget him, for every week or so she would ask him to go to a dance.

"I can get you a bid," she would say; "but you'll have to be good to me and see that I don't get stuck."

"Stuck" meant being left with one man for dance after dance, for they did not have dance cards as they had in Robert's town. There were always two or three times as many men as girls, and often a girl would have three or four partners during one dance. But sometimes, if a girl was not popular or didn't dance well, or, above all, if she got the reputation of sticking, she might be left with one man for a long time, which was terribly humiliating and ofttimes tragic. But Harriet was joking when she spoke of being stuck; becoming modesty, perhaps. She always had supper with Robert or found a girl for him and sat at his table.

He discovered that men sent girls great bunches of roses, that almost everyone went to a dinner before the dance, and often that they went to the theater between dinner and dance. "Small and early" meant three or four hundred and from eleven to five or six in the morning. There was much to learn; and he did his best to learn it.

Just before Christmas there came another chance to earn money. The lawyer who had given him maps and plans to copy bought a large abandoned farm and asked Robert to survey it for him and to make a topographical map of it. Christmas vacation was near and the field work could be done then. By the greatest good luck, as he discovered later, he told two men whom he knew only slightly that he was going to do it. They promptly offered themselves as assistants. One, Taylor, was a first-year law student; and the other, Searle, the son of a railroad president. Both lived near the University and wanted to learn surveying. From this small beginning the Daletown Surveying Company was formed, a name they gave themselves for their own amusement. They spent two weeks in the open, working while there was light to see, and sometimes even at night with lanterns; but usually in the evenings they sat in the small farmhouse, computing and checking the day's work.

When they had finished, Robert transformed the figures into the map. Taylor went to the town hall and traced the title of the farm back to the point where the record was lost. The fruits of his labor went, with the survey, to the owner. The result was surprising. Neighbors saw and asked for surveys, for the old farms were being bought up by city folks.

Robert soon had more work than he could possibly do, and he gathered others about him and business thrived. Every day he could possibly spare he spent at Daletown—Saturdays, Sundays, holidays, and vacations when there was no rowing. The University lent him the instruments; his expenses were small, his income large. He sent word to his father that he need send him no more money.

At rowing he progressed slowly. He was dropped from one squad after another; many times he was forced to row alone in a single shell. He would wait at the boathouse till the last eight had gone before he gave up hope and went off by himself. Late in the spring he found a place in a scrub crew that a few enthusiasts got up for the exercise and the fun of the thing, and won a small pewter cup in a regatta of the City Rowing Club. College closed, and he went home, still a nonentity in the University, but with a vision before him. Bacon had gotten him a job on the railroad for the summer.

It was the seventh of August. The great river reflected the sun from its mirrorlike surface and sent it against the banks, making them doubly hot. The railroad was building long lines of concrete retaining walls. Barges laden with cement in bags lay against the wharves, and negroes and Italians carried it to storehouses near by. The air was laden with cement dust: there was not the slightest breeze.

Robert tapped bag after bag with a trowel as they came past him. He could tell with his eyes shut a bag that had been wet and, therefore, caked, and to be rejected. Every few minutes he opened a bag, took out a little cement and put it in a box. Hour after hour the thing went on. The sweat poured off him; the cement dust settled on him and stuck. It went into his hair and set, making his head feel like an old doormat. Once in a while a man dropped out of the gang, overcome by the heat.

At half past five the whistle blew on the stationary engine that ran the buckets on the overhead cable. In a second the unloaded cement was covered with tarpaulins, dinner pails appeared, and the workmen disappeared as if by magic. Two watchmen polished lanterns and the express went roaring by. Robert took his boxes to the shanty, closed them, tagged them, and entered their numbers in a book.

Then he took off his two garments—an undershirt and a pair of trousers—kicked off his shoes, put on a pair of trunks, and walked to the end of the dock. The water would remove no atom of the cement that made his hair so stiff, but it would take it off his body, and was cool. In he went and out to the tug waiting for the barges that would be empty the next day. He lay in the water and chatted to the captain for fifteen minutes; then swam back, put on his store clothes and walked up the track to the station. When the local came along he swung himself up into the locomotive cab, beside Donald, and rode down the line to his sleepy village.

As he walked home he passed a house and saw a girl sitting on the piazza. She was a newcomer and all the men were crazy about her. She called to him and asked him to come round after supper. He did and found two other men there before him. One of them was trying to sit in the hammock with her and she was making some show of not approving. When Robert came she telephoned another girl.

"Come on over!" she said. "There's too many boys here for me to take care of."

The other girl came; and when she saw a hat belonging to one of the men she picked it up and began to make fun of it. The owner tried to take it from her; and, as they put it, they began to rough-house. The first girl dared her to put it on, and the other said she didn't have to get hers—meaning, of course, her kisses—that way. That led to more rough-housing.

Later the girls began to hint at ice-cream sodas; and, giggling and shouting, they went down to the corner drug store. One girl took Robert's arm. On the way back the other girl and one of the men disappeared; and the other two called to him: "We see you! We see you! The light is shining right on you."

Robert went home, leaving the others in pairs. So this was the sort of thing he used to know and like. How cheap it was; how crude the girls were; and oh, how different! Different! Different from what—from whom? Different, of course, from the sort of thing he was beginning to be a part of; different from—Harriet.

Thus, as he walked home, understanding came; the ability to recognize and appreciate refinement, breeding and gentleness. And his heart began to beat hard, for he knew Harriet Allen had taught the thing to him.

When he got home he went to his room and, taking paper and pen, sat down at his table. It was very hard to start; he wrote nothing for a long time. Finally he achieved this:

This is the seventh of August. Please remember; and perhaps years from now I shall tell you what has happened to-day. I can't tell you now, because I don't know how. For some reason—which I have never understood, unless it is plain ordinary kindness, or charity to an ignorant country boy in a strange land—you have done a great many kind things for me. But all you have done in the last two years, multiplied by ten, isn't nearly so much as you have done to-day, when you are I don't know where, but certainly far away—in Maine, I suppose. Please don't forget; for I am very grateful. Remember August seventh; and perhaps sometime I shall be able to tell you, and you may be glad you could do so much, even for one such as I.

Harriet answered his letter. What a silly boy he was to say such things; but it was very nice of him, even if she didn't deserve it. But he must tell her; it was terribly unkind to rouse her curiosity that way and not say a word of what it was all about.

The summer ended and he went back to college for his junior year. Harriet was at home, and there was less rush and more of her time to be had than the year before. Invitations to dances and dinners began to come without her aid; but he seldom accepted unless he knew she was to be there too. As the winter wore on they became better and better friends. At dances, after supper, when the crowds thinned out, men would find their special girls, and in the small hours dance only with them. Other men respected the arrangement and, failing girls of their own, went home. Thus Robert and Harriet danced together; and it made Robert very happy, for there were other men, many other men, who would have been glad to be in his place.

In the spring a miracle happened. He was a candidate for the class crew and the prospect was far from bright. He could row only in the middle of the boat, because of his great height, and there were four men, fine oarsmen, who stood in his way. Then suddenly one of them left college and another found that he had a weak heart, and Robert was taken into the crew. They struggled with him and he learned fast. He was taken to the training table and—he found himself. Overnight almost, the knack came to him; and he and the rest discovered, too, that he had wonderful endurance.

One day a month later his crew rowed a race with the varsity to give it practice. Stephen Franklin was in the launch with the coach. All was not well with the varsity; number seven did not work well with the stroke and five was slowing down. Stephen saw the boy, spoke to the coach, and together they watched his every movement. After the race they sent the varsity home alone and followed Robert's crew.

"It's worth trying," the coach said to Stephen.

The next day Robert went in at seven in the varsity crew, the old seven was moved to five, and five went to the second crew. After the first day there was never any question as to whether Robert would do. The stroke knew in half an hour that they had found the man they were looking for, and in an hour the whole crew rejoiced. Such things had happened before, but not often; and were blessings to be duly thankful for. To Robert it was a miracle—nothing less.

The news flashed through the University that a man from the very bottom, a man few had ever heard of, had suddenly risen from his obscurity to perhaps the most important place in the varsity crew. Robert saw his name in the daily papers, read accounts of himself; heard people whisper, as he walked about the university town: "That's Franklin, the fellow that ——" He found himself in a new atmosphere, among new men—a new sort of men.

The training table gave him the finest food. Doctors examined him and recommended this or that. He was measured, weighed, his strength tested and charted. He smiled when he saw that he weighed one hundred and seventy-seven pounds; but he became used to that, for every day he weighed himself, before and after rowing, and marked the weights down in the places provided. He lost sometimes as much as five pounds during the afternoon; but the next day it was always back again.

June came and they went away to the scene of the great race. He said good-by to Harriet very much as he said good-by to his boy friends—there wasn't any other way to do it. Once or twice he had come close to being a bit sentimental; but she would have none of it. She laughed at him, teased him. Figuratively she danced about him, just out of reach; and, whether it was done with a wise woman's knowledge or not, it made her most alluring. She was attractive enough, heaven knows; but his inability to conquer her made her doubly fascinating.

He went away to fairyland. The old river town woke up and became gay. One by one, at first, then in increasing

(Continued on Page 30)

Republic Belting Service Cuts Belting Cost

Republic engineers devote much of their time to preparing special specifications for various uses of Republic Rubber Belting.

They do so because experience has shown the best belting to be that which is designed to fill a certain need.

They take each belting problem and consider it individually, in the light of the knowledge they have gained in making thousands of installations.

Distinct and definite advantages in Republic Rubber Belting, and in this Republic service plan, have been proven over and over again, during the past fifteen years, by some of the largest users of belting in America.

In plants where steam and moisture, oils, acids and alkalis soon ruin ordinary belting, Republic has proven its longer life and its lower cost.

It has done the same in cement and brick works, in mines and quarries, where dust and grit and fine stone play havoc with any but the sturdiest belting.

Upon request our engineers will prepare special specifications for belting up to 90 inches in width

The Republic Rubber Corporation
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Republic Mechanical Rubber Goods

Transmission Belting	*Steam Packing*
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Steam Hose	*Radiator Hose*
Airbrake Hose	*Garden Hose*
Fire Hose	*Molded Goods*

Every article made by the Republic is worthy of the Republic quality trade-mark.

REPUBLIC BELTING

(Continued from Page 28)

numbers, came catboats, sloops and, last of all, great yachts; and then the multitude. It was indeed fairyland for Robert; the world was ablaze—blazing for him!

The race was rowed and won so easily that it hardly seemed worth while, and Robert went home, where another job was waiting for him on the railroad. He went straight to Bacon and told him he wanted to resign.

"I want to play this summer," he said. "Last summer's job was plenty of that sort. It was good for me, but once is enough. I don't need the money and I want you to let me play from one end of the line to the other. Give me permission to go where I want to, to work where and as long as I like. I won't make a nuisance of myself, but I want to get an idea of what the inside of a railroad is like. Next year, if you'll let me, I'll come back and tote a rod or swing a pick."

Bacon's name and Robert's smile worked wonders. A man, a tony college guy, coming from those high in authority, a favorite, is often resented. At first he is tolerated as a more or less necessary evil, but if he shows any sign of patronizing or flaunts superiority the end comes quickly. But Robert knew that no success lay along that road. It was not so much with him a matter of policy or of knowledge gathered by experience as it was a deep-seated respect for the man who earns his living with his hands. He was simply natural, and his natural self appealed to the men.

That summer he rode in the cabs of locomotives drawing express trains and drawing freights; he fired beside Mike O'Connell; he ran the engine on the drawbridge over the river at White City; he ran a transit on new lines in the coal fields; he sat in switch towers studying signals and levers till he could run them himself, and wasn't permitted to without the tower man watching him like a cat. He oiled engines, cleaned them and, with Donald at hand, ran them; and finally he went into the purchasing department for two weeks, in a wild attempt to get some inkling of how material was bought, where it came from, and how it was distributed.

He went back to college firmly convinced that the way to get an education was to do the work first and study about it afterward.

"Give me five years of this," he thought, "and then what couldn't I do with four years in a technical school!" Unfortunately the system worked the other way round.

There was no need for Robert to earn money for himself during his senior year, but there was a small brother almost ready for college and his education was a burden Robert insisted on assuming. The Surveying Company flourished—work was almost too plentiful; classroom and laboratory hours were long, and rowing was a stern master and consumed much time. Robert found the days far too short; there was little time for loafing or amusement. That little he spent with Harriet Allen. He scraped up courage to explain things to her.

"Don't think," he said to her, "that I am taking myself too seriously, or that I'm working myself to death, but I can't get away very much, and when I can my idea of a good time is playing with you."

"It's very nice of you, Bob, but it isn't good for you to spend all your spare time with me. You ought to know other girls."

That was the trouble. Harriet treated him just as though he were in a kindergarten and she the teacher. To be sure, he was a favorite pupil but still no more than a pupil. There she was, telling him perfectly seriously that she hadn't the slightest desire to keep him for herself; that she liked him, of course, but only enough to be impersonally interested in his welfare.

"Never mind the other girls," he answered; "somehow they don't provide the same mental relaxation, repose, entertainment, amusement, exhilaration, and so on, that you do. I'm sorry I can't explain it more in detail."

Notwithstanding her advice, he spent all his evenings away from college with her. Sometimes it was by her own fireside, sometimes at dances, sometimes skating; but she was either always with him or near at hand. They planned their parties together, he making his plans according to hers; there was never a suggestion from her that it was anything more than youthful amusement. She never permitted a serious note to creep into their relationship until one night when it seemed that she had suddenly changed.

It was an afternoon early in March. She called him on the telephone and told him there was to be a skating carnival that night at the country club and asked him to come to dinner and go there with her. It was a fine night, not too cold, and the ice was good. There was a bonfire and a band, and lanterns strung about. They had often skated together under such conditions, and he had no idea that that night would be different from others. They skated together and with others. She waltzed well, and they were waltzing late in the evening when he suddenly discovered that she was skating as she had never done before.

For him to have held her close in a dance would have been an impossibility. She was the sort of girl with whom it simply could not be done. Neither had it ever been possible when they waltzed on the ice, and yet, then, she was in his arms, her hair touching his cheek, and his hand drawn close to her.

She made no sign, did not resist, and they skated on slowly to the slow music. When it stopped she made no effort to escape, and they went on till he felt her stopping slowly. Then, still in his arms, she said:

"Bob, I think my boot is unlaced. Won't you look?"

She spoke as though nothing had happened—as though the impossible was still impossible, and there was nothing feigned in her voice. Bob knew that voice, and knew that she was thinking of her boot lace and nothing else. He knelt down and found the lace was untied.

"What time is it?" she asked. He told her. "It's time we were going."

"Let's have one more. They'll play in a minute."

When the music began they started again as they had been before, and remained so till the end.

As they walked homeward through the woods, where it was very dark and the path uncertain, he took her arm, and she made no objection; but when they came out into the open he could no more have held it than he could have held white-hot iron. It was simply an impossible thing to do.

As he walked, wondering, he remembered a dance at Christmastime. It was at her aunt's house, and the others had gone. They were dancing to the music of a phonograph. He showed her the mistletoe hanging in the center of the room, and she laughed; and as they went under it he tried to kiss her, and made a mess of it. He just touched her cheek, but she left him standing there, shrugged her shoulders, and went into the next room.

He felt as though he had done an unforgivable thing; never in all his life had he felt so ashamed. It took all his courage to walk after her and join her aunt and uncle. Apparently she ignored the thing, spoke to him as though nothing had happened. She would not let them know that anything had happened.

But she did not ignore it. If Robert had been asked to explain what change had come over her he could not have told, but the change was there beyond any shadow of doubt. For a week—and there were two long evenings in that week—she made him feel like a loathsome thing. What or how she did it he did not know, but do it she did. He stood it as long as he could and got mad on his own account for a week, which only made things worse for himself, and capitulated.

"If you're going to kill me," he cried, "get a knife or a gun, or something, and do it quick. I can't stand it any longer. I'm sorry, I'm ashamed, but I've suffered enough!"

The old smile and the old voice came back.

"It wasn't very bad, Bob," she said; "but don't do it again."

What a price it had been for a kiss that he hadn't had! Her forgiveness almost made up for it, but how could he reconcile the kiss with the skating that night?

As they walked home from the country club he spoke of the Franklin dance—Stephen Franklin's sister was coming out.

"It's the last," he said; "we go into training right afterward, and no more parties for little me. How would you like to make it a real party for me and not dance with anyone else?"

"Suppose I did, wouldn't you have a time of it?"

"Try it and see."

"No, sir! Why, Bob, you're crazy!"

"Yes, I know I'm crazy; but you'll give me a lot?"

"I don't know. I'm getting myself talked about enough as it is. Somebody asked mother yesterday if we were engaged." That settled Robert; he couldn't think of anything to say and felt the blood rush into his face. She spoke exactly as though the idea was absurd and preposterous. "So, if you don't mind, we'll behave."

But they did not behave. She had already promised him supper and he had his share of dances early in the evening. He had sent her a lot of roses and some violets. She was wearing the violets. As the night wore on and the hours grew small, each man, as always, went to his girl; and Harriet was his girl. Dudley Watts tried to interfere, but she sent him away, as she knew how to do it, and she was Robert's. But there was no such dancing as there had been skating. That was over—a mystery of the past, not to be explained or understood; but, as the music died away for the last time and the dancers stopped, her hand stayed in his for just a second. And he treasured that, for such are the treasures of twenty-two.

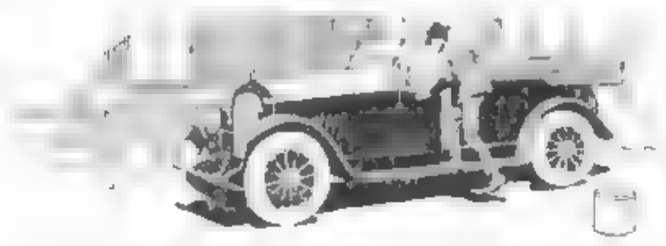
They said good night and parted, but he waited for her at the door. She was a long time coming, and as he stood there he remembered the old days. Those days were not so very old—four, three, two, hardly two years past. He remembered his first dance, at which he had not danced; the boy's cutaway coat and the turndown collar he had worn; how later he had stumbled about, tearing gowns, tripping over his own feet; how he had known no one; how he had sat through germans and had never been asked to dance, except when Harriet sent someone to him; how the men had ignored him; how they had jostled him out of the way; how he could not talk when they talked with the girls. How it had all changed! Girls smiled and waved their hands; men spoke to him as they passed and asked him to go along with them.

Harriet came and they said nice things about the dance to Mrs. Franklin. Then he walked with her down the

(Continued on Page 33)

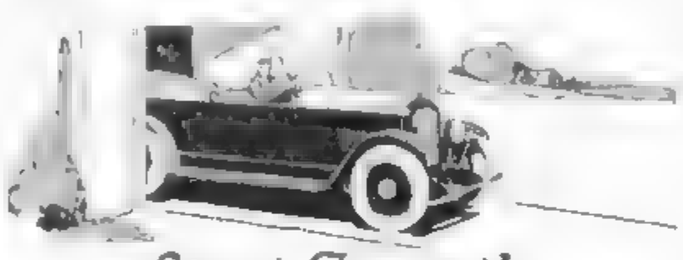
Later the Girls Began to Hint at Ice-Cream Sodas and, Giggling and Shouting, They Went Down to the Corner Drug Store

Your Car should perform *Like This* to give you *Complete Satisfaction*



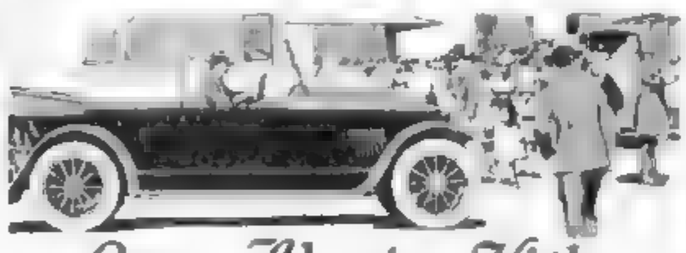
A Minimum of Attention

JUMP in, confident that not even a single lubricating cup requires attention. The man who takes care of his own Westcott car enjoys freedom from the continual adjusting and filling of grease cups. The man who has some one else look after his car has no fear that a single cup has been neglected. The Westcott is lubricated throughout by wick-fed oil cups, filled with long spout can every 500 miles or so. No inconvenience. No muss. No trouble. Perfect lubrication.



Start Instantly

PRESS the starting lever and the motor runs. No coaxing. No delays. No disappointments. The Delco experts collaborating with the Westcott engineers have given the Westcott Six an electric system of unfailing reliability. The Rayfield experts coöperating with similar enthusiasm have given the Westcott a specially designed carburetor with self-contained priming device that makes starting easy in any weather. The car is on its way with all six cylinders hitting as if running for hours.



Creep Along on High

DON'T shift into second when you reach the city. The Westcott-Continental motor with thermostatic control of temperature throttles down to a mile per hour on high gear. When the traffic officer signals "Go," it is off like a shot and picks up easily to 35 miles per hour before you reach the next crossing. When necessary to turn in close quarters you need only a 40 to 44-foot street (depending upon the model) to swing the Westcott completely around without backing.

Take Grades on High

TAKE the hills as you do the level stretches—without shifting gears and without feeling that you are pulling the heart out of the car. The Westcott is the holder of the high gear championship won in the Mt. Diablo, California, free-for-all hill climb for six-cylinder stock cars. Mt. Diablo is 3,807 feet high. It is considered the hardest high gear test in the world. The Westcott reached the highest pinnacle ever attained by any six cylinder car on high gear.

All the Speed You Want

HAVE all the speed you want but don't sacrifice get-away and pick-up, the qualities you need all the time, for race track speed which you never require and would not use even if you had a racing car. The Westcott power plant gives you, first of all, the acceleration you must have for city driving, yet every detail is so nicely tuned to eliminate friction and lost motion that it easily develops a speed exceeding 50 miles per hour, far faster than the average man cares to travel.

Under Complete Control

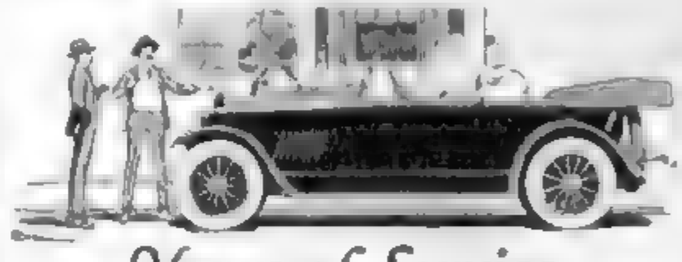
REST assured that you always have complete control of the car. With Gemmer semi-irreversible steering gear and Timken brakes, the Westcott never fails to respond to every command. With the steering wheel and pedals adjustable to arms and legs, and all instruments directly before the eyes, you drive the Westcott so instinctively that you give your entire attention to the road ahead, and with such mechanical precision that the car does instantly exactly what it should.

Instantly Ready for Rain

WHEN a storm comes up you don't have to bother with a so-called "one-man" top. Just give the Westcott "self-acting" top a slight lift and it swings into position. When the clouds roll by it is as easy to let it down. Just fold back the front extension and the top does the rest. This Westcott automatic top is in its way as helpful an improvement as the electric starter. It is just one example of the ingenuity in every detail of Westcott construction that makes the car so satisfactory.

Good Gasoline Mileage

AFTER the day's run be agreeably surprised when you compare notes between speedometer and gasoline gauge. The Westcott gives remarkable mileage to every gallon of gasoline, even when the gasoline is of low grade, because of the elimination of the external intake manifold and because of the preheating of the gasoline and air. Considering its unlimited service over any distance in any season and on any road, the Westcott Six is remarkably economical in running cost.



Years of Service

AFTER a year's continuous use your car should be in its prime—not its dotage. Westcott designs are along the refined lines which always look well. Westcott finish is applied by hand in a dust-proof room, ventilated with washed air, insuring an evenness and completeness of covering that makes for permanent beauty. Westcott units of construction bear names that are guarantees of longevity—Continental, Timken, Delco, Fedders, Rayfield, Spicer, Gemmer, Willard, Stewart.

Westcott

Sportster	$2290	Five or Seven Passenger Sedan	$2890
Five or Seven Passenger Touring	2090	Four Passenger Coupé	2890
Four Passenger Touring Roadster	1990	Wire Wheels on any model	$100 extra

F. O. B. SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Prices subject to increase without notice

THE extraordinarily dependable performance of the Westcott Six has enabled it to secure as distributors the highest class automobile merchants throughout the country. You may rest assured that the service offered by the Westcott man in your territory is in keeping with the standard of the car. Write for the name of distributor and Booklet "B" describing and illustrating the Westcott in detail.

Distributors and dealers who are interested in future growth as well as present profit will find the Westcott Selling and Advertising Plan as satisfactory as the Westcott Car.

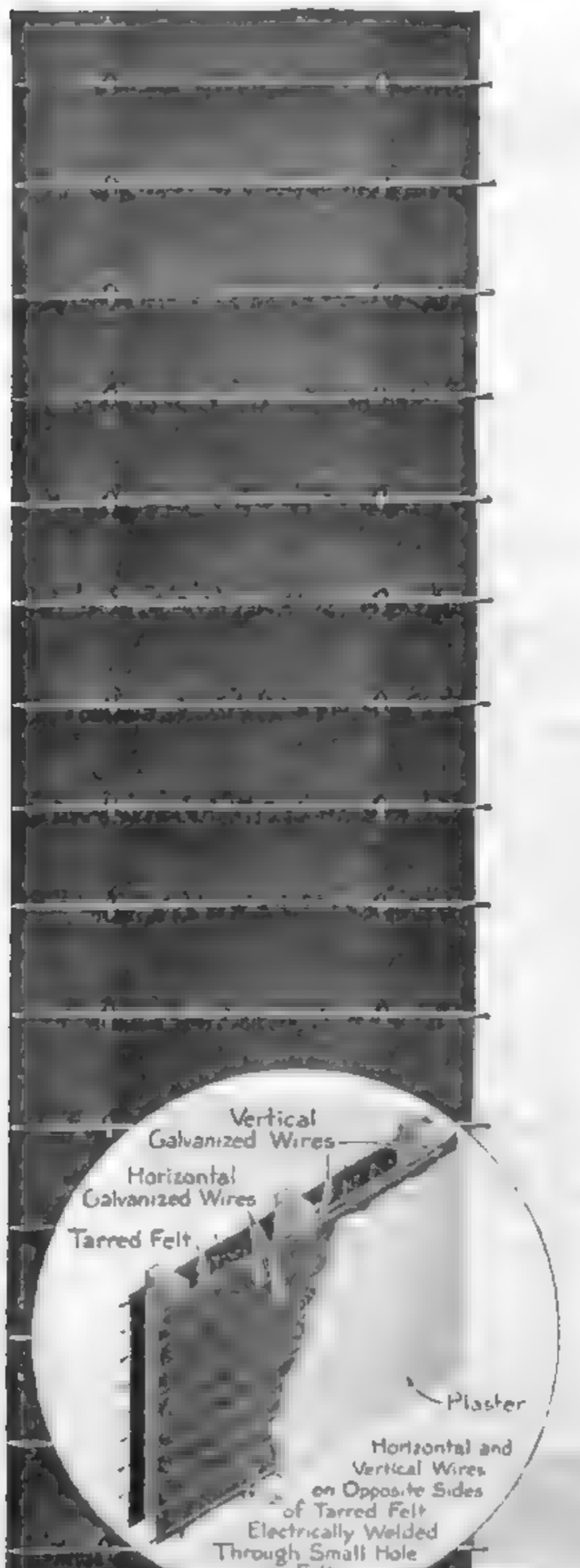
THE WESTCOTT MOTOR CAR COMPANY

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U. S. A.

REMINDER

Tear off as a reminder to send for Westcott Booklet "B". Or write your name and address in the margin below and mail to THE WESTCOTT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A.

CLINTON WIRE FABRICS


Vertical Galvanized Wires
Horizontal Galvanized Wires
Tarred Felt
Plaster
Horizontal and Vertical Wires on Opposite Sides of Tarred Felt Electrically Welded Through Small Hole in Felt

CLINTON Wire Fabrics constitute a complete line of Wire Cloth, Nettings, and Welded Fabrics. Wherever you use wire, you will find a Clinton Fabric to fit your needs.

Modern construction depends more and more upon Clinton Wire Fabrics—especially where both speed and permanence are required.

CLINTON WELDED SHEATHING

SPEED was called for in the construction of the new Army and Navy office buildings in Washington.

Speed—even more speed than the most optimistic engineer in charge thought possible—was gained by building stucco walls supported by Clinton Welded Sheathing.

Great economy in material and labor—an actual test made on Government buildings in Washington, D. C., showed that the use of Welded Sheathing resulted in an immense saving in material required to apply the scratch coat.

By using Clinton Welded Sheathing, permanent factory extensions, warehouses, etc., can be built of light reinforced concrete in the time usually required to build temporary structures. Buildings which are durable, weather-proof, and fire-resistant can thus be built at practically the same cost as wood construction.

Clinton Welded Sheathing consists of Electrically Welded Fabric with a sheet of tough, water-proof tarred felt securely locked between the transverse and longitudinal wires.

It provides not only a support, but a positive reinforcement. The tarred felt forms a backing which causes every bit of mortar to become part of the wall—no droppings or waste.

It is a support for interior plaster as well as for stucco.

An additional advantage is that Welded Sheathing provides the means of closing in a building before it is plastered, affording an efficient protection from wind and rain.

Clinton Welded Sheathing is the most adaptable of all materials for speedy construction. Its special utility at this time is so marked that every engineer, architect, builder, or owner who contemplates building should write us for full information.

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Manufacturers of Wire Cloth of every description, Nettings, Welded Wire Fabrics, and Perforated Metals

One of the new Army and Navy office buildings, Washington, D. C. 36,000 sq. yards of Clinton Welded Sheathing used in the construction of the stucco walls.

(Continued from Page 30)

steps, across the carpeted sidewalk, and joined the small group waiting for carriages. Hers came, and he stood by the open door and she held out her hand to him. But somehow, from somewhere, a man had gotten between them. He heard someone say:

"I'll do this, if you don't mind!" And he was pushed back. He heard the door close and saw the carriage drive away; and the man turned to him. "You're too officious, quite, and make a damned nuisance of yourself. Leave her alone, you're not her sort, you know."

There was no question of the insult, no question that insult was intended, and no question that every one of the score of people nearby had seen and heard.

Robert stood perfectly still; the blood rushed to his face. His brain worked rapidly, yet the brute instinct nearly made him act before his brain could stay his hand. His fingers clenched, his arm drew back, and the snarling face was close within his reach. But standing behind Roland Hubbard was the dim figure of the girl, the hazy, misty face of the smiling girl who had just left him. He wavered and his arm dropped to his side. He saw the throng about him and knew there must be another answer than brute force. He saw that Hubbard was swaying ever so little on his feet, that his eyes were blurred, that their lids raised and lowered themselves uncertainly. The boy was drunk.

But he stood staring at him, finding no word to say, which, no doubt, was well. Then, as he stood, Dudley Watts appeared and took Hubbard's arm.

"Come, Roly," he said; "that's enough."

And as he led Hubbard away there was a smile on his face, a supercilious, superior smile, and a raising of the eyebrows. Hubbard laughed and said: "Ought to be enough to make even him understand—eh?"

Robert turned on his heel and walked in the opposite direction; but as he turned he saw Gordon Norrie, and Gordon Norrie's face. Of all the men who were his rivals for Harriet Allen's favor, Gordon Norrie alone he disliked. The other men were men, playing men's parts, who, if Harriet were to take one of them, would be such a husband as she deserved. But Gordon Norrie, in the eyes of Robert Franklin, was no man, but a weak, effeminate youth, a poseur, a sweet, smiling thing, a human being untouched and undefiled by the coarse world. And, in the blind agony of youth, Robert believed that Gordon Norrie loved Harriet Allen, and that she liked him best of all.

And as he turned and saw Norrie's face he saw that he was in great pain; that his gentle soul had been shocked because such a thing had happened, a thing that had come so near bringing the uncouthness of a lower life into high places, the places that were his and of which he was so perfect an exponent. And Robert believed that his anguish was not because of what had been done, but because it had been necessary to do it.

Robert walked on and on, alone. If only strength—if strength of arm and body might prevail! If he could but go among them and destroy, beat down and batter the life out of their bodies, those weak, useless bodies! If he could but answer them thus! But the day of the brute had passed; his strength was of no avail, for another force had come and taken its place, and against that force he was powerless.

It was early in the morning, the sky in the east was already touched with light, yet he walked on, down the broad avenue and across the long bridge. He understood; the thing Roland Hubbard had said was true. Never would he have had the courage to vent a personal spite upon him in that manner. Back of him had been the moral support of his world, the world that was not Robert's. He had been drunk, to be sure, or nearly so, or even he would not have dared to choose such a place for his attack; but, drunk, he had spoken the truth. *In vino veritas!*

And Dudley Watts, a scion of an old family, had stood beside him and had, taking his part with no word of remonstrance, made the insult, made the truth that he had spoken, doubly strong. And Gordie Norrie, sweet, lisping Gordie, had said as plain as plain could be that he had heard the truth, the unpleasant but necessary and needed truth.

Robert walked on and on to the university town. His house of cards had collapsed.

What a fool he had been to think that he could rise above the low place which had been selected for him! What a fool to think that, because he had gone upward in the small college world, among young men and boys, he could hurdle the barriers which lay about the world of women, the world of families, the world that was Harriet Allen's! When he reached his room he knew that he had not done it—that he never could do it; and that knowledge was burned deep into his heart and brain, there to stay.

He took off his clothes, the old fifty-dollar dress suit, and threw himself on the bed and slept. Hours later he woke and, knowing that he had already missed two lectures, sprang to his feet, dazed by the bright sunlight. He threw a bathrobe about him and stumbled into his living room, on the way to the shower. Someone was sitting in his armchair, reading. He supposed it was his roommate.

"Hello, Charley!" he muttered as he passed.

"Wrong! Guess again."

"Why, Steve!" he exclaimed. "You here!"

"As you see. Don't let me interrupt. Get your bath."

The cold water drove the haze from Robert's brain and sent the blood rushing through his body. He bounded into the room, threw the towel into his bedroom, and exclaimed: "Why this honor, Stephen? You're out early after a hard night."

"You're the boy who had the hard night. I've come to thank you."

"Thank me for what?"

"For not doing what most men in your position would have done."

"Honestly, I don't understand, Steve."

"You remember what Hubbard did, don't you?"

"Oh, that! Yes, naturally I remember; but I didn't suppose you'd know."

"Everybody knows by this time, or will before the day's over."

"I suppose so."

"And you acted like a brick! Mother saw it and told me all about it. She would have sent me here posthaste if I hadn't been coming of my own accord. Why didn't you soak him?"

"Should I have?"

"No; I suppose not. But it would have been bully fun, wouldn't it? And no one would have blamed you."

"To tell you the truth, Steve, I didn't know what to do, what a real gentleman would have done. I suppose I should have said something witty, or something scathing that would have made him flinch and slink away like a whipped cur. The trouble was that I not only couldn't think of anything to say but I didn't know whether I ought to say anything at all. I suppose I am glad I didn't crack him, but the whole thing was over and he was gone before I could think at all."

"If you'd been something alike in size maybe it would have worked out all right to thrash him, but, being twice his size, it wasn't necessary."

"What's the use of kidding me, Steve? I guess I came mighty near sailing into him and it would have been a disgraceful thing to do. The ladies don't expect prize fights to be pulled off before their gentle and genteel eyes—especially by an outsider like me."

"Outsider, Bob?"

"Yes; just that. You see, Hubbard was really right. He may be all sorts of damn' fool, but he doesn't want women in his family to get too friendly, even in the way of only being kind, to a stranger, with men who are not known, who come from no one knows where, and may be good or bad below the surface. I understand his point of view well enough. It's exactly as though some well-meaning truck driver came to call on one of my sisters. We're mighty simple people back home, but there are strata even there. Of course it's hard to talk about without suggesting that certain people can't take care of themselves—which same they can."

Stephen Franklin threw back his head and laughed a whole-souled laugh.

"Of all the crazy Indians I ever heard of you are the craziest! Where on earth did you get those ideas? For heaven's sake, don't get egotistic! Hundreds of boys come here just as you came—from the bushes, with trousers at their shoe tops, and all that sort of thing, and have gone away the big men in the University. What they were is nothing, what they are is everything. Lots of our proudest citizens started just as you started, and they don't take any back talk from anybody now. Don't, as you value your future happiness, believe that there is anything worth having which you can't get because you and your ancestors have not lived your lives in a few blocks of our sacred city, or some other tight little community. It's all bosh!"

Robert smiled; smiled at his friend's protesting

"Kind and valuable words, dear sir," he said, "coming from such a one as you, but, diffuser of all knowledge, read that!"

He took a book, opened it, and held the leaves so that they nearly touched Stephen's nose.

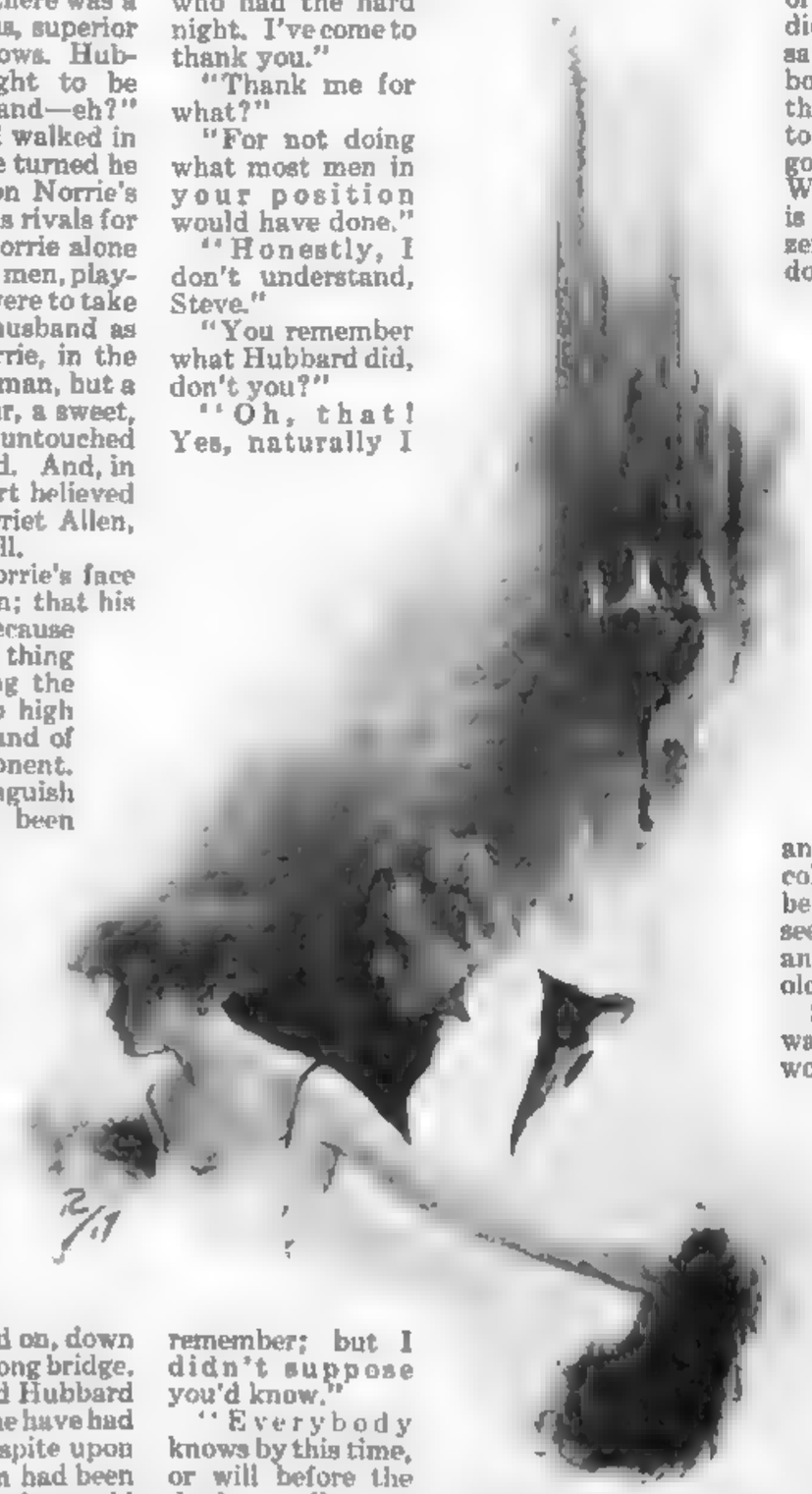
"The all-wise cannot read? Exactly, though it is very simple—a treatise on the manufacture of iron and steel, in words of one syllable, for college boys. There is such a thing as being so close to a thing that one cannot see it. Hold the book thus in thy hand and the letters will be plain. Come on, you old rascal, let's eat!"

Stephen gave him up as hopeless. It was some queer sort of pride, which he would get over in time. He was worth a dozen of Roland Hubbard's sort. But Stephen had no interest in Harriet Allen or her future happiness, or any responsibility for her.

When the door of the carriage closed and it rolled away, Harriet knew something unpleasant had happened. There was nothing for her to do; it would have been difficult to stop and go back. But she heard the whole thing the next morning, and she sent for Robert to come at once.

Robert's first inclination was to refuse to go to receive some sort of forced apology on behalf of the family. He didn't want any apology. The thing was true and he didn't want to hear that they were all sorry that he had been told so. In a rash moment he forgot about the apology and remembered Harriet, and went.

She was alone when he went into the room. The maid had simply smiled, taken his hat and coat, indicated the proper door and departed. Harriet was sitting before a fire and her back was toward him. She heard him, rose, and came toward him with both hands outstretched.



He Showed Her the Mistletoe, Tried to Kiss Her, and Made a Mess of It

"I'm sorry, Bob," she said; "but you will not let it make any difference between you and me, will you?"

She had put both her hands in his, and he stood looking into her eyes. Perhaps if he had taken her in his arms she would have gone to him, for certainly she had a deep affection for him then. Affection? Yes; but he knew there was no love.

"Nothing can make any difference," he said; "nothing, unless it comes from you to me."

She smiled her glorious smile, and her eyes softened.

"You are very sweet to me," she said. "Come, the fire is cozy."

That was the end of it, so far as those two were concerned. But it is remarkable—isn't it?—how two people can sit perfectly still for three hours on opposite sides of a fire and, saying next to nothing, be perfectly content.

It was the first Sunday in June. Robert and Harriet sat in a summer house built by some romantic individual in a grove so far from Brookdale that they could hardly hear the distant church bells.

"It is pretty near the end," he said; "we leave on Tuesday."

"You are surely going to win, aren't you?" she said.

"Of course I don't know," he answered. "We have a good crew, but so have the other fellows, we are told. It will probably be a close race. I am sorry you couldn't arrange to go with the Wessons, but I suppose yachts are attractive."

"I am going with Aunt Alice. She had a party all arranged—Newport, and all that sort of thing."

"Then north for the summer, the usual round of visits?"

"Yes. I am coming back here after the race for a few days, to get laundered up; and then I'm going to the Edwards', at York Harbor."

"You're not your own laundress, are you?" She laughed. "Because, if you are not," he continued, "why couldn't we have a little party all our own for two or three days? I'm coming back to pack and settle my affairs before I go to the far country, and we might have a picnic or two. There'll be no one about."

"I think," she said, "that it could be arranged."

The race was rowed and won, and the world knew that it had been a glorious victory. But only a few—the men in the boat, the coaches and a few graduates—knew how it was won, knew that, after a grilling three miles and a half, when the boat was faltering and when Briggs, the stroke, was all in, Number Seven had had left in him some of his wonderful strength and had spoken so that the others could hear. Only those few knew that he had driven the six men behind him for that last half mile. For a quarter it had been hell—the screaming whistles and sirens cutting like knives and some of the six barely knowing that there was a race, and there was still a quarter to go. But that last quarter had been—oh, so different! For suddenly eight weary boys had seen from the corner of their eyes the other shell go back and back and they knew the race was won. The coxswain screamed, and Robert, neither stroke nor captain, said:

"Keep it as it is!" And the long steady stroke swept them on to the line.

The pace had killed—the battle had been won and lost at the three-and-a-half-mile flag; and a few knew how. When the words "Let her run!" rang out, Briggs, the stroke, a high-strung, slender boy, fell back into Robert's arms—fell back only to be struck a sharp blow across his shoulders and to have water splashed over him.

"Sit up, Jimmy, you're all right!"

Of course he was all right and sat up; and in a minute he turned and smiled at Robert. The launch came up, willing hands drew the boys aboard and made fast the shell to the tow line. Stephen Franklin put his arm about Robert's shoulders.

"Oh, Bob," he whispered, "I knew you'd do it when the time came. Lord, but it was glorious! Do you feel all right?"

"Fine! Is there anything to eat on board?"

"There is."

"And, Steve, don't make any mistake about Jimmy. He killed himself getting us to the last half mile."

Later, Jimmy Briggs came over to join Robert.

"You did it, Bob! I was through. I understand, and I'm glad."

"It's very sweet of you, me lad, very sweet, but who got us that far, I'd like to know? What's the use of kidding ourselves, Jimmy? You know very well it was the whole bunch that did it."

That was on Thursday. The next morning they went their ways—Robert back to the University, where he found a note from Harriet.

Monday afternoon they took a train, and, leaving it, walked across a field to the upper river and took a canoe. What a change four years had made in the boy! The thin body had filled out; his back was broad and his shoulders knotted with muscles; his arms, tanned almost black, were silky smooth; his hands large and strong. His hair, which four years before had been long and slicked down, was short and tousled. He wore white flannel trousers and buckskin shoes, a soft white cotton shirt, a gray flannel coat, and a straw hat with the varsity crew band. In the canoe he took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. The girl watched the muscles play along his arms as the canoe shot forward under his powerful strokes. Could this be the same boy she had known four years before? Truly a college education can accomplish wonders!

They passed another canoe, and they heard the man in it say to his companion:

"That's Bob Franklin!"

Harriet smiled.

"How does it feel to be a famous man?"

Robert grinned.

"Why don't you ask one? Don't fool yourself, young lady, that sort of fame withers like the flowers that bloom in the spring."

"But it's fine while it lasts, isn't it?"

There had been no such change in the girl as there had been in the boy. She was still tall and slender, her eyes still snapped, her hair was still glorious gold. Long years before, Robert had forgotten that she had no beauty, but for him her smile was the most beautiful thing in the world. Her mouth was large, and when she smiled one end of it went off in a little wiggle all by itself, and her white teeth sparkled; and when she laughed Robert knew her heart was laughing too. And how he loved to make her smile!

As they went onward they came upon a group of boys at a swimming hole—boys standing on the bank as the Lord made them. Harriet slipped down to the bottom of the canoe.

"Tell me when it is safe to wake up!" she said, laughing; no fuss, no feathers, no embarrassment—just simplicity.

They went on to the woods, where it was shady and drifted along close to the bank.

"Don't you want to smoke?" she asked. "I should think you'd be crazy to after stopping for so long."

He nodded.

"I might, if you don't mind. Will you toss me my coat?"

"I'll fill your pipe for you, I can do it beautifully. I do it for father."

She took his coat and found his pipe and tobacco.

"How about matches?"

"Oh, I forgot!" And she hunted for them. Then she brushed the spilled tobacco from her lap. "Oh, what's this?" she exclaimed.

She held up a small silver ring.

"Don't you remember? It must have been in the pocket. It's the outside of the ten-cent piece I mutilated in the summer-house one Sabbath morn."

She slipped it on her finger.

"Oh, yes; I remember. You did get it done, didn't you?"

"As you see. Does it fit?"

"Perfectly!"

"Of course I know it's not the thing for young ladies to accept jewelry from their gentleman friends, but you may have it if you like. It's a bit small for me, or I shouldn't part with it—even for you."

"Of course I'll take it—if I don't have to wear it always."

"No, only when you're really dressed up."

Robert looked at her as she twirled the ring about her finger. She held her hand up and made believe that she admired the trinket. Then, smiling that wonderful smile of hers, the smile of a happy girl, she turned her eyes to Robert—and the smile died, for the boy was gazing at her in a way she could not misunderstand. A deep color came into her cheeks and her eyes fell. She looked down at her hands in her lap, trying to appear unconscious and waiting for him to speak. She waited and almost came to believe that he was not going to speak. But finally the words came, huskily:

"I am sorry," he said, "that it is not a real ring, that I cannot offer you one that would really mean something." She looked up at him and tried to smile, but no smile would come, and she looked away across the water. "You understand?"

"Of course I understand, Bob." Her face seemed to him to be very sad.

"Harriet," he said, "don't cry. I'm not going to ask you to marry me, you won't have to turn me down. I love you, but I've never had any wild idea of your loving me."

"Oh, Bob; I've never thought of you that way."

"Exactly so; and knowing that you couldn't possibly, hurts like thunder! Once, not very long ago, I thought that perhaps you might—I mean I thought that I was the sort of man or, at least was getting to be the sort of man, it would be possible for you to love. But there was a rude awakening, and I understood, and I understand now. You have been good to me. I'm better now—lots better—than when I came here, and you have had lots more to do with it than college has. But I've a long way to go, I know that perfectly well. This isn't the end, it's just the beginning, and wonderful things have happened, maybe another wonderful thing will happen.

"So far as society is concerned, you are at the top and I'm pretty near the bottom. Once I thought I'd broken into your society, but I mighty soon discovered that the walls round your city were impregnable. You come out sometimes and mingle with the common people, but the common people never, never, never get inside."

"Bob, you're talking nonsense!"

"Not a bit of it, it's perfectly true. Perhaps I don't use the word society just right, but you know what I mean. There isn't a drop of blue blood in my veins—yours is all blue. My grandfather was a stonecutter, and even if he was good at it, that isn't the same as being a college professor or a banker, as yours was.

"I'm going out to make my way. I haven't a cent in the world; and from the looks of things I shall probably at least have to help take care of my mother and sisters—to say nothing of Bill.

"But I'm young and you're young and I love you so hard it hurts. I think of you every minute. When I saw the other crew drop back at the end of the race last Thursday, and knew that we were going to win, I wondered whether you were looking. On the way back I tried to find you on the yachts. I'm not unhappy, I'm not sore because the distance between us is thousands of miles. There are men in your set I wouldn't change with for all the gold and position in the world! I imagine it doesn't take long to rearrange things among the men after they leave college; but the thing I've got to find out is whether one man can rearrange things so that he won't be impossible from one woman's point of view."

"Where on earth did you get these queer ideas?" Harriet asked.

"They're not queer. I've learned enough to understand; I've learned a lot and I'm going to learn a lot more. I've heard of puppy love and I know I'm only a kid, but I'm sure my love isn't that kind. What I'm afraid of is that, before I'm able to come back and ask you to marry me, some other fellow will have you. There isn't anyone yet, is there?"

"No, Bob; there isn't."

"So far, all's well. Let's cheer up. I've been doing an awful lot of talking. But, Harriet, don't you marry one or two men we know, I won't have it!"

"I won't marry two, anyway." Her old smile came back. He paddled to the boathouse.

"Do you think I'd better go to dinner with you?" It had been so arranged.

"Why not?"

"I thought perhaps you might be a little weary of me, under the circumstances."

"Why, Bob, of course not, you must come."

Perhaps it was because he had told her of his love, perhaps because it was their last evening together, but, be it what it may, never had she seemed so sweet and good as she did that night.

They had said good-by. She was standing in the doorway; and he, on the gravel path, was turning for one last smile when he heard her whisper:

"Bob!"—as though she was calling him.

He went back. She took his hand and slipped something smooth and cold on his finger.

"It belonged to mother's father," she said; "perhaps it will make you remember me."

He heard the door click as it closed, and he was alone. On his finger was a gold ring, holding a dull green stone. This and a photograph of her when she was a small child, in a white dress with a guimpe, were all of her he had to take with him, except that which he carried in his heart.

Robert went back to the West and the railroad. There was no doubt in Bacon's mind that the boy had great things in him, and that he was destined to go far. If he turned out as well as he was sure he would, the trouble would be to keep him. It is a long hard grind upward in a great railroad; salaries are small, there are many men ahead, and luck often plays a large part in advancement. Bacon put his proposition to Robert squarely.

"Study the railroad for two or three years. You can do no more than get a rough idea of it, but you will learn something of how the machine works. You have had one summer of it, keep it up for two or three years. I'll watch for an opening for you; you keep your eyes open and decide what you want to do. We'll fix it between us."

He knew there was no need of telling him that their friendship could, if improperly relied on, do him nothing but harm. So Robert set forth.

First he was a timekeeper on the new bridge over the river at White City, testing rivets and cement the while. Then for six months he fired locomotives, and made good at it. Then he built sidings for a while, and for a year went from office to office, learning. Then he spent eight months in the Maintenance of Way Department. When the line from White City to Sandersburg began to be talked about he went to Bacon, and Bacon said "Yes."

On that job he made his mark, made good, and became known to every man from the president to the porters. Willis, chief engineer of the road, knew that when he stepped out Robert would step in. When he was thirty he was Willis' first assistant, and possessed two prominent characteristics—he solved engineering problems with a facility that was amazing, and he could handle men. The first seemed to be unerring instinct; the second the power of making men work for him and never against him, of making them understand that they were not mere machines, but human beings, with ambition and pride in their hearts for a job well done. It was easy, he understood them and liked them.

During those eight years he had lived here, there and everywhere, and in those years he had gone East only once. And the way of it was this:

He was twenty-seven when he first had a desk in the Chicago office. His hours became of reasonable length and he began to look about him for diversion, of which there had been mighty little.

Thoughts of Harriet Allen had been with him always. She wrote to him, usually six weeks or two months after he had written to her; he always answered her letters immediately. She had traveled, meeting all manner of people of high degree, and, though she made little of it, there was always in her heart the knowledge that he and she were as far apart as the East and West, and that never should they meet. He heard of her from others, stories of this man and that, and never did he receive a letter from her when he did not fear that it might contain the news which would make certainty doubly sure. But no word of her engagement ever reached him.

If his love had been puppy love, it was a long time dying. He kept her before him as the perfect woman, and he was not far wrong in doing so. Never did he forget her—never except for a few short weeks, which came near to being his undoing. If for those weeks he was a weak, foolish man, remember that he was human and there is a human tendency to make mistakes.

A friend took him to call on Edith Carson. She was a beauty of more than local fame, an athlete, experienced, and a year older than Robert. She was an only child, her father was wealthy, and they lived with no knowledge of the inner circle that was inscribed about Harriet Allen.

For some reason, Edith Carson discovered in Robert her ideal, which was no great compliment. She was made of raw materials, and the elemental woman, the woman of the wilds, was strong in her. There was certainly glamour enough about her. For her to fall in love with Robert's bulk, with his air of self-reliance, with his superficial personality, would be natural enough, but for her to discover and love the man beneath was not so likely.

Whether she actually did fall in love with him, no one, probably including herself, ever knew. That Robert at the end of three weeks was so dazzled by her that he was nearly, if not quite, in love with her was a certainty. The end came quickly. He was playing cards with her for a stake he thought unnecessarily large. She was smoking, and on the table she had a Scotch and soda. She bid a hand too high, and when she saw that she should lose heavily an expression came over her face that showed exactly the sort of woman she was. Robert saw it—saw the cigarette dangling from her lips, saw the whisky, saw the vulgarity and the shallowness of her mind—and was saved.

He went out into the cold night air, feeling like a man who had been caught red-handed committing a crime. He had wavered in his loyalty to Harriet Allen. Not only that, but, with his word given to her, he had been weak fool enough to think, though only for one short instant, that a woman such as Edith Carson could take her place. He had been false to Harriet; and his shame was very great.

For two days that knowledge gnawed at his heart. Then he did the only thing he believed he could do to expiate his crime. He telegraphed her that he was going East to see her for a day, Sunday; and she answered that she would keep the day for him. When she came downstairs on Sunday morning he was waiting for her.

"A little early, but the time is short. I hope you don't mind."

"Come," she said, "and have some breakfast."

After breakfast they walked along their old paths and he told her his simple tale.

There could have been no more impossible situation for her. He told her he had promised to love her; he had told her that, for the first time, five years before, and had written her over and over again that there could never be another woman than she. But he had lied to her, had failed in his promise, for he had loved another woman. And it had been only by the grace of God that he had been saved. He confessed and told her he had come to ask forgiveness.

What was there for Harriet to say? She had befriended a poor crude boy years before and he had insisted on placing her on a pedestal and worshiping her. He had gone out into the world and was making his way among men, was proving himself worthy of everything except her. There was no love in his voice when he told her he loved her. It was a cold, unemotional statement of fact. He did not ask her to marry him, for it never once occurred to him that she would by any possibility do so. There had been burned into his heart the knowledge that he was not her sort and that knowledge was still there.

Such was the predicament in which he placed Harriet Allen. She did not believe he could really love her. It was impossible he should love her and be content to tell her so in that cold, casual way, and ask for no avowal from her. If she had loved him, as well she might, notwithstanding his peculiar obstinacy, she could not have told him so, for she was not sure of his love. Perhaps it was a mere boyish fancy that had become a morbid habit—a habit that might suddenly pass away.

There was nothing she could do but laugh at him, and laugh she did. And he believed from her laughter that he was no more to her than he had always been—an object of charity.

They spent the day together and parted, with sentiment scattered to the four winds. But for him there had been accomplished that which he had come to accomplish. He had made his confession, and it was good for his soul and set his mind at rest. Edith Carson was of the past, and never should he fail again. Harriet Allen had once more the place that was hers and should always be hers.

It never occurred to him that most men have half a dozen Edith Carsons before they go to the girls who have been waiting for them. He went back to Chicago knowing that fine, true steel may be made from rough rock taken from the bowels of the earth, but that never can gold be made from base metal.

No such finespun figure of speech was Robert's, but only the knowledge that he was not her sort. That idea had become a painful obsession with him.

(Continued on Page 37)

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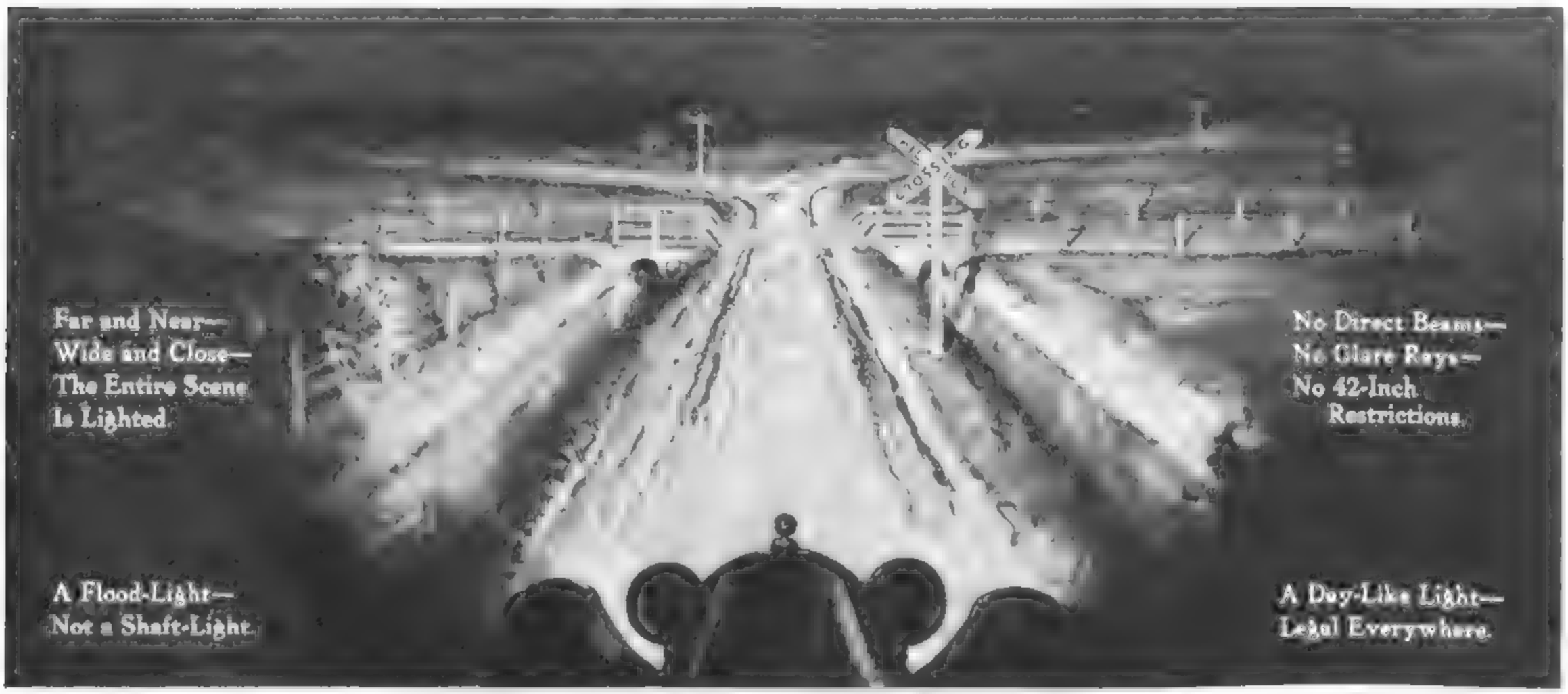

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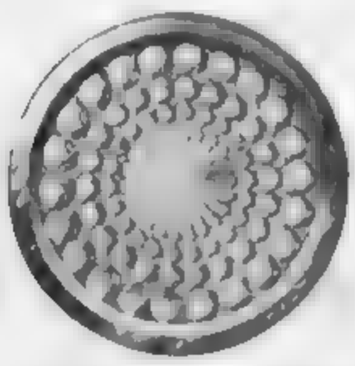

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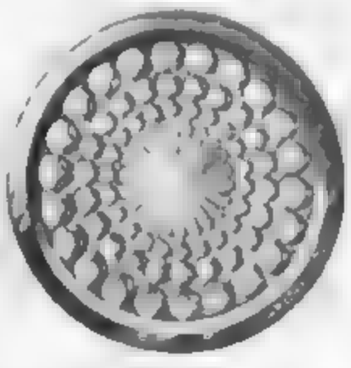

THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY, 918 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

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(Continued from Page 34)

IT WAS Monday morning. Robert had played golf all the day before, and Tom Metcalf had driven him back to town and on the way had improved the opportunity to make a suggestion.

"Bob," he had said, "what would you think of our going into the contracting business together?"

Then he had gone into details: They were both single; both knew the game; it didn't require much capital to begin with; and they would be working for themselves and not for someone else—and so on and on. Bob had thought of the same thing himself many times. There were pros and cons, the cons being his men, his peace of mind, and Bacon—Bacon, who had done so much for him.

He walked downtown that morning, turning the thing over and over in his mind. It required some thought, and there was no need of deciding in a hurry. But it was decided for him. He had been in his office only a few minutes when a message came saying that Bacon wanted to see him. Bacon was president now. He spoke to Robert almost before he was in the room.

"Hello, Bob!" he said. "Tell me something: How long have you been thinking of cutting loose from being a cog in a big machine and being a little machine, all by yourself?"

Robert was taken completely by surprise. Bacon laughed.

"I thought so. I've been expecting it. No; nobody told me. I just guessed it. That's why I want to talk with you. I've got a job that may interest you. Ever hear of the Western Construction Company?"

"Yes; of course."

"Do you know much about it?"

"Yes; I know a good deal about it, in a general way."

"You knew that Gardiner was head of it before he died?"

"Yes."

"Well, the situation is just this: Gardiner was a great man; but he was old-fashioned and the company is not in very good shape. The railroad controls it and we've been thinking of doing something about it. Gardiner's death brings it to a head. We are in a new country and big things have got to be done. The Government won't let the railroad do them; so we are going to let the Western do them for us. I have been elected president, and we want a vice president. He will be the man to do the work; he will have full charge and complete authority over everything and everybody in the field. I and the board of directors will simply act in an advisory capacity, largely if not entirely in connection with financial matters. There is the board."

Robert read the names, a list of big men. Bacon went on:

"We want a young man for the job and we've decided to offer it to you. If you take it we'll give you all the help you need for a while, till you get things lined up. It won't take long; it's the sort of thing you are used to—only larger. Willis approves."

On the list of directors was the name of Archibold Hubbard.

"Does Mr. Hubbard approve?"

"Yes; particularly. Why?"

"I only wondered. Of course I'll take it. When do I start?"

"How soon can you straighten out your work?"

"A day or two—Jervis can take things over, if you approve."

Bacon laughed.

"Had him ready for an emergency, did you?"

"Yes; and I'd like a vacation before I start, if it can be arranged."

"Up to your old tricks! Yes; it can be arranged. Suppose we make the announcement—when?"

Robert counted off the months on his fingers.

"Suppose we say November first."

"All right; you will be elected next week. It's a big job, Bob, and I congratulate you. Incidentally, are you interested in the salary?"

"Not particularly. It will be about fifteen thousand. If I were fifteen or twenty years older it would be fifteen or twenty more."

Bacon laughed.

"Run along," he said; "I'm busy."

One afternoon in July Robert dropped off a train at Collack. Collack consisted of a small wooden station, a general store, and four saloons. Most of the store and all the saloons had arrived at Collack when the Western Construction Company began building the great dam and the generating plant. Turbines, turned by water, were to furnish current for the trains over the mountains that stretched away for miles and miles to the west, and for light and power in White City. Coal was expensive; electricity was coming into its own.

Together They Watched the Colors in the Sky Change With the Setting Sun

Puffing on a siding was a locomotive. Freight cars were waiting to be hauled over the long spur to the dam site. Robert spoke to the engineer.

"My name is Franklin," he said. "May I go up with you?"

"Sure thing! They told me to watch for you. In a hurry?"

"Not a bit. Take your time."

Robert climbed into the cab and watched the engineer make up his train. His locomotive was old and made hard work of it, even there where it was level. Later, when the grades were heavy, the old teakettle could just keep going.

"Coal good?" Robert asked.

"None too good; but good enough, maybe, if she was any good. She needs shopping—or maybe the graveyard."

The Collack Dam was no toy, and the building of it no child's play. There was no local labor or material, hauls were long, good food hard to get, the summers hot, the winters cold. Repair parts for machinery, supplies, food, lumber, cement, stone, sand, a thousand and one things had to be thought of and had to be ready when needed; and it was hard to tell when they would be needed, and often what would be needed.

McPherson was in charge. Under him were engineers, electrical and civil; timekeepers; foremen; clerks; cashiers; two hundred mechanics; and two thousand laborers.

Robert dropped from the cab and walked up the path to the company's office building. A man was sweeping the steps.

"Is Mr. McPherson about?" he asked.

The man pointed to the open door with his thumb and Robert went in. No one was there, and he waited a minute till a boy came in from another room.

"Mr. McPherson here, son?"

"He's over at Number Four; be back in a minute. Sit down and I'll look for him." And he went out.

Robert sat down and filled his pipe. As he was lighting it two men came in. One of them went across the room, opened an inner door, looked in, and came back again.

"Not there," he said. "Let's wait; he'll be here any minute."

They were well-dressed, good-looking men. Robert wondered who they could be. He tilted his chair against the wall and waited. Before very long the two men saw someone coming and went to the door. Robert could not see who it was, but his voice, as he greeted them, seemed very familiar. In a minute or two the man came in and, without looking at Robert, went into an inner office. It was Roland Hubbard. Robert had not had the faintest idea that he was there.

"Queer—isn't it?" he thought—"that he should be here! That after all this time we should meet in this out-of-the-world spot!"

But it wasn't so queer as it seemed. Roland had followed the fashion of the times, and when he left college had gone into a banking house. He sold bonds and, with friends in high places, did well enough at it; but he did a few other things not so well. A change of scene seemed advisable, if not actually necessary, and his father sent him to New York. Instead of improving, he grew worse and worse. Finally an affair with a woman upon whom the family could not look with favor brought on the crisis. Drastic action was necessary, and Roland was sent to Collack in the hope that a few years of life in the open, with hard work among hard men, would teach him the error of his ways.

Collack was far from headquarters; and, according to Gardiner's system, a purchasing agent was necessary there. Roland was given the job. He bought nearly everything and had charge of the commissary; his clerks checked the delivery of material and approved the invoices.

Robert went out. There were many wooden buildings scattered about, mostly along the dusty road on the hillside. He saw the boy who had gone in search of McPherson coming toward him.

"He's coming," the boy said.

"Where's Number Four?"

"Other side of that stiff-leg derrick," he answered, pointing.

Number Four proved to be the blacksmith shop and machine shop. Robert found McPherson talking to a mechanic beside a forge and seemingly in no pleasant frame of mind.

"It's damn' rotten stuff! There's nothing else to it!" he heard McPherson exclaim.

"Hello!" Robert said. "Bum drill steel?"

"Who the hell are you?" McPherson shouted. "Don't tell me. I know. But you've got no business coming upon me when I've lost me temper. How are you?"

Robert grinned.

"Fine! How's things?"

"Fair to middling, leaving out those drills. But you'll be wanting a bath and something to eat, son. This will wait. I'll show you round."

They went to the house where McPherson lived with six others.

"We're aristocrats here," he said. "We have a cook to ourselves and a coon who keeps things tidied up. Your room's here. There's a shower bath next door but one. I see your grips are here ahead of you. You'll need few fancy clothes."

McPherson was fifty years old and Robert had not talked ten minutes with him before he knew the sort of man he was—straight as they come, conscientious, a fine superintendent, a lover of wild places, a hater of show, a hater of office routine, with its papers and red tape; a man who loved to read a blue print and hated to read or write a letter.

They had dinner together, talking of everything but the work, found mutual friends, and discussed the railroad. After dinner McPherson suggested a game of cards.

"I'll get Andy and Bill Williams. They're not much of a hand at auction, but they're not much worse than I am, at that, and they're amusin' lads."

Andy proved to be the boy Robert had met at the office. It was wild card playing, to be sure. While they were playing the two well-dressed men came in and sat down beside them. McPherson introduced them to Robert as Phillips and White. They seemed to be on very friendly terms with Andy and gave him pointers as he played. White went to Williams' side and helped him against Phillips and Andy. Later they played a rubber or two themselves. They were very pleasant men and very good players. Robert liked them.

There followed a week of hard work. Robert went about the dam, the reservoir, the power house, studying, asking questions, talking to the men. He saw the concrete mixed and poured, the forms built, the stone crushed, the little engines pulling cars about. He examined rock drills, hose, packing, food; he went through tool houses; made notes of the brands on shovels, hammers and saws; looked at wheelbarrows, hoisting cables, and a thousand and one things. He went over cost sheets; watched men handle material. At the end of the week he knew pretty nearly what was what.

Phillips and White had left the morning after he came. He had met Roland Hubbard and nothing had happened. They had simply said "Hello!" and let it go at that. The more he had seen of McPherson the more he liked him. He had learned that Phillips and White were salesmen, one representing a big supply house and the other a lumber corporation.

At the end of the week Robert knew that there was unpleasant business on hand, and that, as it must be done sometime, it might as well be done then. The chance came of itself, which made it easier. He was sitting on the piazza with McPherson after supper, smoking. Neither had spoken for some minutes when McPherson broke the silence.

"Lad," he said, "you've never told me why you've come among us. Me curiosity has got the best of me."

"Well, Mac, that's a question. For one thing, for the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"A likely tale! From what I've seen of you, you're not new to the business."

"No, not exactly new; I'm a sort of doctor."

"A doctor?"

"In a way; and I'm inclined to think I know what's ailing the patient."

"So?"

"Don't you know, yourself?"

"Perhaps I do."

"The body is strong and healthy, but it isn't being fed good, wholesome food."

"Do I understand ye right?"

"I think you do, Mac."

"And what's to be done about it? You know who Hubbard is, no doubt?"

"I do, indeed. I know all about him; but that makes no difference."

"You think not."

"I know not."

"Have it your own way."

"To-morrow I'm going over things with Hubbard. I'll talk with you again to-morrow night."

"I wish ye joy!" Robert could never tell whether McPherson said you or ye. "Who's this coming?"

It turned out to be Phillips and White, and with them was Dudley Watts.

"Dropped off to see Roly. Didn't expect this, old chap," he said, and more like it. How his voice and manner recalled old days! "Roly is coming in a minute; we're to have a rubber or two. Join us, won't you?"

"No, thank you; later, perhaps."

Roland came and they went inside, leaving the two still smoking. An hour later Robert went in. Phillips, playing with White, was dealing as Robert went to another table for a magazine. He heard Phillips say, "Two hearts!" and turned and looked at his hand. He held seven hearts, with all the honors except the king. Roland, at his left, bid two no-trumps; the others passed, and Phillips doubled.

Robert looked at the score and saw that it was love all on the rubber game. Roland hesitated a moment and redoubled. Robert could not see his cards. White led the two of hearts; dummy spread out his cards, and among them were four small hearts.

Robert smiled—smiled until Phillips played the nine over dummy's eight, and Roland won the trick with the king. Robert's smile vanished; it was rotten card playing. Then, as Roland was running off twelve tricks, he suddenly remembered how well Phillips and White had played the week before. The truth suddenly burst upon him!

Watts, always suave, asked Robert to take his place.

"What are you playing for?"

"Ten cents; but, of course, we'll make it anything you like."

"No, thanks; I won't interrupt. I'll read a little, instead. By the way, Mr. Phillips, will you be here for a day or two?"

"Over to-morrow."

"Then I'll see you again. Good night!"

When Robert had gone Phillips asked:

"What's Franklin doing round here?"

"Blessed if I know!" Hubbard answered. "I don't believe he knows himself."

But Phillips was not quite so sure.

The next morning Robert walked into Hubbard's office. Roland paid little attention to him, answered his "good morning" with hardly more than a grunt; but, Robert showing no sign of leaving, he finally said:

"Can I do anything for you?"

"I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind letting me see how you run things."

"Certainly; but I don't understand just what interest you can have in it."

"That wouldn't make any difference, would it?"

"Perhaps not; but I'm rather busy just now."

"I can get along very well without disturbing you."

"Now look here, Franklin, what's the game?"

"Only that you happen to be the weak link in this organization and I want to find out what the trouble is."

"Really!"

"Yes, I am sorry to say—really."

"Then you be damned!"

Robert laughed.

(Continued on Page 41)

"I Don't Blame You a Bit—it's a Woman's Sport; but I'm Not Going to Jump Any More. I Have Been Foolish; but My Folly is at an End"

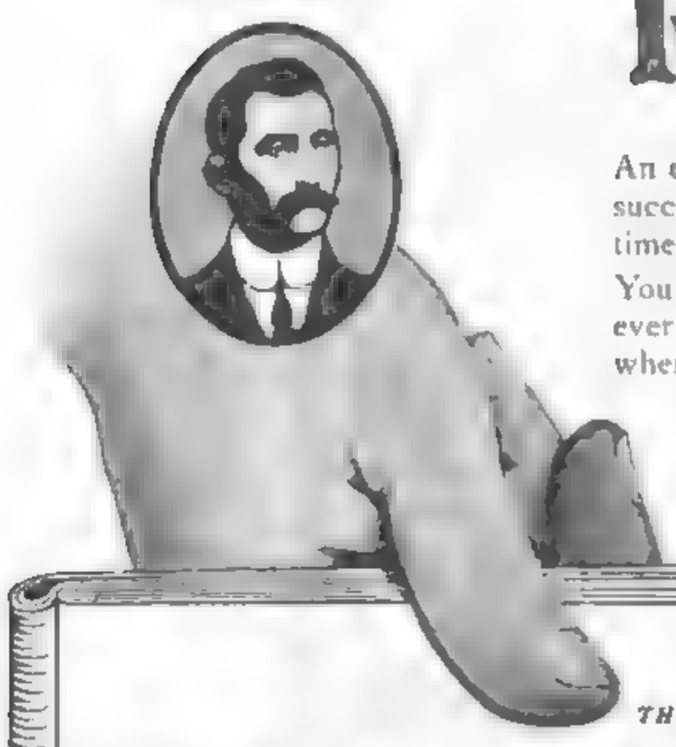
TRADE MARK

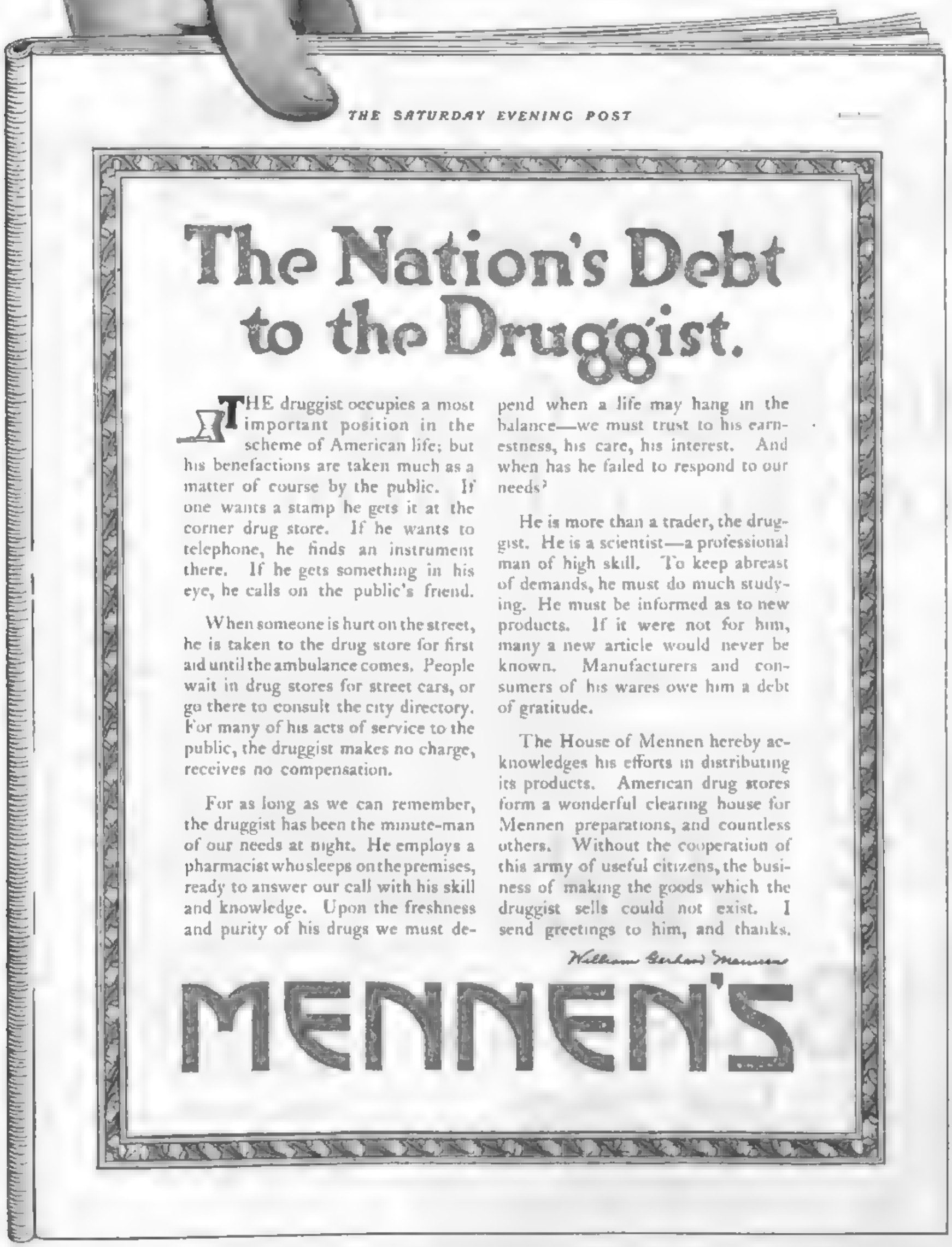
Repeated by Request

An editor knows he has printed a good editorial when other papers copy it. He knows an editorial is supremely successful in its appeal if there is a general demand that he repeat it in his own paper. That happens but a few times in the life of the ablest editor.

You probably never saw an advertisement which cost $5,000 repeated in the same publication. Few manufacturers have ever been asked to repeat an advertisement. But the message below, signed by Mr. Mennen, met with an unusual response when it appeared in the July 21st, 1917, issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*. It was reprinted by many trade papers.

It brought us hundreds of letters from druggists and their customers, many requesting that the advertisement be repeated. It is with genuine pride, therefore, that we again print this message — thus repaying, in some degree, our own Debt to the Druggist.





THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Nation's Debt to the Druggist.

THE druggist occupies a most important position in the scheme of American life; but his benefactions are taken much as a matter of course by the public. If one wants a stamp he gets it at the corner drug store. If he wants to telephone, he finds an instrument there. If he gets something in his eye, he calls on the public's friend.

When someone is hurt on the street, he is taken to the drug store for first aid until the ambulance comes. People wait in drug stores for street cars, or go there to consult the city directory. For many of his acts of service to the public, the druggist makes no charge, receives no compensation.

For as long as we can remember, the druggist has been the minute-man of our needs at night. He employs a pharmacist who sleeps on the premises, ready to answer our call with his skill and knowledge. Upon the freshness and purity of his drugs we must depend when a life may hang in the balance—we must trust to his earnestness, his care, his interest. And when has he failed to respond to our needs?

He is more than a trader, the druggist. He is a scientist—a professional man of high skill. To keep abreast of demands, he must do much studying. He must be informed as to new products. If it were not for him, many a new article would never be known. Manufacturers and consumers of his wares owe him a debt of gratitude.

The House of Mennen hereby acknowledges his efforts in distributing its products. American drug stores form a wonderful clearing house for Mennen preparations, and countless others. Without the cooperation of this army of useful citizens, the business of making the goods which the druggist sells could not exist. I send greetings to him, and thanks.

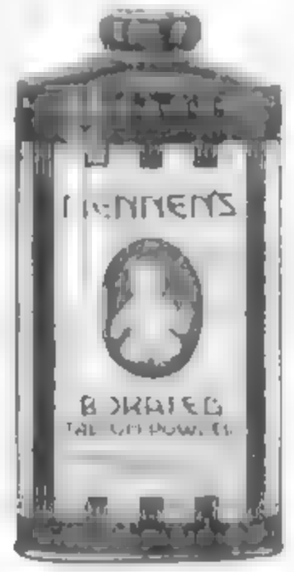
William Gerhard Mennen

MENNEN'S

GERHARD MENNEN CHEMICAL COMPANY

Laboratories: 42 Orange Street, Newark, New Jersey

Canadian Factory, Montreal, Quebec. Sales Agents for Canada, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario



The House of Mennen was the originator of Borated Talcum. Nearly forty years ago Gerhard Mennen — a chemist and druggist — saw the possibilities of a soothing, comforting powder for babies — easy and safe to use, cleanly and beneficial — dainty as a toilet requisite. Laboratory tests prove that no finer Talcum is made than Mennen's — few are as good.

A million men have learned that Mennen's Shaving Cream softens the beard without rubbing with fingers; that its lather holds three times the usual amount of moisture, making it cooler and slower to dry; that it can be used with hot or cold or hard water; that it leaves the skin smooth and soft, and that its concentrated form makes it economical. A Demonstrator Tube will be sent for 12 cents.

Thousands of doctors advise Kora Konia for chafing, sunburn, diaper and teething rash and to relieve severe skin irritation. It has somewhat the same soothing and healing action as Talcum, but contains in addition several ingredients of recognized medicinal value which are indicated in the treatment of the more serious skin abrasions. It is antiseptic, absorbent, adhesive and moisture resisting. A sample will be sent for 10 cents

Miserable Corns - How to end them

Touchy corns make thousands suffer—on pleasure trips—in business—at home—everywhere.

Until they once try Blue-jay.

Then they are corn-free forever.

Painful corns are utterly needless. Science has brought relief. The medicated spot of wax on a Blue-jay Plaster stops pain instantly.

Generally in 48 hours the corn painlessly comes out.

Harsh liquids are dangerous and messy. Paring may bring infection.

No corn can resist Blue-jay. Yet this way is most gentle.

The chemist of a concern known the world over for its surgical dressings discovered Blue-jay.

He studied corns for 25 years.

So with science's way at your command, no touchy corn need ever bother you again.

Blue-jay Plasters are sold everywhere at drug stores for 25 cents per package. Buy a package now.

End your corn at once and never let one pain again.

B&B

Blue-jay

Corn Plasters

Stop Pain Instantly—End Corns Completely

Large package 25c at Druggists

Small package discontinued

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

BAUER & BLACK, *Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc.*, Chicago and New York

(Continued from Page 38)

"There are two things that I can do," he said; "one is to show you my credentials, the other to throw you through the door and lock you out. I admit the second would be quite satisfactory. Andy would be able to tell me what I want to know." He smiled at the man again. "Which shall it be?"

Roland looked at him, wondering whether there was a bluff that he could call. He decided there wasn't.

"All right," he muttered. "What do you want to know?"

"The first thing I want to know is why you bid two no-trumps over two hearts when you have six good spades, two aces and a king in your hand, and the lone king of hearts."

If ever there was a surprised man in the world, that man was Roly Hubbard. Not a sign of guilt was on his face, not the slightest trace of shame. He jumped from his chair and faced Robert.

"Come!" he shouted. "I'm sick of this damn' silly business. What's the game?"

Robert still smiled. He now knew surely what he had suspected before.

"Sit down, and I'll explain. You remember the hand, of course. White led his highest heart, the deuce; there were four in the dummy, that makes five. Phillips had seven of them and naturally he knew that you had only the king; yet he played low. If he had played the ace you would have lost a couple of hundred points; as it was, you made seven or eight hundred. Don't you understand? It is the simplest kind of situation."

Roland understood, and Robert knew that he had not understood before.

"That's just the whole trouble with you. You're too damn' lazy to understand anything. You think you are some sort of tin god that has nothing to do except be a Hubbard. You got away with it to some extent in college; but it won't work out here, or anywhere else. When I came in here I didn't know whether you were crooked or not. Now I'm pretty sure you're not; but I'm very sure you're a good deal—that you've been a good deal—of a fool. You've got so much conceit you think it's beneath you to mix with the crowd outside, to learn from them what you've got to know if you're to be worth your salt.

"I hadn't been here an hour before I knew more about what was going on in your office than you know yourself. I know that you've been buying drill steel that's about as tough as cheese; you don't know any more about steam hose than a baby; your standard-gauge locomotive is going to die on your hands any minute. Phillips has got your number; he sells you every tool you buy; gives you the lowest prices, of course, because he's fixed it for his competitors to keep away. He has a good thing and will return the favor to them some day. He's dumped a lot of junk on you that's a disgrace. It wouldn't have kept up much longer. McPherson would have started something pretty soon if I hadn't.

"Another thing you don't do is to follow up your shipments. If they come through on time, all right; if they don't, let the work wait. You've been lucky so far; but that doesn't change the fact. Another thing is, you won't listen to the foremen. It's their job to get work out of the men, but you won't listen to them when they tell you that men can't work efficiently with rotten tools; that they can't work at all when machinery breaks down. McPherson has been too kind to you; but he's at the end of his rope.

"I'm not going through your department; I've got something more important to do. I'm going fishing, but I'm going to get a teacher who can tell you a thing or two. Ask Andy to come here, will you?" Andy came.

"Find Phillips and tell him I want to see him." Phillips came.

"Now, friend," Robert went on, "we're going to have a show-down. You've been having a fine time at our expense; I don't blame you—not a bit; but times have changed. We've been good to you; now I want you to be good to us. I want you to take a couple of days off, give up selling, and teach Hubbard how to buy. You know lots more about it than I do, and I know you'll be straight if you agree to be. You know just what sort of stuff this job needs and where it ought to come from. Tell Hubbard all about it; tell him how to tell good stuff from bad; tell him what prices are right. If you can sell him properly, sell; but don't sell him what you call competition goods just because you don't happen to handle high-grade stuff in that particular line, and don't take orders that you send across the street for and stick on ten per cent, when we can buy it direct as cheap as you can. Do you get me?"

"I do, boss; I do. It sounds to me as though you'd been there before."

"I have, and I don't blame you a bit. Your job is to sell, and you have to take things as you find them. Go to it, both of you; you ought to have a pleasant day. I'm going fishing."

Robert left them, and outside he met Dudley Watts, on his way to Roland's office.

"Don't disturb him," Robert said; "he's busy."

"Oh, I say, I'm here to see him, you know!"

"See me instead. I'm going fishing. Better come along. I'm told there is good sport to be had. Maybe Hubbard won't be so busy tomorrow."

Watts finally emerged from his rather unfriendly indecision and went. A native drove them through the hills; and the trout, ignoring the habits of their more civilized relatives, rose all day long. Dudley Watts thawed out; even he could not stand the strain of being the delightfully superior Dudley under such conditions and in such a place, where the mountains made even him feel small. As they drove back in the dusk, tired and happy, Dudley was positively human.

"Rippin'!" he exclaimed. "Rather!" And settled down to a comfortable position and his pipe. . . . "I say, Franklin," he said, after a long silence, "how are things going with you?"

"Well enough, thanks."

"You're with Roly's company?"

"Of course; that's why I'm here."

This seemed to meet Dudley's requirements for some ten minutes. Then he said:

"I say, Franklin"—and stopped. Robert waited. "You know—I've always been sorry about that little thing!"

He took it for granted that "that little thing" was a sufficient description, and again his powers of conversation seemed to wane. Robert laughed.

"Go ahead, Watts; get it off your mind."

"I will, if you don't mind; I'm sorry! I'd like to apologize for my part in it."

"Go ahead; I'm not stopping you."

"But—but I have, haven't I?"

"Perhaps you have—who knows?"

Robert was having a wonderful time letting him squirm; and Dudley squirmed. For once in his life he was trying to do the right thing. How different he was from the boy who had been such a shining light in the high places of college days; the boy who said such clever things, and was so much at home within the sacred circle!

Something in Robert's bantering voice did rouse him.

"It was a hell of a thing to do; it would have been that even if what was said was true. Lately I've begun to understand; things are getting rearranged somehow. And, I say, Franklin, you know what a fool I was."

"Forget it, Watts! I'd rather forget it. I never cared about it myself after the first few minutes, and it was part of my education. I needed a lot of education; that was a small item of it. I guess everyone needs all kinds of education. Hubbard's gotten some to-day; I've been getting mine for years, and now you want to join the merry throng. The joining is good."

They reached the house in time for a late supper. Hubbard was there, with Phillips. After supper Robert found Roland sitting alone on the piazza, deep in contemplation of the magnificent view, the view consisting of one rather dim electric light. Robert guessed, and guessed correctly, that the young man was doing a lot of thinking. Hubbard had learned a great deal that day. Phillips had done a good job; but the result had been what might have been expected. Hubbard knew that he had been a fool, and the knowledge hurt. Sitting on the piazza alone, he was in no pleasant frame of mind; no one likes to be made to understand that he is a fool.

Robert sat down near him. Hubbard nodded to him and Robert waited. He rather expected there was still a bit of work to be done.

"Have a good day?" Hubbard asked. He knew that Robert had.

"Fine! How did you get along?" Robert could see no reason for postponing the party.

"Well enough, I suppose," he said; "but I don't understand why it was necessary for you to be so damned unpleasant about it. And, what's more, I'd like to know what business of yours it is, anyway." Roland was in a fair way of losing his temper.

"I've told you that if it was necessary I could explain that; but I should not think it would be necessary. I should think you would be glad of the chance to get straightened out."

"That part of it is all right; but I don't like your coming round here with the same sort of bluff you tried to get away with in college."

"The bluff seems to have worked."

"But it won't work any longer—do you understand?"

"It isn't necessary. The seed is planted and will flourish. You'll turn out all right yet, in spite of yourself."

"Who are you?"

"A friend of yours, and a friend of some of your friends."

"I told you something about that once."

"Yes; and you made a fine show of yourself doing it."

"I'll tell you, once and for all, I won't stand for any more of your confounded nerve."

"What are you going to do—resign? I shouldn't—just when you've got your chance!"

"No; I'm not going to resign."

"That's right."

"And I'll go my own way, without any interference from you!"

"Not unless your way is the right way. I think I can show you the right way."

"And if I won't have anything to do with you?"

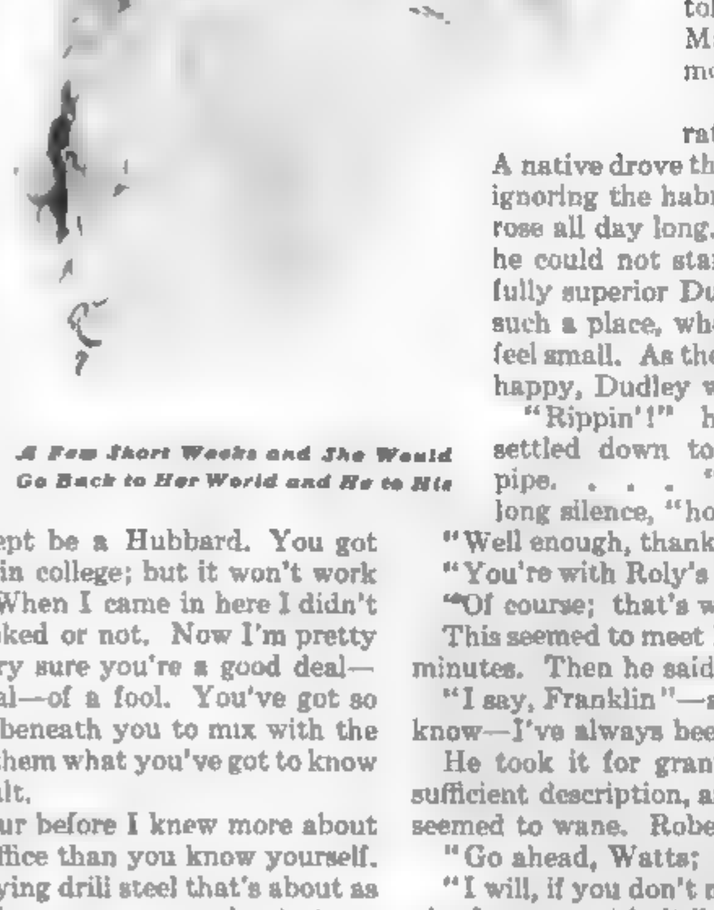
"We'll cross that bridge when we come to it. Take a day or two to cool off; get over your grouch and I think you'll see things differently."

"I shan't see you differently."

"You've got to."

"Really!" That "really" always made Robert mad.

"Yes—really! You've got to cut out this nonsense and behave yourself. The easiest thing for me to do would be to fire you and put Andy in your place; but for reasons



A Few Short Weeks and She Would Go Back to Her World and He to His

"You Think You are Some Sort of Tin God. You Got Away With It to Some Extent in College; but it Won't Work Out Here, or Anywhere Else"

To Dress Appropriately is To Dress Comfortably in

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Over 50 years of experience has developed a perfect balance of Fabric, Fashion and Finish.

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Write for set of Colored Style Cards.

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that you ought to understand, if you don't, I'd be very sorry to do it. Your father has done a lot for me and I'd like to show my appreciation by helping make something out of you."

"You fire me! Try it and see where you get off!"

"Mr. Franklin!" Andy was calling him.

"Yes!"

"Mail for you."

Robert took the letters and looked at them in the light that came from inside through the window. Then he turned to Hubbard.

"The temptation to kick you out of here is very strong; but I'm not going to do it to-night. If you see things differently to-morrow morning let me know." And he heard Hubbard's sneering laugh as he went inside.

Robert read his letters—all but one, which he put into his pocket. Then, going up to his room, he took it from his pocket and turned it over and over in his hand. It was a large white envelope, and the writing was in unusual, large, strong, up-and-down letters.

"Funny it should turn up just at this minute," he muttered.

He read it. It was quite short and very matter-of-fact, an answer to a letter he had written two or three months before. She had heard of his good fortune and was very much pleased. She had just reached Kennebunkport, and would be there for August. It was signed: "Faithfully, Harriet."

Robert wondered whether that meant anything. Probably not; certainly not. Usually she simply wrote her initials, or only "H." But the letter was like all the rest, the sort of letter that could be dictated to a stenographer; a letter that all the world could read; a letter that had no more sentiment in it than a stone. He put it back in its envelope, and then noticed that it had been readdressed twice. That made him wonder how long it had been on its travels.

The postmark was blurred and he could not make it out; so he opened the letter again and saw that the date was July thirtieth, six days before. It was August fifth, wasn't it? No; the sixth —— What was it? He couldn't remember. It was Wednesday, anyway, and he hunted up a calendar. It was August seventh! Robert looked at the calendar, laughed, looked at the calendar again; then up at the ceiling.

"Doesn't that beat the Dutch!" he said out loud. "Doesn't it just!"

An hour later he went downstairs and hunted up Andy.

"Isn't there a train East sometime to-night?"

"Yep; but she don't stop at Collack. She goes through about two."

"Telephone White City to stop it. Ask for Anderson: if he's not on, tell whoever is that it's for me."

"Right!" said Andy.

Robert ordered a team for the five-mile drive, packed his grip, and wrote a brief note for Hubbard:

"If you see the light, wire me at Chicago not later than Friday. It's a bright light and ought to be easy to see."

Then he hunted up McPherson and they had a heart-to-heart talk till one o'clock. When Robert left him the elder man followed him with his eyes.

"Some lad that! Some lad! I wonder—I hae me suspicions, strong suspicions, now that the auld man's gaein' awa'."

When Robert reached Chicago he found a telegram from Hubbard that made him smile. The light had not shone in vain, it seemed.

It was not until he had left Boston and was traveling northward that he really comprehended what his journey meant. He had come to the conclusion that the dream was not worth dreaming forever; that he might as well have it shattered once and for all. It had been a pleasant dream; but it was only a dream. Things had not changed since that last day on the river. The fiber in him was the same old fiber, coarse and tough. No one had ever made a silk purse out of a sow's ear yet. If only it were in the good old days when it was considered the thing to club one's loved one unconscious and stalk off with her over one's shoulder!

Success was all right in its way; he knew a lot of successful men, but success in business wasn't the magic key he needed. Money from outside had won women from within the magic circle, but no woman such as Harriet Allen. Money! What right had he to talk of money? He was a piker still; fifteen thousand dollars a year was automobile money—nothing more—for her crowd.

He was a fool, always had been a fool, even to think that she might marry him. With this thought cheering him, he tossed away the magazine he had been trying in vain to read and went back to the smoking car.

If Robert was a fool, he was a fool for luck, for he found Archibald Hubbard, in solitary state, watching the telegraph poles fly past.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know you were in this part of the country."

"I hardly knew it myself. I came on the spur of the moment, from Collack."

"Have you seen Roly?"

"Yes, indeed."

"How's he doing?"

"Ask me that question six months from now. I suspect that he's—well—sort of seeing things a little differently. I have strong hopes for him."

The man's face brightened, so that it was good to look at.

"If it is only so," he murmured, "at last! Where are you going?"

"Kennebunkport."

"Then you tell his mother what you've told me; and make it as strong as you can."

They talked till the train was nearing Kennebunk; then met again on the platform and sat together in the train to the 'Port.

"Where are you staying, Robert?"

"The hotel."

"What hotel?"

"I don't know; there's a hotel, isn't there?"

"Certainly; but you mean you've no room, engaged?"

He Had Danced Well Enough in His Country Town, But Here Things Were Different

"Nary a room! I've never been here before; besides, I forgot it."

"You come with us."

"It's awfully nice of you; but I couldn't think of it."

"Tut-tut! I'll just turn you over to Mrs. Hubbard and let her handle you." Mrs. Hubbard was waiting in an automobile. "You get right in here," she exclaimed; "we'll talk about it later."

Robert got in. An hour later, bathed and freshly and comfortably clothed, he was sitting with Mrs. Hubbard on the piazza overlooking the sea.

"Well, young man," she said, "the last I heard, you were way out West somewhere."

"Collack—to be exact."

"And what has brought you here?"

"Laziness, love of the sea, and the need of a quiet vacation."

"How long do you expect to stay?"

"A day, perhaps; perhaps two or three weeks."

"You're going to stay with us. There's plenty of room, and you can come and go as you like; but here you stay—that's final! Know anybody here?"

"Possibly I may find a friend in the crowd."

"Perhaps you may. She's coming to dinner to-night." Robert laughed. "You can't fool me!" Mrs. Hubbard went on, looking at him very sternly. "I know what you're here for."

"And you're willing to provide shelter for me, knowing that?"

"Why not? You're welcome to her if you can get her. I've given up trying to get her married. She's worth having."

Mrs. Hubbard went inside; and as she went she was pondering! Was it possible that that niece of hers had been waiting all these years for Robert Franklin? Probably not; but it would be just like her!

"I wonder whether this has gone further than I know," she thought.

Before she returned, Harriet came walking across the lawn. She had no idea in the world that Robert was within a thousand miles until she came face to face with him as she turned at the steps.

"Well, well! Isn't this nice?" she cried. She might have parted from him an hour before, for all one could have told from her voice; but she smiled that broad, crooked smile of hers. "When did you get here?"

"An hour or so ago."

"Why didn't Aunt Alice tell me you were coming?"

"Aunt Alice didn't know it. Naturally I didn't either."

"Didn't know you were coming?"

"Not here—to this house. I was captured on the way; and I don't know whether I ought to stay or not."

"I should if I were you. They have awfully good things to eat!"

"That's sweet of you, my dear!" Mrs Hubbard's voice came through the door. "Perhaps you would like to have some of them; dinner is ready."

During dinner Mrs. Hubbard watched them. She was sure of Robert; he had confessed, to all intents and purposes, that afternoon. But the girl was another matter. She didn't know, and she wanted to know whether at last something was really going to happen or not. Perhaps they had been writing letters or seeing each other and she knew nothing about it. But then, the girl was a puzzle; she had never understood that side of her.

"Wouldn't it be queer," she thought, "if he turned out to be the man, after all the chances she has had? And I'm not sure she'd be so far wrong." Mrs. Hubbard was no snob.

While the lady was turning these thoughts over in her mind, her eyes were wandering about and eventually spied a ring on Robert's finger. Her first thought was that Robert wasn't the sort of man she should expect to wear a ring. Then she had a vague idea that she had seen that ring before. The more she thought of it, the more sure she was that the ring was no stranger to her. It took some time for her to work it out, but finally she was sure that it had been her father's. How had Robert Franklin gotten it? The only way to find out was to ask him.

"Robert Franklin," she said, "where did you get that ring?"

The question came from a clear sky and Robert groaned inwardly. No one had ever known who had given it to him. He had never understood why it had been given to him; perhaps it had been a bit of momentary girlish sentiment—certainly it had been no more. He had worn it so long that it seemed a part of him. But the question had to be answered, and he had presence of mind enough not to look across the table at Harriet.

"Nice ring, isn't it?"

"That's not what I asked you."

"So it isn't. I was simply trying to remember where I did get it. Let me see."

"You know perfectly well where you got it."

"So I do. I remember now; it was in a pawnshop in Chicago."

"It was not!"

"Wasn't it? So it wasn't. I think I had it made in—in Kansas City. I found the stone in—let me see, where did I find that

(Continued on Page 45)

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The Peerless Motor Car Co.
Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued from Page 42)

stone? Oh, I remember—in Utah, in a copper mine. Green is a copper color; you know copper turns green. I'll explain the chemical reaction if it will interest you."

"I'm interested in knowing where you got that ring. Are you going to tell me?"

"Not if I can help it."

"Ashamed to tell, are you?"

Robert smiled.

"No; not ashamed," he said.

Then Harriet laughed.

"I gave it to him when he left college. He had been awfully nice to me, and I didn't want him to forget me. It was one of grandfather's."

She said it just as she would have said she had given a child a stick of candy; but Robert's face was all the colors of the rainbow.

"Apparently your scheme worked," said Mrs. Hubbard.

Fortunately dinner was over; they went out and no more was said of the ring. They played bridge; and at ten o'clock Robert walked home with Harriet.

"How long are you going to stay?" she asked.

"That depends on how long you are nice to me."

"Haven't I always been nice to you?"

"You have; will you promise to keep it up?"

"If you deserve it."

"Naturally I'll try to; I haven't come three thousand miles just to start a fight. So far as I know, you and the Hubbards are the only people I know in the entire state.

"It is wonderful here, isn't it? You are used to it, but it is the first time I have seen the ocean for nearly ten years. The lakes are big enough; but there is no salt in them or in the air. It makes me wish that I were a gentleman of leisure and could stay here all summer."

"Can't you?"

"No; I'm stealing a few days, or maybe a few weeks. Are you playing tennis or golf or canoeing with me to-morrow morning?"

"I'm sorry; but I'm painting with Gordon Norrie."

"Good heavens! Is Gordie here? I thought he was an architect in New York."

"He was."

"And found the life too narrowing, too confining?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I am told he was doing very well."

"One bathes here, I suppose."

"It is done."

"About twelve?"

"About."

"And what shall we do to-morrow afternoon?"

"I was going somewhere with Mrs. Stevens in her car."

"You haven't your engagement pad with you, have you?"

"Why?"

"I'd like to tear it up! Does the hamlet offer entertainment of an evening?"

"Movies—of a sort; but I'm having dinner with someone to-morrow night—Mrs. Norrie, I think."

"So Gordie's mother is with us, too? How delightful!"

"Don't make fun of Gordie; he's very nice."

"Nice is the word, exactly. Gordie is my idea of a very pretty toy."

"If you're going to be unpleasant I'll be cross."

"Don't! I can be cross enough for two. Perhaps I should have told you I was coming and asked you to save an hour or two a week for me."

"Why didn't you?"

"I never thought of it; perhaps I didn't have time. I got your letter, looked at the calendar, saw it was August seventh; and I've been going ever since. I came so fast I suppose I forgot that a telegram would have come faster."

"There's that old August seventh! How long do you expect my curiosity to last?"

"Can automobiles be bought about here?"

"My curiosity isn't as healthy as it used to be."

"Because, if they can, maybe I'll get one."

"Mrs. Hubbard will lend you one; she has several."

"I think I'll get a yellow one—to match your hair."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Or green—to match your eyes. Take you and Gordie to ride, of course. Has Gordie a telephone?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Because I think I'll call him up and see whether I can borrow you for to-morrow morning."

"You can use my car all you want to."

"Do you go with it?"

"Sometimes."

"I couldn't think of using it without you."

"We can arrange that later."

"Let's play golf to-morrow morning—if I can fix Gordie."

"Very well; come in and do your telephoning. Perhaps I'd better talk to Gordon."

"Suppose you leave Gordon to me. You might not be able to resist his dulcet voice. . . . Hello, Gordon! This is Bob Franklin. . . . What? . . . Yes, really; and ——" A minute later Robert hung up the receiver. "He's perfectly crazy to see me and so glad I'm here; and of course he'll let you off; and he's a perfect dear and a perfectly wonderful little liar. 'Front, ice water to thirty-seven!'"

"Robert, I won't have you make fun of him!"

"Till my dying day it cannot be otherwise; it just can't! But he's harmless."

"Front, ice water" was a joke of long standing, originally perpetrated because of Gordon's anxiety to constantly serve the ladies, as a bell boy does when tips are forthcoming. But Harriet was not to be put off.

"He's one of my best friends."

"Thus saving you from being an absolutely perfect woman. A perfect woman would be a terrible thing, wouldn't she?"

"Just because you're not like him doesn't mean ——"

"I understand; also, I appreciate the compliment."

"You insist on being horrid!"

"I insist on believing Gordie to be an annoying sissy. If you didn't like him I should never think of him. As you do, I dislike him emphatically—if you insist on my being frank."

"I don't remember insisting on anything of the sort."

"True! But I have a proposition to make: Would you be glad to have me like Gordie and be awfully nice when he's round?"

"Of course I should."

"Then I will, if you will promise you'll never marry him."

"Good night."

"Not yet."

"Yes; it's late."

"Shall I come for you to-morrow morning—or what?"

"Come here and we'll paddle to the Golf Club. Good night."

"Good night. How about Gordie?"

"I'll make no promises." There was a considerable interval of silence. "But Bob ——"

"Yes."

"I don't expect to." And the door closed.

Robert walked back to the Hubbards'. Perhaps she really had promised. Her voice had made it sound that way.

The next morning they played golf, bathed, went canoeing in the afternoon and to dinner with Mrs. Norrie in the evening. The next morning they went to Portland in her car, shopping. That afternoon they played golf and she promised to canoe with him in the evening.

Harriet had not changed; it seemed to him as though she had not even grown older. Only once during those two days had he seen in her the slightest sign of anything more than ordinary friendship, and that had been when he told her about Roland Hubbard. Then she had smiled and said: "The mills of the gods, Bob! With anyone else it would be sweet revenge; but I don't think it is that to you. But if he is to be made of some use I am very glad that you are—well, the guardian angel." It had been small consolation; but he had taken what consolation he could from it.

He wondered whether Harriet had made up her mind to remain a spinster; he thought it must be so, for, if she had intended to marry, surely there had been many opportunities, many very attractive ones.

The feeling of despair that had gripped his heart while coming on the train from Boston grew stronger and stronger. The more he saw of her the more he knew there could be no chance of her taking him when she had refused to take so many men better than he. Gordon Norrie's name, when she spoke it, had sent those horrible words flashing through his mind: "You are not her kind!" And all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't make him her kind.

The old circle, the circle of blood, of family, still existed; the fortifications were still unscalable. It seemed to him they were even stronger.

There was always about her some note of toleration toward him—a suggestion that she liked him, that she appreciated that he was a good man, that she was willing to be a good friend of his; but he must always understand that it could be nothing more, that she occupied heights which he could never hope to reach.

She had given him her time and had promised him more; but she had done it because he had come so far to see her and was soon to leave. It was the lazy summertime, when the bars were down; and she was drifting along, forgetting serious things, letting affairs shape themselves as they would. But it was only for a few short weeks. Then the old order would be established again and she would go back to her world and he to his; and that would be the end of it.

Robert understood. Somehow he thought of Donald, who in the old days ran the local and now took the crack express out of Chicago. He had no better friend than Donald; but there was always the gulf. When he went with Donald their paths were Donald's paths; when he talked with Donald they talked of Donald's world, not of Robert's. The gulf was there; they both knew it was there, and they ignored it. There was the same gulf between him and Harriet, and that gulf could for one short moment be ignored, but never could it be crossed.

Once or twice, when he had talked with Mrs. Hubbard, it seemed as though there might be hope for him; as though he imagined the gulf where none existed. Then for an hour his hopes would rise till he met Harriet again; and then down they went once more.

At the end of the second day he had accepted the inevitable; decided that he would stay on for ten days, taking what happiness he could from being with her, and then go back to the West, forget, and fight out his career along the lines which had been fixed by fate or ancestry, or whatever it was.

There was a certain small comfort in accepting defeat. It was a great load off his mind. Realization, as always, was not so bad as anticipation. He would bow down before her, let her put her heel on his neck and tread as heavily or gently as she cared to do; she could not hurt him any more. In this frame of mind he set out to do his bowing.

He left the Hubbards' piazza and walked across the field toward the Allens'. Harriet was waiting for him.

"Let's go to the rocks," she said. "The tide is almost out and we'd have a hard time getting back if we went up the river."

"Rocks it is. Have you a rug?"

"I'm sitting on it."

He took it and they walked northward to where the granite cliffs rose out of the sea.

"I'll show you a wonderful place," she said.

She led him to a niche in the rocks, and he arranged the rug for her.

"Mr. Gordon Norrie designed this, I imagine."

"That sounds as though you meant to be unpleasant."

"The thought is unpleasant to me."

"Why do you dislike him?"

"I don't; I'd be very fond of him if he didn't insist on disguising himself as a man."

"Now I know you're being unpleasant. If you're going to be like that I won't stay. Besides, I thought we'd agreed on that subject."

"Humble, as ever, I apologize. He's the acme of manly perfection."

"Don't be cross; I don't like sarcasm any better than calling names straight out. Besides, I'm weary, tired, and a little bad-tempered myself; I want to be cheered up."

"What's the trouble?"

"Not a thing; just ordinary bad temper, as usual."

"Ha, ha! Beautiful night. Do you like mountains?"

"Not so much as this. Why?"

"Nothing; I have a few private mountains of my own that are very beautiful. Majestic is the common word, I believe."

"I've seen some from the train, of course; but that's all—except the Adirondacks."

"Ant hills! My mountains always make me happy. They make me think of you."

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"Do they, really? I suspect you're going to say something unpleasant again. Go ahead."

"Not particularly. They are very big. When I stand in the valley and look up, miles up in the air, at the snow on their peaks, I feel as though I were the smallest organism in the world. That's why they make me think of you."

"I don't quite understand; tell me some more."

"That's the way you make me feel."

"Goodness gracious, you are in a fine humor! I came out here to find peace and quiet—to say nothing of being cheered up."

"Why don't you try cheering me up?"

"Impossible! Besides, I'm too lazy; let's don't talk."

"All right; you sleep and I'll smoke."

"You remind me of a mountain I saw once."

"Yes?"

"Uh-huh—volcano."

"You're not suddenly objecting to smoke, are you?"

"No; but it frightened me."

"Where was it?"

"Italy."

"Was she shooting fire?"

"No; but I was afraid it might. I seem to affect volcanoes that way."

He laughed. As she spoke, the same old bantering sweetness was in her voice; that wonderful note which he loved so much, and which over and over again had subdued him when she had tormented him almost beyond endurance. No matter to what extreme she had driven him, when she spoke in that wonderful soft voice and smiled her crooked smile he would be all hers again, her adoring slave; she could twist him round her finger.

But to-night it was different; he was through—through being her slave; and he was going to have a little Declaration of Independence all his own. But he laughed; he couldn't help it.

"Same old Harriet!" he said. "Get me all nice and mad, and then smooth me over with a little word and that tantalizing smile of yours. But it won't work any more. I'm not going to be hypnotized by it ever again. I'm going to stay mad when you make me mad or cross or unpleasant—whatever you call it."

"But, Bob, I never made you cross in my life. I've always been specially nice to you."

"Which is what makes me mad."

"How do you expect me to understand that?"

"I don't—or, rather, I do; you understand perfectly well."

"I believe you're crazy again."

"Harriet, that's just what I'm not. I'm sane at last. You've been dangling, like that well-known bunch of grapes, just above me for years; but, unlike the grapes, you can talk. You've told me to keep on jumping, that some day I'd be able to jump high enough, when you knew perfectly well I never could. I don't blame you a bit—it's a woman's sport; but I'm not going to jump any more. You have been good to me—very good, if, unknowing, you have been very cruel. I have been foolish—ambition has carried me away; but my folly is at an end. I understand how, finally, as I understood years ago; though then I hoped, when I should not have hoped."

He struck a match, intending to light his pipe. As the flame glared up he glanced at her face, wondering whether she would show any sign of sorrow. She was not looking at him, but away into the darkness; and he saw a very sad face and eyes that were ashine with tears. The match burned lower and lower, and finally he dropped it, unused. He sat very still, gazing at her, dim in the night's darkness. And again she won; won with silence and two small tears.

There was no use—no use in fighting. He had no weapon that would prevail against her; no force with which to conquer himself. She was supreme and he must submit to her. He could not have her, but he could have the memory of her; he could always look upward at her in her high place, knowing that he had aimed high, and that, though he had missed the mark, he never had nor ever could aim at a lower one or one less bright. The longing for her came back stronger than it had ever been. But still he said nothing. Finally she spoke:

"You don't mean that, Bob."

"No; I do not mean that. I spoke like the fool I am; like an ill-bred brute. I'm sorry."

Then they both sank into silence again, until he said:

"You remember when I told you I loved you, at the end of college? Perhaps I was the first man who ever told you that, because we were very young then; and perhaps you do remember."

"Yes; I remember."

"I love you more now—very much more. I should not have thought it possible that I could love you more than I did then. But I did think, then, with the enthusiasm of youth, that there was nothing I could not do; nothing I could not accomplish. But disillusionment has come with the years—now that I am old, terribly old; I'm over thirty now, you know. I shall keep on loving you, taking such crumbs as I can gather on the way; and I think it must be sweeter to love you and never have you than to have any other woman."

"You can say awfully nice things when you want to, Bob."

"Lord knows I want to; but they always sound silly when I try to."

"Are you all cheered up?"

"Yes."

"Then say something more nice."

"I love you! That's all I know how to say now."

"I've heard that before. Say something new."

"Isn't that enough?"

"Is it?"

"What more is there to say?"

"Now look here, Bob: I've been friends with you for a dozen years and I've taught you almost as many things as you've taught me—not quite, but almost. But there are a few things I won't do or teach you to do—even you."

"I'm not in the frame of mind to learn things, anyway. I want to sit here and listen to you."

"I'm not going to say another word! Yes, I am; I'm going to give you some advice. You don't know how to ask a girl to marry you. You're the worst specimen of a lover I ever heard of. When you've gotten over loving me, and love somebody else, you'll find it a handy thing to know. Come here; sit down beside me and I'll give you a lesson."

"Don't tease too much, Harriet; it sort of hurts."

"Suffering is good for you. Come along! That's it. My name is Sophie Smith; don't forget that. Now!"

"Harriet! Haven't you any heart at all, girl?"

"Nary a heart! Say 'Sophie.'"

"I'll say no 'Sophie.'"

"Say 'Sophie!'"

"'Sophie,' then!"

"'I love you!'"

"Stop it!"

"Say 'Sophie, I love you!'"

"Harriet, I love you!"

"That's it: fine! Call her Harriet if you like. Now take Sophie's hand; here it is. Remember, Sophie is not difficile. Say 'Sophie, I have always loved you and shall always love you!' Then what do you do?"

"You devil!"

"More names—nice names! Now you say 'Sophie, will you marry me?' Won't you say that? Then listen to me; I'll do it." And, lowering her voice as far as she could, she said: "'Harriet'—no, no; 'Sophie!'"—her voice came up high then—"'will you marry me?' Remember, Sophie is crazy about you! I'm Sophie. 'Oh, Robert!'—Sophie whispers like that—'Oh, Robert!' And you—now what do you do?"

"If you don't stop I'll go mad!"

"Come; learn your lesson! What do you do now? Answer me—that's a good boy!" But there was no answer. "You kiss her, Bob! Don't you hear me? You kiss her!"

The moon rose and found them there. It was an old moon, of very little use to lovers; and it rose very late.

"So that's what August seventh means, is it?" she said.

"Yes, that was the beginning of the first part; this is the beginning of the second part. And oh, what a beginning, Harriet!"

"Before that beginning goes any further there must be a promise—a real, honest, positive, serious, ironclad promise."

"I'll promise; what is it?"

"You know lots of married people, Bob—of course."

"A few."

"And you know that, when they are very happy, the husband always has an everlasting joke which he tries to tease his wife with."

"Has he?"

"Yes; he has! He always says that his wife pursued him, captured him, proposed to him. You are never to say, or even think, anything like that as long as you live; it's too near the truth!"

The October sun was sinking below the mountain tops at Collack. They stood on the edge of the gorge, looking upward at the gorgeous sky and sparkling snow.

"Oh, Bob," she said, "I never saw anything half so beautiful!"

"I told you that those peaks were very like you."

"And there are no volcanoes?"

"Not one; they are all very peaceful. The sky, too, is like a certain member of the family."

"You—pure gold?"

"No, silly; not gold. Look! In all that red do you see that yellow streak?"

"Robert! Are you going to forget your promise?"

But she was smiling and he kissed her—kissed her crooked smile.

"And they say," she whispered, "that people don't love each other till they have been married two or three years!"

"All right, perhaps they don't; but, young woman, I feel somehow as though you and I had a running start."

Close together they stood and watched the colors in the sky change with the setting sun.

"You've never told me when you began to care for me," he said. "It didn't begin the night on the rocks, did it?"

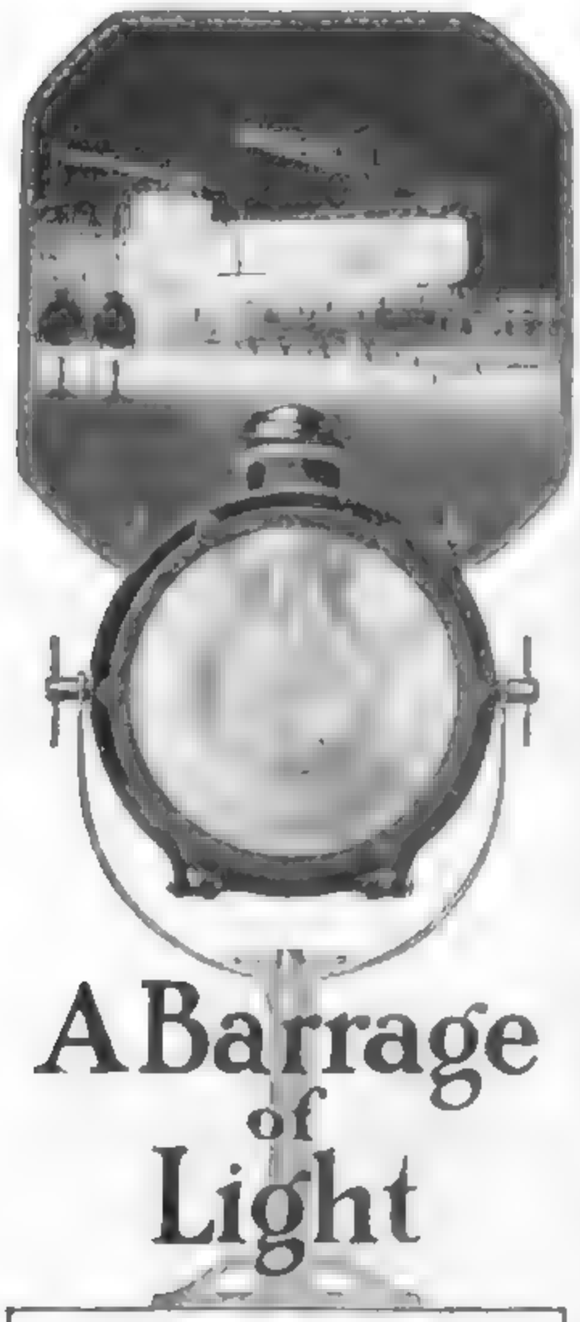
She looked up at him, shaking her head. He thought he saw a tiny blush on her cheeks.

"August seventh!" she laughed.

"Which August seventh?"

"Oh, Bob, look! It's all crimson and gold! The snow is on fire!"

(THE END)



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OUT-OF-DOORS

Tricks of the Hunter's Trade—The Call

A NATIVE of the Mississippi or Arkansas bottoms, even to-day, makes his turkey call out of a piece of cane, sucking through it precisely as grandpa did with his bone caller. There are yet other men, geniuses in their way, who call with the unassisted mouth. There are but few men who can call turkeys in this way. Others employ the leaf of the cane held between their fingers. These, however, are the works of genius alone, and may not be approached artistically or imitated commercially.

The fault of the average turkey call and the turkey caller is that the latter calls too much, too frequently and too insistently. The real artist has learned poise and repose.

If you desire to make a turkey call of your own you may do so by taking a piece of hard wood, such as maple, and boring it out with an inch bit. Upon the end of this tube so formed make a bell—say one and a half inches—across the mouth. This is your sounding board, just as the thin edges of cedar made the sounding board in the calls mentioned above. Make your mouthpiece of bone or cane, or even of wood if you like; very few are made of horn. It is the drawn air that makes the shell-like sides of the mouthpiece vibrate. A real hunter can make such a call which will work—sometimes. The commercial call sold over the counter does—sometimes.

Another form of the box call is made of the favorite wood, cedar—say three or four inches long, with the sides dressed down and a piece of slate inlaid at the bottom, so it will carry conveniently. Rub the edges of the box with the piece of slate and note well the resultant vibration.

Still another call is made in something like the same fashion from a shallow box with thin edges; but this is operated without any other additional piece. Rub the edges of this box along the barrel or stock of your gun. They will vibrate. If you are very expert you may perhaps imitate a turkey call successfully in this way—sometimes. It is better than no call at all.

If you are disposed to annex actual wild turkey to your own gun it will usually be money in your pocket or turkey in your sack if you employ some native to operate the call for you. In all likelihood you will find the native using a small piece of cane to-day which, from long practice, he has learned to master. It is rarely you will see a commercially made turkey call used in real turkey country.

The Secret of Success

Of course, if you are hunting turkeys and employing an artificial call you will not hide in any sort of blind or behind a log or behind the trunk of a tree; but, on the contrary, you will sit out in the open, directly in front of the tree and facing the direction from which you expect your turkeys to approach. This will leave you in a position to fire with the least possible motion. The slightest move will be certain to catch the turkey's eye.

The secret of success, therefore, is in remaining absolutely motionless—especially after you have heard an answer to the call. I know of no more painful and trying occupation than trying to sit absolutely motionless against the trunk of a tree in the raw dawn of a March morning in turkey country. But this is what the native does who comes into camp dragging a twenty-pound gobbler.

The most deadly and least commendable form of turkey killing is that once known as roosting. The hunter who had found signs of a turkey roost in a forest or along some timbered bottom knew the turkeys would be apt to come back to the same place—or nearly the same place—each night to roost. Therefore, just before dusk he would wait until he saw the great birds flying up into the roosting place in the trees. Then, preferably if the night was moonlit, he would later come and shoot them out of the trees, usually with a shotgun, the bulk of the birds looming large against the dim light of the sky.

Sometimes a man has been known to use a cornstalk, lashed horizontally across the muzzle of his gun, to give him the elevation for his gun sight in the dim light of night, when it is difficult to tell whether or not one is deep enough in the rear sight.

In this form of turkey hunting quite often half or sometimes more of a flock might be shot out of the trees before the confused survivors would take to wing and fly out into the darkness—a thing they seemed to dread very much. Sometimes they would gather in the morning to a well-used call.

In olden times, when the rabbit hunter or quail hunter worked in the wintertime on the snow with his bird dog, he would, in any of several states that have not seen a wild turkey for years, possibly run across the trail of a flock of feeding turkeys. It was not an unusual thing for the bird dog to point these birds after they had taken hiding in brush heaps or undergrowth.

Still another form of turkey hunting, and one I fancy to have been the highest form known in the art, was that of walking down a wild turkey in the snow. A big gobbler, when frightened by a pursuer, would be apt to travel twenty or thirty miles in the course of a day. To follow his track patiently, hour after hour, over all kinds of country, knowing that every once in a while the turkey had taken fright and put on a little extra speed, and finally to run him down, helpless under a brush heap, unable to go farther—that was a form of sport practiced when men were perhaps better able to travel than most shooters are to-day. We should consider it a slow form of getting meat. Sometimes grandpa had no better way.

The Art of Calling Ducks

A form of turkey shooting I have seen successfully practiced was much like the method employed by market shooters who shoot ruffed grouse in the Northern pine woods. They use a spaniel or some little yelping cur to run the birds up into the trees and bark at them. The best turkey dog I ever saw was half bulldog. He would tree turkeys and hold them, never opening on any other trail except that of these great birds.

It was, of course, as simple and more murderous to shoot them out of the trees in the daytime than it would be to do the same work at night. By killing the lower birds first, however, it was sometimes possible to get a number of birds at one time, as the great creatures seemed to be confused and disinclined to take wing. Once scattered by day, the call would not gather them.

The art of calling ducks is a far more usual one and far simpler than that of turkey calling. Almost any duck hunter will carry with him into his blind a duck call or squawker. There are different forms of this, made by different concerns and sold generally in the sporting-goods trade. The typical duck call is made, in effect, of two parts—the bell, or sounding board, and the mouthpiece. The sounding-board portion may be bell-muzzled or may be a straight cylinder, of either wood or metal. The mouthpiece is always provided with a metal tongue, in principle something like the clarinet.

Your marsh rat or duck pusher would, no doubt, tell you that the tuning up of a duck call ought never to be made to the voice of the tame duck—or even to the voice of the domesticated mallard, which is somewhat coarser than that of the wild duck.

Bill Jones makes his own duck calls out of a piece of wood, possibly cedar or maple, and a piece of copper, which he has found somewhere. He attunes this call to the note of the wild mallard. It is the call of the mallard that is usually imitated in the use of the duck call or squawker, though a good caller will also imitate the coarse or croaking note of the deep-water ducks, such as the redhead or bluebill.

Should you fancy making your own duck call, you may fashion the barrel out of a piece of hard wood or cedar, from six to eight inches in length. Bore out about three-quarters of an inch. Then fashion a plug that will fit snugly at the lower end of this hole in the barrel of your call. Split the plug in two, saw off the upper half of one half, and hollow out a groove in the remaining half, this groove running almost to the top, where it tapers out, rounded. This groove may be about the size of a third of the section of a lead pencil.

Now cover this groove with a thin tongue of copper or brass, made of sheet metal, a little thinner at the top than it is at the bottom. Put this tongue over your groove and wedge it into the piece of the barrel by means of the remaining half of the plug. You insert this from the rear end of the barrel and fasten it there, wedged with the sawed portion of your plug.

Now blow in at the mouth end of the cylinder and you will find that you have a vibrating note produced by the metal tongue, which breaks the air current of your breath. The remainder of the barrel of the call is your sounding board. You adjust the tone by pushing the plug wedge in or out and by pushing the metal tongue itself up or down along the groove you have made in half of the plug. In all turkey calls you suck in your breath. In all duck calls you blow it out.

This is the principle employed in all commercial duck calls and in all those amateur calls that sometimes are so much better than the best commercial product. A good call is more or less of a freak. Almost any old market hunter or marsh rat you have met in the historic duck marshes had in his possession a call he had made for himself. If you bought his own private call, very likely you had to pay him five dollars, or even ten. It was cheap at that, provided you ever learned to operate it as well as its original fabricator.

If you will go into any sporting-goods store just before the opening of the duck season you will hear all kinds of squawking and yelping going on. The clerk is trying to sell some amateur a duck call under the fond belief that all he has to do is to take it out into a marsh and begin to squawk. Usually the more he squawks the fewer ducks approach him. Try saying into the call: Kerr-r-r, Kerr-r, Kerr-r!—for deep-water ducks; or Kitty-kitty-kitty!—rapidly—for the mallard feeding call. These are not all, but are staple calls.

Whistling for Yellowlegs

The art of duck calling, however, like that of turkey calling, at its best is really a very difficult and somewhat refined one, and there are not many men who actually master it. It is waning now in practice, with the passing of the wild fowl in our country. At one time the height of duck calling was practiced in the flooded timberlands along the Mississippi River bottoms. To these places mallards once resorted in great numbers to feed upon the acorns or other food found there.

The duck hunter would seat himself upon a log and, using no decoys whatever, begin to call, imitating the note of the mallard hen while feeding or disporting herself. He usually selected his stand, or blind, in the middle of the very high timber. The mallards would sometimes decoy to a very considerable distance, as they were in search of feeding ground, and would suppose that the calling duck already had located them. To stop a full-plumaged mallard duck up at the top of the tallest trees was something of an art.

There are certain little tricks in calling minor game birds that even the most blasé duck hunter will not despise in case he finds himself in a blind on a dull day. Perhaps on the muddy flat in front of him numbers of yellowlegs may congregate during the day. If the duck hunter is quite sure that the duck flight is not coming, he may care to fool with this lesser game. No bird calls more readily than the yellowleg, and its note is one that few practiced duck hunters are unable to imitate. Given one or two yellowlegs feeding on a muddy flat for natural decoys, a man who can whistle a bit is almost sure to get some wing shooting, which, though of a small sort, is better than nothing at all. The calling requires no mechanical aid.

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Fits the ankle and hugs the heel

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FATHERS AND SONS' TOURNAMENT

(Continued from Page 19)

sweep of the driver and brassy. Introductions followed to mid-iron, mashie and niblick.

So far Dad was no different from a hundred other men at Wildwood who mixed golf with business, and at the end of the practice hour or of eighteen holes explained that they played for the exercise anyway. But gradually Reynolds began to stand out a bit from the nebulous bunch of elderly golfers who form the financially substantial backbone of most golf clubs—who frequent the nineteenth hole after excavating on the fair green for a morning or afternoon.

For Reynolds certainly was a persistent golfer. He long retained whatever reputation there was in being the worst duffer in the club. McPherson perspired through a hot summer with him. There was simply no golf *in* the man. His iron shots were distinguished from his wooden shots only by being worse. The oldest member, with a handicap of 31, came in from a match with Reynolds one afternoon thirteen up. But back again the next day came the man!

He began to be awaited by the club members with dread. So earnest was he that when he walked through dining room and nineteenth hole the other members did mental arithmetic in the excuse line. Reynolds failed for a few times to catch the significance of the excuses, but finally made out that he was on a perpetually busy line. So he began to take his caddie out and play by himself, knocking two balls round where one ball had been knocked before. He was everlastingly having to let twosomes and foursomes go through while he rescued balls from brooks and the rough, but he kept on playing. Finally he became known round the club as Tom Reynolds' half-dotty father; and they let it go at that.

But with Reynolds it was nearly a tragedy. He hated the darned old game more and more as he grew worse and worse. He actually experienced golf nausea. Not a few times, driving his car in from Wildwood to town that hot summer, he consigned the game to perdition and decided to quit. But the thought of Son Tom gave him pause. He had gambled, without premeditation, with his son on a thousand-to-one shot, and like the drowning man he still clutched at the straw. He ached for the companionship of Tom. That was the secret. He was in love with his son—longed for him beyond description. But with the father's queer business attitude of mind he wanted him through conquest, not through gift. He wanted to earn his boy, after having neglected him through the years when as just an ordinary father he might have had him for the asking.

So he drove and mid-ironed and niblicked away all summer long. Tom was off golfing here and there, and incidentally had in fact had the stuffin' knocked out of him in Philadelphia at the National Amateur. McPherson told Reynolds that the boy was too young yet to stand the strain, but was a braw lad just the same, and comin' fast.

And just when Reynolds thought his golfing head must go under the waves for the last time, something happened! He began to drive a straight, long ball. Yes, sir! Only he and his caddie were present when the wonderful thing happened. Pretty regularly too. For heaven's sake, how was he standing? How far back was his swing?

At last he found what he was doing. There was a firmness about his feet upon the ground; and then, just as he hit the ball, there was that funny little snap to his wrists. The next day the drive was still there. Say, the game was not so bad, was it? Did the caddie see that drive? Wasn't it a whale? Sure!

So for two blessed weeks Reynolds went about the links with just the driver and the brassy. By the end of a fortnight he felt as if he never would lose that drive and that control of the wood.

By this time it was fall, and his first long vacation was over. Tom came back and went with Rockwell to learn the business. He showed a real head for the job and came to his father frequently for guidance. There, at least, his father was his superior.

Spring came round again, and the frost worked out of the greens at Wildwood. To Tom's amazement his father knocked off work early in the spring and resumed his daily rounds at the club. His health demanded it, he said. When Tom jokingly suggested that he would take his father on for eighteen holes the governor smiled rather wistfully and said he was just knocking the pills round for exercise. And he continued to play alone.

The only matches he made were in the nineteenth hole, where he developed several pleasant acquaintances over the dice boxes. But he was loath to match up at golf with any of his fellow members. So they let him go his own way.

June came again, and the Westchester championship. And lo, Tom's father entered! "Of all the nerve!" thought Tom, and praised his father to his face. Reynolds Senior was drawn in the qualifying round to an elderly man from Siwanoy, and they departed from the first tee with two fair drives. But when the morning's scores were posted a Reynolds led from each end of the board. And in the afternoon Dad's 124 of the morning was exceeded by a 136, also by himself. And this time they began to laugh at him at the club. It was pretty tough, they said, on Tom to have such a loony father, anyhow.

The summer came and went. From the piazza young golfers pointed out to their girl companions the perspiring, persistent Reynolds. Somehow the freaky fact got into the New York papers, and the "lone golfer of Wildwood" began to be told of round at the different clubs in the Metropolitan District. And since a caddie is known by the company he keeps, even his caddies struck from time to time, and he took new ones on.

Let us not think that Reynolds was not sensitive. He was galled almost to death. But he fastened his teeth into the game and he must not quit. Son Tom had bet him a vital bet. If he knew Tom aright he was sure that he would rather have his father battle to a finish than quit just because a lot of people that didn't know enough to sell shoestrings called him queer. So he pegged along at the game, practicing for weeks with some one club, till he seemingly had gotten out of the club all there was in it for him.

When fall came and the qualifying round of the club championship was up, there was another surprise for golfers at Wildwood. For this time there were two Reynoldses who made the first sixteen—Tom with a 76, and Dad, who just squeezed under the rope with a 92. When Tom found this all-important item in the paper he emitted a yell at the breakfast table that sent Dodo the Peke yapping into the hall, while Tom clapped his father on the back.

"Some little golfer, this Reynolds boy!" said Tom. And father grinned.

Well, the two Reynoldses were not drawn to play their match together, and Dad soon found Waterloo, anyway. His 92 seemed to be a mistake, for in the play-off he made again more than a hundred. And thus once more he passed out of sight, save that from now on he began to play an occasional match with some of the 20-handicap men and over. But most of his time he still spent alone, knocking about the links with a single club.

IV

AND now comes the story I've been leading up to. I write it with joy and also with humbleness, because I was one of those elderly gentlemen at Wildwood who had dodged the elder Reynolds consistently. I write this narrative because I want the plain unvarnished truth of the Fathers and Sons' Tournament at Wildwood to be a properly recorded historical fact.

The tournament I'm to tell about happened some two months after Tom had actually won the National Amateur, which made him the leading golfer of the land. He was only twenty-four, and this sight of callow youth nosing out the older fellows made the newspapers play it up prominently.

Now the lad who was runner-up to Tom—that is, the fellow he beat in the finals—was likewise a youngster, named Chandler, from Detroit. They hit up a real friendship during their week in Chicago, and in the burst of general jollying after the tournament Chandler said to Tom that he bet anyway that his, Chandler's, father and he could lick Tom's father and Tom any time. For Tom had not forgotten to mention incidentally his plucky father's perspirings at Wildwood.

"You're on!" said Tom. "We'll pull it off the first time you and your dad can come East." All of which was clinched without prior consultation with Dad Reynolds.

Now as luck would have it the Wildwood Club announced for the first Saturday in September a fathers and sons' tournament, to which all clubs were invited to send representatives. Such a tournament matches up one pair, consisting of father and son, with another similar pair. And Tom, arriving home after a month's vacation, learned of the coming tournament, promptly got Chandler on the long-distance, and the two kids hooked up their rival match for that Saturday afternoon at Wildwood.

Well, then things broke loose. All over the East the news spread that there was to be another match between the two best golfers of the whole country. And of course everyone east of the Alleghanies who couldn't go to Chicago wanted to come to Wildwood to see the second encounter. So the whole affair headed up for a spectacular occasion.

What about Tom's father? Well, he and the elder Chandler were of course regarded by the golfing world and the dopesters just as surgeons regard the vermiform appendix. Only in this case they couldn't be cut out, and so the golfing world decided it must endure them. If they only wouldn't get in the way too much!

The day came. I never saw such a gallery in the East. There were certainly more than five thousand people there. It was a highly companionable crowd, too; lots of pretty young women, plenty of color and bright gowns, and a kind of old-home-week atmosphere, quite different from the fierce strain of a national tournament.

If you know the first hole at Wildwood you will remember that it stretches down along the highway, a pretty easy par-four hole if you drive straight. The gallery lined both sides of the course, almost down to where the road crosses the fair green. I wondered then, as I stood there with a red flag and shooed the crowd back that was craning its collective neck to see the opening drives far up the course, what in the world Tom had done to get his father to consent to play. The older man had traveled alone for so long and had been so unmercifully criticized as no good that I was aware of a bit of a chill as I thought how effectually he might make even his son seem ridiculous for having such a duffer for a father. You can't imagine a more terrible ordeal for a duffer than a championship gallery, can you?

And by me stood Fairbanks, who comforted me with the information that Chandler Senior was rated at only nine in Detroit. He would hardly disgrace himself, anyway.

Amid a sudden silence they commenced to drive, Chandler and son first, then Reynolds and son. Oh, what a drive young Chandler made, almost to the bunker in front of the putting green! A good 275 yards. Chandler Senior was down to the road, but Tom pulled far into the tall grass by the barn at the left, and Reynolds Senior got barely across the first road. On Tom's second, the ball went into an unplayable lie in the stone fence, and he picked up. Reynolds Senior got a surprisingly good brassy to the edge of the green on his second. But young Chandler's second was stiff to the cup, and he was down in three, one under par. So the four of Dad Reynolds—a long putt and a good short putt—was of no avail.

Fairbanks said in a hurried gasp to me as he passed: "What you know about a par-four for old Reynolds?" "Watch him!" said I, for at that very minute I had a hunch that something big was going to happen.

Well, I must bring this story round to the ninth hole, where something like a catastrophe did happen. Up to the ninth hole the Reynolds pair were two up. Tom was playing surpassingly. His long approaches were such as—well, as you dream about at night, just before you go to sleep, and are playing the course in your mind in about thirty-five for the first nine holes. He simply couldn't be beaten. And the crowd was wild with enthusiasm. It was one of those days when you feel that a match is being played that will be told of for years. You know.

And the older men, the fathers, were not at all bad. They trailed, of course, but next

(Continued on Page 52)

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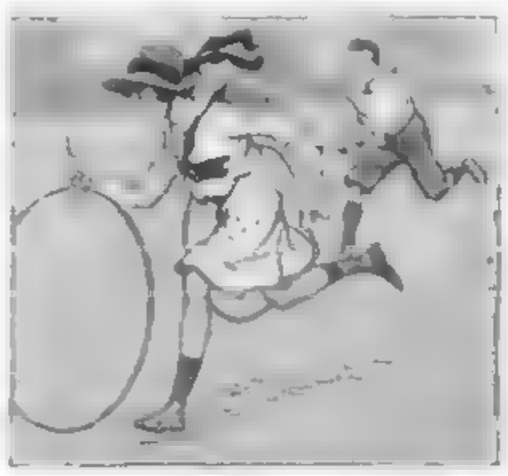

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(Continued from Page 50)

to Tom the growing surprise was that Tom's father could play such steady golf. He was making no really bad shots. He was steady, just like Chandler Senior. But we hadn't gotten to the point where it seemed to us more than just creditable. Son Chandler was playing his head off, too, but Tom had him beaten.

And then on the ninth the jinx swooped down on Tom. He sent his second into the trees on the right, at the top of the hill, and was stymied for the green. He tried to pull his third round the tree with a vicious jab. But the ball struck the tree squarely, bounced directly back and hit Tom a glancing blow on the temple. The lad spun round for a moment and then dropped. A spontaneous groan went up from the nearest spectators and was caught up by the shouts and exclamations of those farther away. In an instant the gallery surged round the young champion.

I'm a physician, and as I happened to be close by I of course went over the boy's head as carefully as I hurriedly could. The blow was clearly a glancing one. Tom was on his feet again in a moment, and insisted on playing further. His father came up to me, in a fit of fear that his boy had been seriously injured.

"Tom'll play, because he's all sand," I said; "but by the time he gets round to the twelfth hole his head will be whirling like a merry-go-round."

As Tom leaned on me for a moment, getting his grip on things again, he said: "Good Lord, to get it in the nut this way, and all these people here that I owe a good game to!"

And I am proud to tell that, because he was groggy when he said it, and it lets a lot of light in on Tom's make-up.

So he resumed play. The enormous gallery, getting bigger every minute, gave him a fine hand—but he flubbed his next shot, and his next. As good luck and steady shooting would have it, his dad halved the hole in five with Chandler Senior. Young Chandler was about as shaken as his churn Tom. And going up from the ninth green to the tenth tee, past the clubhouse, Chandler had his arm round Tom's waist and was steadying him—one of the prettiest and most unconscious things I ever saw on the golf links. Tom got some water at the clubhouse, but refused to rest further.

However, with the completion of the twelfth hole Tom was all in. He couldn't see straight; things were going round before his eyes. The boy should have gone home to bed, but he wouldn't. Neither would he disgrace the game—so he thought—by continuing to play like a wild man. What was to be done? Here was this great outpouring of human beings, all come to see the match. Must they be disappointed? Must the game be abandoned with all even at the thirteenth?

The four contestants, the president of the club and I, as a suddenly constituted consulting physician, held a council of war at the thirteenth tee. It was really a dramatic moment. The gallery, strung all the way down across the ravine and up the opposite hill, waited in silence. Then after a few minutes the club president borrowed a megaphone and made the following announcement:

"Mr. Thomas Reynolds is not seriously injured. He finds it impossible to finish the game. He wants you all to have the chance to see what a fine player his opponent is. He wants you to see what good players the two fathers are. The match will therefore go on, for form's sake, without Tom Reynolds."

For a second or two there was a confusion of sounds from the gallery. It was a fearfully bitter disappointment. The ardent golfer lives for such matches as the one that was thus suddenly abandoned. And just as the gallery was reasoning it out that the only thing to do was to stand it, someone shouted "Three cheers for Tom Reynolds!" And metaphorically the gallery raised the roof. Then there were some cheers for the three remaining contestants, and the game was resumed.

The thirteenth green lies across a ravine, up on a tricky ridge. The Chandlers had won the twelfth hole and had the honor. Chandler Senior just escaped the bunker at the foot of the hill. Chandler Junior drove a sizzler to the right of the hill for a short pitch to the green. And right here this history that I have been referring to began to be made. When Reynolds Senior stepped to the tee there was natural interest in the spectacle of a single player vying with two such opponents as the Chandlers. But the listless interest was brought up with a sharp jerk. For something seemed to have happened to Dad. His eyes had been fixed on Tom, standing near him, until he took his stance. Then with a deliberate measuring of the distance and direction he made a perfect swing, with a beautiful snap of the wrists in fine timing, and actually the ball carried the 235 yards to the green.

The gallery was funny to observe. For an instant it was breathless as the ball sought the distant putting green. Then, as the little sphere rolled to rest not ten feet from the cup, there was a burst of applause that grew into a few shouts of approval. And for the first time, on that hole, it dawned on us that the game was not absolutely lost even yet.

In the space of the crossing of the ravine from the tee to the green there occurred the transformation of Reynolds Senior from an inconspicuous golfer into a marked man. We didn't know it then and thought the shot might be a fluke. But days afterward I learned from Reynolds Senior himself that as soon as Tom had had to quit there came over the father of the boy an irresistible drive of determination.

When Reynolds sank his nine-foot putt for a two—two under par—over a sloping green, the gallery had a new sensation. What was happening? A fluke—or the real thing? At any rate they contributed generous applause. Tom clung to his father's arm and whispered in his ear. For a moment the fixed expression on the elder man's face changed, but then reappeared. He walked as though partly in a trance. I knew what was happening. He was deliberately excluding all sensations save those necessary for the playing of the game.

The fourteenth hole was a beauty. It is a two-shot hole to the green if your second is long and straight. Reynolds for a fact outdrove young Chandler, but on the second shot the youngster placed the ball beautifully on the edge of the green. Then the elder Reynolds, with a hanging lie, negotiated a deliberate slice that started way off the course but curved in gracefully and dropped just inside the youngster's ball. The elder Chandler had found the green also, and it was up to the putting to decide the hole.

Son Chandler now came to life. It being a three-ball match, young Chandler asked that Reynolds' ball be raised, for it was stymying him. Then the young man sank his putt, from more than twenty feet, for a three. Reynolds had a putt of fifteen feet at least. Straight for the hole went the ball, hit the opposite side of the cup, hesitated, and then popped out. The hole was lost and the game was again all even.

"All over!" said Fairbanks to me. "But the old fellow can sign my name to his checks at the nineteenth whenever he wants to from now on!" Which was the greatest compliment Fairbanks could pay, and was an atonement for the stinging things he had in bygone days said about the "lone golfer."

We were now at the fifteenth tee. Reynolds seemingly betrayed no emotion. Tom, with a puckered face and an aching head, was devouring his father with his eyes, but letting him alone. Chandler Junior drove a corking ball down into the hollow before the bunker that lies just in front of the green. Chandler Senior did something—I forget what. And then Reynolds qualified again, because his ball left the club with a crack that sounded in the trees by the tee like the explosion of a rifle. It was a beautiful drive, fully ten yards beyond young Chandler's.

As the gallery trudged down the course I felt my arm tugged by Tom. There were tears in the boy's eyes, whether from pain or something else you can guess.

"The old governor, the old governor!" said Tom.

Chandler pitched his second shot prettily over the bunker. The green is a blind one, behind the bunker. Applause from the gallery round the green told the story of a shot landing somewhere near the cup. But Reynolds Senior pitched just as prettily, just as easily, and we waited for the applause. It came, with a couple of cheers. And when we passed through the bunker we saw one ball some fifteen feet from the cup, and the other not two feet away. Chandler was away. His putt was made in a tense stillness, and missed. Reynolds quietly and without any hesitation sank his for a three. Another under-par hole, and the score was one up. Three to go.

If I had my way you'd hear every detail of the play of the next three holes, but

(Concluded on Page 55)

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(Concluded from Page 52)

there's a limit. The plain fact is that Reynolds lost the sixteenth and tied the seventeenth. It is no criticism of him that the tying of the seventeenth was a good deal of a gift. With the score all even and only two to go, young Chandler got careless for a moment and hooked his second shot far into the woods. So he was out of it. The elder Chandler was also in trouble, down in a trap by the green, and took one to get out and two to hole out. Reynolds, without any brilliancy of play, sank his ball also for a five. Score on the home hole, all even.

I haven't said anything about the attitude of the Chandlers toward Reynolds. When he first undertook to play alone they most generously applauded his shots. But when they discovered that the man had absolutely withdrawn within himself, they, like good sports, left him to himself and started to play the game for all it was worth.

The eighteenth hole opens out upon a broad meadow, beyond which is a hill some fifty feet high—a nasty obstacle. If the second shot catches on the slope of the hill, in the rough, it is almost "Good night!" for that player. And amid audible groans from the gallery that was exactly what happened to Reynolds. In a valiant effort to get distance up and over the hill with a brassy, where it would then be but one shot more to the green, he foozled and left his ball hanging halfway up the hill, but with a decent lie. Chandler Junior was easily up the hill and beyond on his second.

Here was the crucial moment, it seemed, of the entire round! What would Reynolds do? Even a long shot, with that perpendicular lie, would leave him at least 150 yards from the green. Up over the crest of the hill the gallery stood, forming two diverging solid lines and pointing the general direction of the hole by the vacant sky line. And then with the deliberateness of an old stager Reynolds took his brassy, figured out the abnormal stance, stamped his feet into the sidehill, changed his stance once, settled again, and then drove a prodigious ball, high into the sky, to gain the maximum distance with the falling arc.

Again Chandler Senior was inconspicuously trailing. He had become half an onlooker. The excitement had weakened him, as it had strengthened Reynolds. The final moments of the match were at hand, with two contestants—a youngster who had nearly won America's coveted cup, and an unknown who was fighting grandly against youth.

Chandler Junior took a mashie for his third shot—and misjudged the distance by some ten yards, thus falling short of the green. The putting green is on the top of a plateau, to which the course gradually rises. There is hardly a more difficult shot at Wildwood, and it is not surprising that Chandler, the first time round the course, missed his calculation.

The fourth shot of Reynolds was a heartbreaker. For what did the man do but draw from his bag one of those aluminum mid-irons that I particularly detest, because they don't seem to be a real iron but a hybrid made up of putter and spoon and what not. He had approximately 140 yards to make on his approach, and directly beyond the green was a hedge bordering the street. Beyond the hedge was out of bounds. How was he planning to play the shot so as not to overrun?

With the same deliberateness shown in his previous shots he chose his stance, stamped a bit with his feet and swung fairly gently. A groan went up from the crowd, for the ball started in a direction far to the left of the green. But no! By Jove, he's put a heavy slice on the thing! Yes, sir! It's going to strike the little hill at the left of the green and roll on! What a calculation! If he had played a straight shot with plenty of stop on it he wouldn't have run the fearful risk of failure. But he didn't know the stop shot, he told me afterward. And that particular approach he had worked out on those lonesome excursions of his—when we had sat in the bar and rigged him behind his back!

His ball stopped not more than seven feet from the hole. It looked like a fairly easy five, the par for the hole. What would young Chandler do? He did a very uncomfortable thing. He chipped up his fourth so that it ran almost directly for the hole, and overran it by practically the same distance beyond the hole that Reynolds' ball lay to one side of the cup.

The situation was dramatic to the limit. The game would go to the man who sank his putt. It was up to Chandler to shoot first. The green between his ball and the hole was slightly grooved, making an allowance necessary for a slight roll of the ball to the left. Round the green the gallery was crowded ten deep.

Chandler sighted for his putt and took his stance. A fly bothered him and he brushed it from his face. He stepped away from his ball, sighted again and again took his stance. After an instant's deliberation he putted—a gentle, firm putt that—just grazed the hole—and stayed out!

The gallery relaxed involuntarily, and a few unsportamanlike but very natural claps of the hands were heard. The game could not be lost! The old man had done a deed never dreamed of and had not been licked. He had carried aloft the banner of the Reynoldses! That was victory enough for any father.

Wait! He had a chance for the putt! He had almost the same conditions of rolling ground that Chandler had had. With calmness and quite exasperating slowness he also sighted the line of the hole. The crowd grew taut. To all came the thrill of anticipation of what a victory it would be if the ball dropped in.

And before the crowd had hardly seen the motion, the putter drew back, hit the ball with a little click, and then, with an unerring directness that seemed impelled by consciousness of a great act, the little "white pellet" gained its greatest victory and dropped quietly out of sight into the cup.

v

I LEAVE it entirely to you to imagine the excitement and enthusiasm after that final putt. The gallery rushed upon the green about as the patrons of the Polo Grounds do after a crucial game.

Tom had been half dragging himself along from hole to hole. To tell the truth, in my excitement I had almost forgotten him. But now, as soon as his dad had sunk his putt and the match was won, Tom dashed from the crowd toward his father, threw his arm about his neck and then seemed to collapse. Before the elder Reynolds knew what had happened the lad had slipped to the ground.

Of course we picked up the boy and rushed him into one of the private dining rooms of the club, where I soon brought him round. Everyone wanted to crowd in to congratulate the pair, so I locked the door and treated Tom's head and face liberally to cold water.

Just Tom, his dad and I were in the room. Tom from his chair gazed out from under my manipulating hands and smiled at his father.

"Some little golfer, this Reynolds boy!" he kept repeating. He was wandering back, half deliriously, to his words on the morning, a couple of years before, of the Wildwood qualifying round.

Reynolds Senior had but one thought—his sick son. "For heaven's sake, doctor, why did you let him follow the game? Why didn't you send him home?"

I turned to the man with my mouth open. Hadn't he realized yet the kind of game he had played—one that not even a very sick golfer would have missed for anything?

But just then Tom spoke again softly: "Dad."

"Yes, son."

"Say, I—paid the old bet just now!"

"What bet, Tom?"

"Why, our bet we made on the third tee—your thousand dollars against my—my—you know! You won, on the eighteenth green. I—I—you played the best game, the pluckiest game I ever saw. I'm so proud of you I ——"

This was getting too intimate for me. I didn't know of course what bet Tom referred to; but it flashed across his dad, I could see by the twitching of the older man's lips. I tried to think of an excuse to withdraw, but I didn't need any. I didn't exist for them any longer. Reynolds stood in the center of the room, knowing nothing in the world save his son. Never shall I forget that display of mutual affection. As I silently stole out of the room the father was moving slowly toward his boy with both hands outstretched.

On the other side of the closed door was an impatient throng.

"We want Tom! How is Tom? We want the old man! The nineteenth hole is holding a reception, doctor. They must come!"

I took out my watch and said as I walked up the hall: "Wait five minutes, just. Then knock, and tell them what you wish."

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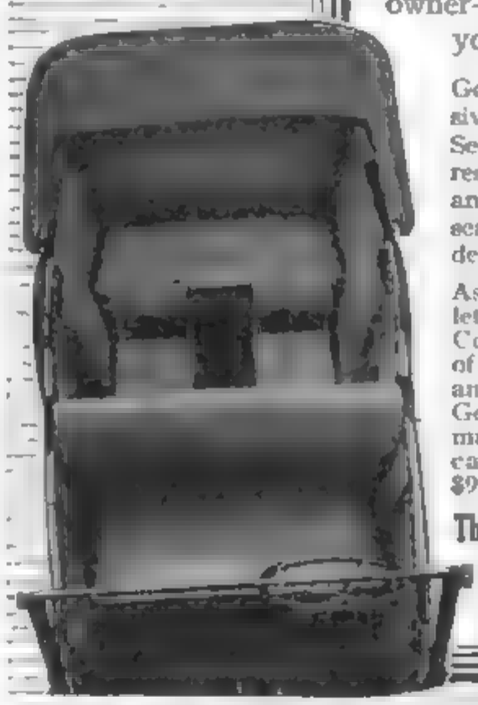

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Selling Bonds in Small Communities

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

ONE of the greatest problems of the war, as we all know, is to get away from the spirit of "Let George do it." This is true of food conservation, Liberty Bonds, taxes, and of pretty nearly everything in which the whole people are involved. What is everybody's business is nobody's business. Thus the problem of the third Liberty Loan has been to reach as many people as possible, to drive the duty and responsibility of buying bonds home to every individual.

Though much is being said these days about the importance of the farmer, yet the residents in large cities can never quite rid themselves of the idea that, after all, the city is dominant. But, except for a very few small spots along the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards and a very limited area of the Middle West, this country is overwhelmingly rural and small-community. Sections of our country larger than Germany have but one or two cities of any size in them, eighty-three per cent of the population of one such section being rural. Thus all the civilian problems of the war—especially that of the third Liberty Loan—have been of necessity much concerned with people who live in the country or in small towns or villages.

A great deal of nonsense has been written and spoken about the failure of farmers to subscribe to the first and second Liberty Loans. Numerous bankers grew quite apoplectic over what they considered the slacker tendency of the farmer. Now it is quite true, admitted indeed on all sides, that Liberty Bonds were not bought as freely as they should have been in the first and second loans by residents of small communities and by farmers in many sections. But this does not mean that the farmer, villager and small-town resident were lacking in patriotism or in potential response, a fact that is proved by the splendid results that the third loan achieved.

There is no doubt that in the first year of the war many residents of the rural districts did not fully appreciate the fact that their own interests were involved. They were hard to reach, not from any lack of patriotism, but because they looked upon the war as a foreign affair. Once the farmer gets on the right track he will go the limit, but he is a hard man to sway at first. Aside, however, from any question of opinion on the war or the draft, one needs to give the subject only a moment's thought to realize that any sort of campaign is a hundred times easier in a city than in a rural or small-town district.

City Selling Methods

In a large city every phase of the war, or of any current topic for that matter, is constantly being discussed. It is in the very atmosphere. No one can escape unless either totally disloyal or abjectly ignorant. Great masses of people can be cheaply and easily reached in the city. A parade or other monster celebration which may cost a few thousand dollars is easily worth the expense, because millions of dollars of bonds are sold as a result. But you can't afford to have an expensive parade in Four Corners, because there aren't enough people in that one place or near it to warrant the expense. From the very nature of the case country folk do not have the same opportunity of hearing war news and discussing war problems as city dwellers.

Two methods must be employed to sell bonds—publicity and canvassing. The first method creates a favorable atmosphere. The second is the direct sales appeal to the individual. In the cities both these methods can be employed so as to reach great masses of people. To sell Liberty Bonds in New York, San Francisco or any other large center of population and to sell them in Four Corners are just as different as it is for the motor manufacturer to make two to three million cars in a year and for the mechanic in a garage to make one car in a year. Naturally, the manufacturer's expenses are smaller per car.

You cannot easily create a flame of emotion in the country districts. People do not live close enough together for that. The country dweller is individual. He does not move in mobs. Fundamentally he does not differ a whit from his city cousin, but conditions are different. In the cities they have had trenches in the parks; tanks parading the streets; Liberty Loan houses, cottages and booths with bells that ring whenever a subscription is entered; huge representations of soldiers going over the top and automobiles going uphill, with scales showing the amount of subscriptions; large foot prints painted on the sidewalks headed toward places where subscriptions may be entered; and enormous battleship masts with steps showing the amount of subscriptions. Obviously these methods of publicity cannot be employed in the middle of a cornfield or even in a small town or village.

But there is an even greater handicap against the country. In the cities thousands of men can be reached in groups immediately, at no expense and with a minimum of effort, through factories, stores, street railways and hundreds of other large business enterprises. Moreover, the corporations themselves enter big subscriptions, and the corporation is totally absent from the small town or rural district. Finally, the cities contain a much larger proportion of wealthy individuals.

Results Proportional to Effort

Not only should all these facts be given proper weight, but account should be taken of the obvious unfamiliarity with bonds in the rural districts of the South, Southwest, Northwest and many sections of the Middle West. Land and mortgages have been about the only investments known in these sections. Naturally, they cannot be expected to take to bonds so readily as the old centers of population, where accumulated wealth long ago outran the supply of land. With the farmer never before so short of labor, horses and mules, or so obliged to use a large working capital for wages, feed, seed and implements, the wonder is not that he subscribed so little in the first and second loans, but that he subscribed so much. There were townships where practically every farmer took Liberty Bonds.

Now the plain unvarnished truth is that failure to go after people is, in the last analysis, the only reason for not obtaining subscriptions. The surface was only scratched in the first and second loans. Even the most remote farmer could be sold if he were talked to long enough. Where there was enough organization, enough work and enough personal solicitation the subscriptions always came. It was discovered that the results were in direct proportion to the perfection of organization and the intensity and continuity of the drive. This was just as true of the cities as of the country.

In one city of more than a hundred thousand population only about three per cent subscribed, whereas in Washington nearly twenty-three per cent subscribed. Making all allowances for the fact that one place is the center of war activity and the other thousands of miles away, yet the chief cause was the more intense organization in Washington; made easy, it is true, by the mere concentration of large groups of men and women in a few government buildings.

We learn by experience, and so in the third loan attention was first of all riveted upon the necessity of forming a committee in every community, no matter how small. Even in New England, where people are relatively well accustomed to bonds and bond salesmen, it was found that a local committee, with, say, its minister, doctor, contractor, banker, leading farmer, grocer, president of the woman's club and school principal, could sell more bonds than a flock of professional bond salesmen. So during the interval between the second and third loans the main committee of the twelve Federal Reserve districts centered their efforts upon perfecting state, county, township, and above all community organizations. They aimed at one hundred per cent completeness

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Her face is seen only in San-Tox drug stores—this purity symbol of San-Tox. ¶ She means, to you, a luxury of shaving comfort, a soothed, a rested after-the-razor face. ¶ Be confident of this, and share the confidence in San-Tox Purity with every druggist who displays our nurse-face—a druggist carefully appointed as the representative of those purity ideals for which San-Tox stands. ¶ San-Tox druggists alone sell San-Tox Toilet Purities—which meet each separate toilet want.

SAN-TOX FOR PURITY
De Pree Chicago

CICO* Paste Prevents Waste

When you buy CICO it's ready for instant use and it stays ready. You never have to throw half of it away because it gets hard and dried. As long as there's any paste left it's usable.

You'll find a score of ways of using this handy, economical paste—so always keep CICO in your home and office. No mussy water well to fill. No trouble with the brush ever getting stiff and lumpy.

Remember, CICO sticks best when spread thin.

At your Stationer's

The Carter's Ink Company
Boston Chicago New York Montreal

Also Manufacturers of Carter's Typewriter Ribbons and Carbons. Send for free Carbon Sample.

*Pronounced "Sy ko"

Paper dolls are best made with CICO. Always keep a bottle in the nursery. Note the adjustable CICO Brush. The handle slides thru the safety cap which keeps the bottle moist and the fingers clean.

Huge maps with many colored pins showed just what conditions these local organizations were in. A yellow pin denoted the absence of any organization whatever, and just as much effort and genius were spent in getting the metropolis of Smith's Corners with its thousand souls out of yellow and into some more desirable color as were ever lavished upon the sales campaign of the biggest corporation. Just as in private business, a minute study was made of what work had been done and what had not been done.

Then, too, the third loan has been far more of a down-to-the-soil proposition than those which went before. The idea has been to go right after the people through the agencies closest to them. Vital as the banks are in any great financial campaign, far more reliance has been placed upon the churches, schools, fraternal organizations, country doctors, country editors and, above all, upon the women, than in the earlier loans. Frequently women can sell bonds where men fail. They are sure to be used more and more for such campaigns if the war goes on.

With growing experience and with increased ingenuity it has been found that publicity methods can be used in the rural districts. Far more attention has been given to supplying the farm and rural papers with war news and Liberty Loan news. Emphasis has been laid upon just what a fifty or one hundred dollar bond will buy for a soldier in the way of rifles, shells, machine guns, gas masks and so on. More posters have been pasted up in rural districts. More booklets have been distributed by the rural-free-delivery carriers. More neighborhood meetings have been held. The telephone has been used increasingly.

Ingenuity has surmounted even the difficulty of having monster celebrations in the country. For a war-exhibit train, with French and American war material, captured German material and wounded French and American soldiers, can stop at every country crossing, with its scheduled arrival extensively advertised and billed beforehand.

But perhaps the surest way of getting subscriptions is by a house-to-house canvass. This method is being employed far more extensively and more intelligently than in the earlier loans. Even the rural population has been canvassed. I say the canvassing has been more intelligent than before because the canvassers have usually had more helpful information to assist them.

Combing Out the Slackers

In many parts of the country every possible purchaser of bonds has been card-indexed. To each prospect a suggestive allotment or quota of the amount of bonds he is known to be able to buy has been assigned, not to be used in any coercive way but as a guide to the salesman. These cards run into the millions, even in a single Federal Reserve district. Not only did the compilers use as far as possible the subscriptions which people were known to have made to the first and second loans, but recent state censuses and local tax lists were referred to, and even in some cases the private customers' lists of bond and brokerage houses were made available. Nor were the cards which gave the names of those who refused to subscribe to earlier loans overlooked.

What is needed to spur many people is an honor roll, posted conspicuously in every town and village. It is unnecessary to publish the amount of each subscription, but the publication of the names of all who subscribe, and by the implication of omission those who do not subscribe, will go a long way toward rounding up the selfish and disloyal. No one would urge such prying methods into the private affairs of people in normal times, but war demands heroic measures. Expert opinion has tended increasingly toward using the terrible power of this type of publicity, and no doubt if the war continues to a sufficiently desperate stage it will become necessary to publish the names of all who subscribe, together with the amounts, and in even larger type the names of those who refuse to subscribe.

It has been necessary to make a special drive at the comfortably well-off, these having been, with of course many exceptions, the most selfish and backward in the country in subscribing to Liberty Bonds. The very wealthy, with relatively few exceptions, did more than their duty in the first and second loans. This was partly due to their very conspicuousness, their inability to escape notice. Moreover, it paid to drive at them hard, because the results were so substantial. Then, too, there is not the slightest doubt that the very wealthy usually have a keener sense of duty in these matters than those who are merely comfortably fixed.

The results from those who should have subscribed for one thousand to twenty thousand dollars were relatively disappointing. Such persons were especially reluctant to pledge their future earnings. Both as regards outright and partial-payment purchases, to be met out of future income, they did not make as favorable a showing as the working people. From almost every district in the country came the complaint that while the rich man, the corporations and the working people were doing their share, the comfortably well-off were holding back.

Of course there were thousands of bankers and business men who took blocks of five thousand dollars and ten thousand dollars, especially where they were directly appealed to to help fill up quotas. But in almost every community there were people of leisure and refinement living comfortably upon their incomes whose subscriptions fell behind those of the working people.

A Letter From Washington

It is the duty of every citizen who is not engaged in activities that are contributory to the war in a very real sense to buy Liberty Bonds of every issue until it hurts. This is especially true because the soldiers and sailors, who might with reason be exempted from giving their country financial support, have been the first to come forward with large subscriptions.

In the Atlanta Federal Reserve district three hundred and fifty thousand booklets, entitled "When the Germans March Through Georgia," were distributed to the farmers.

It showed what an invasion of the South would mean, and vividly described the destruction of cities, towns and farms. But in almost every city and town there are a few comfortable slackers, by no means farmers, who should be compelled to read such a booklet, with the name of the state changed to that of their own.

The women of a small village were asked to form a committee for the third loan. A special meeting was called, and in addition the subject had been broached at a missionary meeting and a church meeting the day before. But no woman would take the chairmanship and there seemed to be no interest among the women of that particular place. They said they were already burdened with committees and obligations. But they changed their minds when they received the following letter from the chairman of the woman's committee of the Federal Reserve district:

"Your letter, when laid before the Treasury Department representatives responsible for the success of the coming Liberty Loan campaign, caused them to express great surprise that there was any community within our district where there was such an apparent lack of understanding as to what this war means to us, and as to what responsibilities each and every one of us must assume. They were surprised to learn that there were people in your town who could feel that any of the activities which their Government calls upon them to perform in this crisis would be considered as a burden. There is no community in which some family has not sent its boy to the Front. This in itself should bring home to them the full realization that no matter what efforts they are asked to put forth they must not be considered in the light of burdens, for we who stay at home are not making one small part of the sacrifice that our boys in the trenches in France are making.

"Our work is to support these boys and see that they have a fighting chance, to see that when they go into battle they are supplied with the necessary equipment and ammunition, and that they have the necessary clothing and sufficient food. This all takes money and necessitates the selling of Liberty Bonds, not in amounts that we might buy with our pin money, but in an amount to a point of sacrifice; for as much as we do we are still far removed from the danger zone, and living in comfort. It is to supply these boys with the things that they need that I am writing you again to ask if you will not impress upon the women of your town the great necessity for their doing this patriotic work at this time of need."

21 Factories—20 Warehouses —to make Cinco Cigars *uniformly* good

The Cinco reputation is too precious—the institution behind it too vast—to risk any but the highest standards and absolute uniformity in Cinco Cigars.

There are 21 factories and 20 warehouses (more than twice as many as are illustrated on this page). Several are the largest of their kind.

Last year these factories produced, and the smokers of America bought, nearly 200,000,000 Cinco Cigars—more than half a million a day.

And the central idea controlling this tremendous production is *absolutely uniform quality*.

To make Cinco Cigars uniform, we have placed all of these factories—in spite of increased shipping costs—within a radius of a few miles, where they can be directed by a single head, and where they can employ the most skilful cigar-makers.

To make Cinco Cigars uniform, we have placed our 20 warehouses at the points where the world's finest tobaccos are grown.

To make Cinco Cigars uniform, we hold each crop from two to three years, to mellow and cure until each leaf has reached perfection. We have at all times more than $3,250,000 worth of tobacco on hand.

In these times of doubt and change, it is a genuine satisfaction to the public and the trade to know that their favorite brand has constantly maintained its *uniform* high quality—and that we are continuing to use the same pure *Havana tobacco* which has always been used more generously in Cinco than in any cigar at anywhere near the price.

STICK TO Cinco - IT'S SAFE

OTTO EISENLOHR
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PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Established 1850

CHEERY TASKS MEAN CHEERFUL HOMES

Easy to Own— Easy to Use

THAT half a million women use the Frantz Premier for every household cleaning task, day by day, year in and out, is proof of its operating ease and economy.

That the Frantz Premier is so wonderfully popular and efficient does not mean that its price is high. On the contrary, a Frantz Premier is easy to buy and easy to pay for.

And, before buying you can have a free home demonstration which will actually demonstrate!

Built to last a lifetime. Operating cost one cent per hour. Unusually wide cleaning nozzle. Air-driven, rubber-tipped brush. Nine pounds of lightness. These and other features make the Premier a proud possession and a real household aid.

Sixty Frantz Premier service branches—one in every center—enhance the value of your Premier. This means twofold confidence—yours and the dealer's.

RESOLVE to have a Frantz Premier demonstration without further delay. See for yourself how the Premier simplifies housework, provides time for other duties, and saves money.

Your dealer or electric station manager will gladly give you a free demonstration. If he cannot do this write us direct and we will arrange a demonstration for you upon receipt of your dealer's name.

The Frantz Premier Co., Cleveland, Ohio

The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd
28 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Frantz Premier

ELECTRIC CLEANER

The Grizzly a Master of Strategy—By Enos A. Mills

ONE autumn day, while I was watching a little cony stacking hay for the winter, a clinking and rattling of slide rock caught my attention. On the mountain side opposite me, perhaps a hundred yards away, a grizzly was digging in an enormous rock slide. I could not make out what he was after. He worked energetically. Several slabs of rock were hurled out of the hole and tossed down the mountain side. Presently only his shoulders showed when he stood erect.

He then commenced piling the stones upon the edge of his deepening hole. The slope was steep and the stones had to be piled with care to prevent their tumbling back. After lifting out and placing one huge slab he stood and looked at it an instant; then he caught it in his paws and slightly changed its position. On top of it he placed another large stone. This he looked at closely, then shook, to see whether it was solid. As it was not, he lifted it into a new position. Had he not been wearing a grizzly-bear coat, it would have been easy to believe that a powerful, careful and thoughtful man was eagerly digging that hole.

The grizzly is superior in mentality to the horse, the dog, or even the gray wolf; in fact, I would give him first place in the animal world. Instinct the grizzly has; but he also has brains and the ability to reason. His amazingly developed senses supply his brain with abundant information, which it has the power to use intelligently. His powers of scent are exquisite; his ears hear faint sounds; and wireless messages from long distances are accurately received and their place of origin faithfully recorded. He guides his daily life with plan and forethought. He is constantly alert and meets emergencies with brains. Here are a number of his actions that impressed me:

A grizzly cub in Yellowstone Park found a big ham skin—a delicacy prized by all young bears. Just as the little fellow was lifting the skin toward his mouth a big bear appeared. The little bear then acted very much as a small boy might who had just found a wonderful box of candy when a big man suddenly appears who may take it away from him. Instantly he dropped the ham skin, sat down on it, and pretended to be greatly interested in watching something in the edge of the woods.

Almost Human Cleverness

Another young grizzly in the Yellowstone one day found a tin can that was open at one end and partly filled with fish. He raised the can in his forepaws and peeped into it; then deliberately turned the can upside down and shook it. Nothing came out. He shook it again, without result. Thus far he had acted intelligently. And now he proceeded just about as you or I would have done: he placed the can on the ground open end down and, taking a stone in his forepaws, hammered the bottom of the can until the fish dropped out.

In a zoo one day a piece of hard-tack that a grizzly bear wanted fell into the hands of a black bear. How very like the mental processes of human beings were the tricks of these two bears! The black bear dipped the hard-tack into the water and then put it into his mouth. But evidently he found it too hard; so again he placed it in the water. This time he took a look round while the hard-tack soaked. The grizzly, in the farther edge of the pool, stood watching this performance. While the black bear was looking in the opposite direction the grizzly stirred the water with his forepaw in such a way that the hard-tack was started toward him on the waves. The instant the first wave touched the black bear he looked round, grabbed the precious hard-tack, which was floating away and, pushing it to the bottom of the pool, put one hind foot upon it.

One day in North Park, Colorado, I came on the carcass of a cow that wolves had recently killed. The carcass lay in a grassy opening surrounded by willow clumps, grassy spaces, and a sprinkling of low-growing, round-topped pines.

Knowing that bears were about I climbed into the substantial top of a stocky pine near by, hoping that one would come to feast. A grizzly came at sundown. When about one hundred feet from the carcass the bear stopped. Standing erect, with his forepaws hanging loosely, he looked, listened, and carefully examined the air with his nose. As the air was not stirring I felt that he could not scent me in the tree-top perch.

After scouting for a minute or two with all his keen senses, the grizzly dropped on all fours and, without a sound, slowly advanced toward the carcass. When within thirty feet of the waiting feast he redoubled his precautions against surprise and ambush by walking round it. Then, slipping cautiously to the edge of a thick willow clump, he flung himself into it with a fearful roar and instantly leaped out on the other side. Standing erect, tense in every muscle, he waited a moment in a ferocious attitude, ready to charge anything that might start from the willows; but nothing started. After a brief pause he charged, roaring, through another willow clump, and then another, until he had investigated every possible place of concealment near the carcass. That a grizzly bear cannot climb a tree is a fact in natural history which gave me immense satisfaction.

A Bear in Ambush

A grizzly is ever on guard and in places of possible ambush is extremely cautious. He is not a coward; but he does not propose to blunder into trouble. Not finding an enemy, the bear at last went to the carcass. After feasting for a few minutes he rose, snarled and, sniffing along my trail for a few yards, stopped to mutter a few growling threats; then he returned to the feast. Finally, having eaten to his satisfaction, he moved round the carcass, raking and scraping grass and trash upon it. Then, after pausing for a minute or two in apparently peaceful contemplation, he doubled back on his trail and faded into the twilight.

Alertness and brain power are characteristics of the grizzly bear. He has the genius for taking pains. He is eternally vigilant and is ever watchful, even in seclusion. He appears to feel that he is always pursued. When traveling his amazingly developed senses appear never to rest, but are constantly on scout and sentinel duty, except on rare occasions when he is temporarily hypnotized by curiosity.

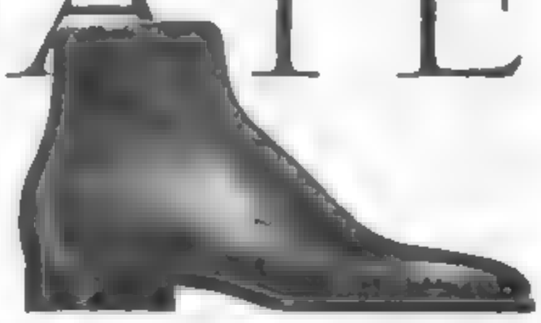
Grizzlies also show their courage and their brains by hiding and lying in ambush for a pursuing hunter. On one occasion I had been following one for a number of days, trying to get his photograph at short range. He knew I was in pursuit. Finally he doubled back on his trail for a short distance and crouched behind a big bowlder, along the other side of which his tracks passed. I could plainly see his trail going over the top of a moraine ahead of me; but as I approached the wind stirred his fur, which was barely visible behind the bowlder, and gave me warning.

Many animals are aware that they leave a line of scent behind them which shows where they have been and where they are going; but I do not recall any animal except the grizzly which appears to understand that his tracks also reveal his movements and his presence.

On another occasion a grizzly circled from his trail and came back to it over logs and rocks, which left no markings, and then hid in a clump of fir trees near his trail. He had been wounded by a hunter and I was following him to see where he went and what he did. On seeing these bushes by the trail I turned aside and climbed up a pine to see whether they concealed anything. When the bear realized that I had discovered him there was angry snarling and a champing of jaws as he made off.

Round the foot of Long's Peak I followed a bear through a shallow snow, hoping to overtake and photograph him. Most of the snow had melted off the logs and bowlders. After trailing him four or five miles I came to a bowlder where he had climbed up and looked round. Possibly he had wished to see how close I was to him, but he may have been deciding just where

BATES



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FIVE, SIX AND SEVEN DOLLARS

ON the feet of marching men, worn too by those who are working harder than ever at home, Bates Shoes today are proving the wisdom of their designers in omitting nothing that adds to the life of the shoe and its predominant style authority.

Bates Shoes have always been built on the idea that to look right is as important a thing for a shoe as to wear right and to feel right. You will find correctness and a sureness of workmanship, together with authority in selection and blending of colors and materials, in the Spring line of Bates Shoes. And the Bates dealer will convince you that *anything less than the price we ask you to pay for the Bates Shoe is not economy.*

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Write us for your copy of Shoe Life. It tells you all you should know to insure getting out all the comfort and wear built into the shoe. Name of our dealer in your locality on request.

SHOES

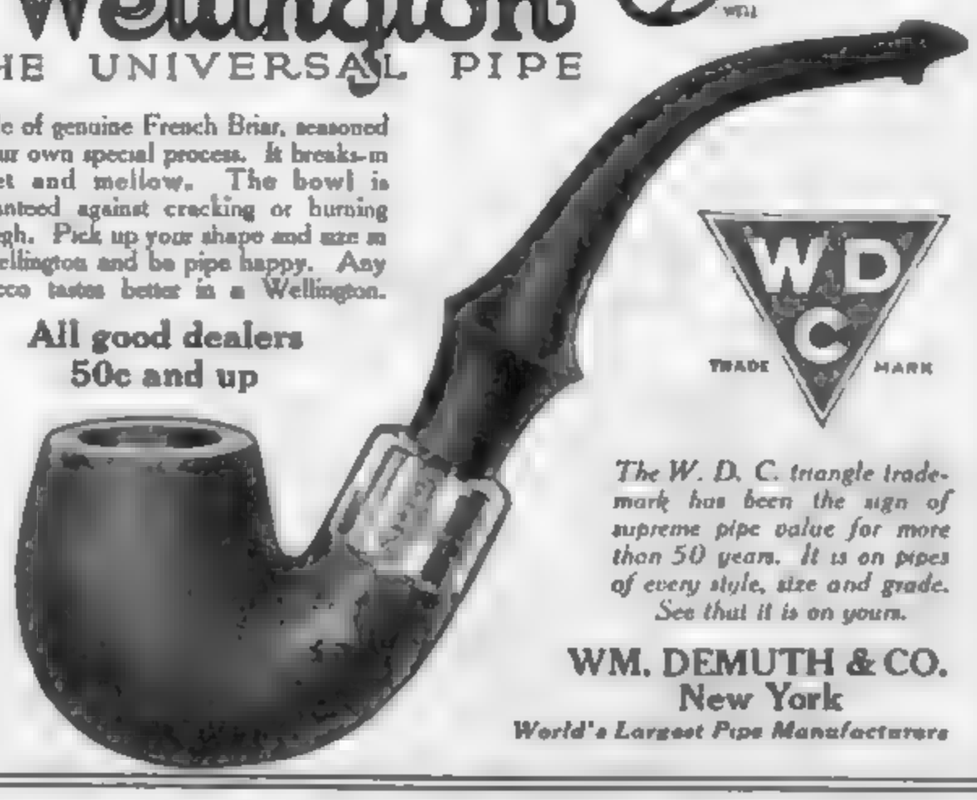
In Colonial Days

our forefathers used to gather in the coffee houses and smoke their long-stemmed "Church Wardens." Some folks there are who still smoke these old-time brittle clay pipes, but for genuine cool, dry, mellow pipe comfort there's nothing quite so good as the

The Wellington will not wheeze or bubble. The "well" catches the moisture and the smoke comes clean and dry. Stray crumbs of tobacco cannot possibly be drawn up into the mouth.

Wellington

THE UNIVERSAL PIPE



Made of genuine French Briar, seasoned by our own special process. It breaks in sweet and mellow. The bowl is guaranteed against cracking or burning through. Pick up your shape and size in a Wellington and be pipe happy. Any tobacco tastes better in a Wellington.

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The W. D. C. triangle trademark has been the sign of supreme pipe value for more than 50 years. It is on pipes of every style, size and grade. See that it is on yours.

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A new shirt that shows *respect* to the *colors* without *impersonating* the apparel of the *enlisted* man.

Attractive patterns on Khaki colored ground

"BLIGHTY" is a new

HALLMARK SHIRT

with Patented *Hynge French* cuffs that fold *either* way—*Both* sides, *Right* sides—Two fresh cuff faces after each laundering—cuffs that wear almost twice as long.

"BLIGHTY" Patterns are Indanthrene colors—on Khaki ground. "BLIGHTY" is "finest type" make, with Fabric and Detail Quality Kept Up.

Made with neckband or collar to match, with French cuffs—or with attached collar and single cuffs. Ask your dealer.

HALL, HARTWELL & CO., Troy, N. Y.
Makers of SLIDE-WELL—the collar that saves your Tie, Time and Temper

The Easy Way To Mend Tubes

Touch a match to the non-flaming chemical fuel. In 5 minutes you have a perfect, lasting, "feather-edge" repair. So simple a child can do it. No acid, cement or gasoline. You can use this safety vulcanizer anywhere—in any weather. Carry it in your tool box—save cost of spare tubes and repairs.

Complete Outfit (*With 12 Patch & Heat Units*) $1.50

The Vulcanizer, six round Patch & Heat Units for Punctures and six oblong units for cuts and tears—with full instructions, only $1.50.

Sold by Accessory Dealers and Garages

Let your nearest accessory dealer show you how easily you can mend your tubes *anywhere* with the SHALER 5-Minute Vulcanizer. Write for Free Book—"*The Care of Tires*"

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he should carry out a plan for outwitting me. At any rate, he had jumped from the bowlder, walked round it, traveled a short distance slowly, and then set off on a run, going east. After following his trail for more than a mile, his tracks ceased in a rocky, snowless area where his footprints would not show.

I thought I should find his tracks in the snow on the farther edge of the rocky space; but they were not there. Then, in the snow, I went entirely round the edge of the rocky space without seeing a track. Thinking that possibly the grizzly was hiding in this small rocky area, I at once cautiously circled every place behind which he might be concealed, but without discovering him; so it was evident he must have left it.

Out in the snow I made a larger circle and at last discovered his tracks. Entering the rocky space he had turned abruptly to the left and traveled about one hundred feet. Then, from the rocks, he had made a long leap into a clump of bushes, from this into another clump of bushes, and finally into the snow. He had thus left the rocky place without leaving any telltale tracks within thirty feet of it. He had started westward—toward the bowlder—back alongside his first trail, and traveled for about a mile parallel to it and less than one hundred feet from it. Near the bowlder he had watched in concealment at a point where he could see his former trail, and evidently had waited there until I passed by.

As soon as I had passed he traveled on a short distance to another small rocky area; then, doubling, he came back for one hundred feet or so in the trail he had thus made. Working toward his first trail, he hid his tracks by leaping among fallen timbers and bushes, and at last made a leap into his first trail by the bowlder, where he made many tracks in the snow. Then, along this old trail, he traveled east again a short distance, stepping precisely in his former footprints.

Out of this trail he had leaped upon the top of a low, snowless bowlder on the right, and from this upon another bowlder. Then he walked along a fallen snowless log. Here I must have searched more than two hours before detecting two or three broken sticks, which gave me a clew as to the direction he had taken. From the log he had walked upon a cross log and then plunged through fifty or sixty feet of thicket, which showed no trail. Emerging upon the farther side of the thicket for the next quarter of a mile there was but little by which to trace him.

The Exploits of Old Mose

The bear had zigzagged over fallen logs and leaped upon snowless bowlders until he came to a tree that leaned against a cliff. Up this he had walked to a ledge, where fortunately there was a little snow to record his track. He followed the ledge to the top of the cliff and, leaving this, had run for four or five miles. It took me twenty-four hours to unravel the various tangles, and I finally gave up following him. Long before I arrived at the top of the cliff I concluded I was following a reasoning animal—one who might be more alert than myself.

Though a grizzly has both speed and strength, he generally uses his wits and thus obtains the desired end in the easiest way. Three or four individuals told me they had seen a grizzly bear taking the part of an acrobat, apparently in order to attract the attention of cattle, and with the idea of drawing them close, so that he might seize one of them. Among his pranks he turned an occasional somersault, rolled over and over, and then varied this by chasing his tail.

A Utah grizzly killed about one thousand head of cattle in fifteen years. All these years there was a large reward offered and numerous attempts were made to capture him. Old hunters and trappers tried with rifles and traps; expeditions of men, horses and dogs pursued him. But all this time he made a kill every few days in his home territory, and he was not even seen.

Old Mose, a Colorado grizzly, showed exceptional skill in taking care of himself. He killed stock freely each year, made his home within a given territory, lived with a high price on his head, outwitted celebrated hunters and trappers and killed at least three of them, frightened hundreds of people, and probably slaughtered about one thousand head of domestic animals. He often showed himself; many times he rushed unexpectedly upon prospectors, stockmen and others, apparently for the fun of putting them to flight. Yet he managed to survive thirty-five years of concerted efforts to kill or capture him.

There are similar accounts of Clubfoot, Three-toes, and other cattle-killing grizzlies. All slaughtered cattle by hundreds in their home territory, and for years outwitted skillful hunters and trappers, escaping the well-organized posse again and again. Knowing many of the hunters and their skillful methods, and the repeated triumphs of other grizzlies over combinations and new methods, I conclude that the grizzly bear is an animal that reasons.

For years I have watched, studied and enjoyed the grizzly; have seen his actions under a variety of influences—fighting and playing, sleeping and food-getting, acting deliberately, meeting emergencies, loafing and hurrying, with something definite on his mind; have watched him when he was under normal influences and abnormal ones; when pursuer and when pursued; have seen him outwit the traps and cunning devices of the trapper, and fight, with tremendous effectiveness, the overwhelming odds of hunters, dogs and repeating rifles; have kept him within the focus of my field glasses for hours at a time; and for days have pursued him with a camera.

Guided by Reason

He is so dignified and so strangely humanlike that I have felt degraded every time I have seen him pursued with dogs. A few times I have outwitted him; more often he has outwitted me. In a few instances we have met unexpectedly; sometimes each stared without alarm, and at other times each fled in an opposite direction. Sometimes he is guided by instinct; but more often his actions are triumphantly directed by reason.

The grizzly has changed during the past century. One of his most marked changes is increased caution in coming close to man. His extreme and intelligent curiosity often caused him to approach man sometimes hurriedly; this curiosity and apparent aggressiveness led many who saw him to think he was savage. It also caused many to shoot or to flee when there was no occasion for either.

Less than one hundred years ago he made no attempt to conceal himself. He knew no master. Without any concern for his safety, he went where he liked and when he liked, be it day or night. No living thing had ever resisted him and no man had ever pursued.

In a generation or two he has become expert in eluding the pursuer; he rivals the fox in concealing his trail, in confounding the trailer and escaping with his life. That he has changed on account of contact with the white man and the repeating rifle—out of necessity—there can be no doubt.

Formerly the rightful monarch of the wilds through superiority, he roamed freely about, indifferent as to where he went or whether or not he was seen. The bow and arrow and the spear he held in contempt; but for the powerful repeating rifle he has a profound respect. He has been wise enough to adjust himself to this influential factor of environment or evolutionary force. He has thus become less inquisitive and aggressive, and more retiring and wary; and has learned to keep out of sight and out of man's way. The grizzlies that failed to learn these things died and left no descendants.

In a short time, without previous knowledge or experience, the grizzly has become an expert in the triumphant ways of the pursued. The king of the wilderness has survived through retreat. Instinct hardly accounts for this swift evolution. The readjustment does not indicate cowardice; it indicates brains. In the warfare of existence he shows himself a master of strategy.

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EVERY part of every model of the Hurlburt Truck embodies the highest factor of safety known in the motor truck world.

New York, traditionally critical of trucks, is the most enthusiastic Hurlburt city in the country. Here the Hurlburt Truck stands proudly on its past record. Repeat orders for single units and fleets from the largest truck users in the metropolis prove that the Hurlburt has fully demonstrated its economy and durability.

Hurlburt Trucks are in use and demand in England, France, Holland, Norway and Sweden, Russia, Calcutta and Bombay, India; the Island of Sumatra, Portugal and Spain, Martinique, French West Indies; Porto Rico, Cuba, Argentine and Chile.

We have achieved this success through an honest policy and a splendid product.

Made in following capacities: 1½ tons, 2 tons, 3½ tons, 5 tons and 7 tons.

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For coffee, for cooking, for baking—for EVERY milk use—this finer milk gives a new richness, a new delicacy of flavor. Try it

FINER MILK
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Another happy result of the Libby idea!—the idea of preparing foods right where the choicest of each kind is found.

Fruits from the Golden West, pineapple from Hawaii, salmon from Alaska, olives from Spain—and now—

Milk from dairies right in the heart of the most luxuriant pasture lands in America

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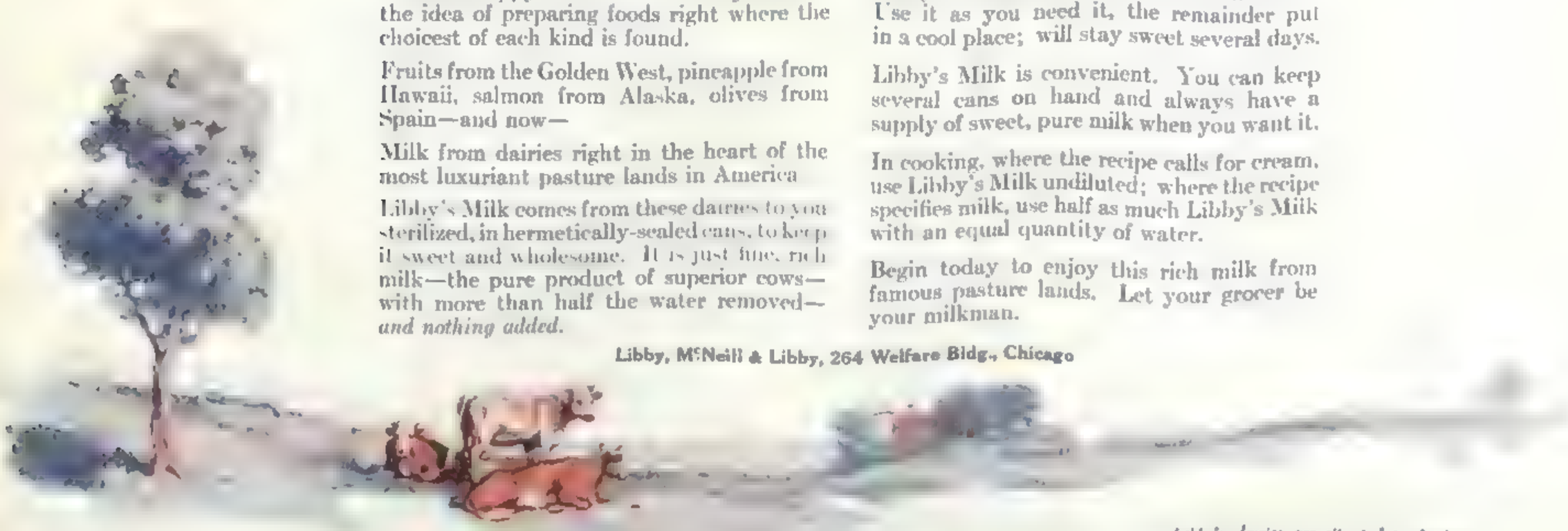

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THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

(Continued from Page 12)

Julia delivered herself of this in a tone that was excessively annoying to her father—as she should have known.

"I suppose he's a perfectly well-conducted young man, and all that sort of thing," she continued; "but ——"

She arched her eyebrows and even shrugged her shoulders a little. That ought to have produced an explosion; and Julia should have known it.

"Don't you think, daddy, you could just tell him that he was just a little presumptuous? Give him a broad hint to keep away? I know you keep him at arm's length in that lovely stony way of yours; but it's hard for mother and me to do that, and you could tell him right out."

The explosion came.

"I swear that sort of talk makes me sick!" the colonel declared emphatically.

"Do you want him to come here, daddy?"

"No; I don't," said the colonel angrily. "But I don't want to hear any of that codfish talk about presumption either. I wasn't anything more than a sort of office boy when I started in life—only a sort of clerk. If anybody told me a daughter of mine would be putting on airs of that sort, I'd—I'd —— Dog-gone the fellow! Why, as long as he's decent and behaves himself like a gentleman I'll treat him like a gentleman. And I do. 'Stony way'—nothing! I may not hug him; but I don't insult him, and I don't intend to. If you don't want him round I suppose you can make him understand it. That's up to you; but I want you to be decent to anybody that comes into this house."

"I'll try to be, daddy," said Julia meekly. "There are some people who can't take a hint though."

So, having got back to that first proposition of hers, Julia let the matter rest. As for the colonel:

"I think that was rather foxy of me," he told himself. "Never do to knock the fellow. Never in the world! I know enough of women to know that you've got to handle them by contraries. I'd hate to see Julia getting snobbish," he ruminated further. "I never suspected she was at all that way. Still—there's one comfort: if that young squirt has any idea of —— But that's rank nonsense!"

A week later Blodgett told the colonel that Lessard & Company, competitors of theirs, had got Perez Hermanos' business.

"Joe Marty, the bookkeeper, was bragging about it at lunch," he said. "Did you speak to Temple about them?"

"I didn't," replied the colonel shortly. After a frowning pause he said: "I wrote to them myself. You keep your head closed about it. Do you hear? Don't forget!"

"I won't forget," said Blodgett. "I haven't got the habit myself."

"Now what do you mean by that?"

"That's all right."

The colonel seemed about to say something, but went away without saying it. He was a good deal put out that day. In spite of his good resolutions, he had been pretty boorish to Archibald the preceding evening—and under his own roof. And Julia had noticed and commended him for it. And Archibald's quiet dignity and early departure had made him feel particularly cheap.

This Perez matter was no trifle; and here Colonel Langworthy felt that he had acted in a cheap sort of way—going to the little Spanish professor instead of consulting Temple about the misunderstanding, whatever it was. Of course he suspected that somehow Temple was to blame for the trouble and hoped to convict him of it. No dodging that! Well, he had written to ask Perez Hermanos for an explanation, and their answer was about due.

Another cause of irritation—a small thing, in a way, but disturbing; he had missed things from his desk for about a month. At first he had not been sure about it; but twice, quite lately, he had left money round, and the money had disappeared overnight. Certainly a man had no business to leave money round as a temptation to janitors and scrub women; but anybody might be forgetful—darn old Blodgett—and it is an ugly thing to know that there are dishonest people about one.

"I'm going to put a stop to it, by George!" declared the colonel aloud.

"I beg your pardon?" said Archibald from his desk.

"I didn't speak to you."

There it was again! And the colonel had meant to be careful.

"I beg your pardon, Temple," said the colonel in turn. "I've a hasty way of speaking sometimes."

"I've noticed that," returned Archibald composedly.

Colonel Langworthy's first impulse, which he resisted, was to tell Mr. Temple that if he didn't like it he could go to the dickens! The young man's retort was not unnatural though. It was even proper, made, as it was, without any appearance of reproof.

All the colonel could do was to ignore it and concentrate himself on his work as well as he could in his disturbed frame of mind. He had a lot of work to do that particular day; so much that he determined to dine downtown and return to the office for an hour or two to clean up. He was still busy when the office force, including Archibald, departed at the usual hour of half past five. Blodgett was the last to leave. Before he went he poked his head into the colonel's room.

"Like old times to see you humping yourself after hours," he observed. The colonel grunted unintelligibly and spiked a memorandum. "Don't forget to lock the safe," said Blodgett.

"I'll attend to it," said the colonel. "Good night!"

As soon as Blodgett had gone he telephoned to his wife and told her not to wait dinner for him. Then he worked for half an hour or so and by that time felt himself in need of refreshment. Before leaving, he remembered Blodgett's admonition and closed the safe.

He was in the act of closing his desk, too, when another thought occurred to him. He took his bill book from his pocket. It contained nothing but one twenty-dollar bill, which was a larger denomination than he needed for his purpose, but it was the only one; so, after satisfying himself that he had some loose silver, the colonel sat down and put a particular mark on the bill and laid it conspicuously among some papers on his desk.

Then he let the roll-top of the desk gently down without allowing it to lock and sallied forth to a nice quiet place, free from glaring lights, mirrors, dancing or declamation. Lacking these distractions, he devoted himself exclusively to good food, suitable potables, and, after a satisfactory cigar, went back to the office—and surprised Archibald.

It was, in fact, a mutual surprise. The secretary, who wore his hat and overcoat, was bending down to the safe when the colonel opened the door; and he raised himself and wheeled about with a rapid motion that seemed, for an instant, threatening. Then he saw who it was and said: "Oh!"

"Exactly!" said the colonel.

He was not so calm as his tone indicated, however. It was a good deal of a shock to withstand, and the occasion seemed to demand quick and clear thinking.

It took time completely to grasp the situation.

Archibald removed his hat, laid it on his desk and slipped out of his overcoat. The colonel, without taking his eyes from the young man, followed his example. They might have been two gladiators stripping for the fray; and, indeed, the colonel thought it might come to that.

"I thought I'd come down and make a clear deck for to-morrow," said Archibald, still plainly disconcerted.

He sat down at his desk and opened a drawer.

"My idea precisely," the colonel replied.

He attempted to throw back the top of his own desk and found it was locked. Without comment, he got out his keys and unlocked it. A glance showed him that his twenty-dollar-bill bait was gone.

"My idea precisely," he repeated. "By the way, how did you get in?"

"Mr. Blodgett let me take his key," replied Archibald.

Colonel Langworthy took down his telephone, placed it convenient to his hand, and opened the directory to look for police headquarters.

"Did you notice anything wrong with the safe, Mr. Temple?" he asked quietly.

"It was locked," answered Archibald. "I tried it to see. Mr. Blodgett told me there was a little more currency than usual and he was afraid you might forget."

The colonel had found his number and was shifting his papers. The twenty-dollar bill was certainly gone. Not for a moment had he suspected that his secretary was the thief for whom he had laid his trap. It had never occurred to him that any of his employees might be guilty. They were well paid, well treated, and generally above suspicion; but here the evidence was clear.

He experienced something like a thrill of triumph as he realized that. His dislike of Archibald was justified—absolutely justified. All along he had been certain that the fellow was too good to be true. A crooked streak in him—something that his own nature instinctively recognized and abhorred. Now all that remained was the proper punishment that duty to society demanded. His hand sought the telephone.

But was duty to society his motive? Or was it just an excuse for gratifying a personal spite? That thought gave the colonel pause. He had never been one of those stern, inflexible moralists. Easy-going and charitable, he was inclined to let mercy temper justice, hating the wrong and forgiving the wrongdoer rather; and he knew that if he had caught a janitor or a scrub woman, or anybody but Archibald, he would have given the culprit a chance.

Was he going to damn this young fellow utterly—a boy with a mother—without giving him a chance? He looked at Archibald, who was clearly making only a pretense of work, who was rather pale, and whose whole attitude betrayed growing uneasiness

"Talking about currency, Mr. Temple, did you happen to see anything of a twenty-dollar bill that I left in my desk?"

"Yes, sir," said Archibald. The words came sharply, and he faced the colonel with a level look. "You will find it in an envelope in the last pigeonhole on the right. I thought when I saw it that it was just a careless way to leave money about; but your manner ——"

"Never mind my manner!" the colonel interrupted. "Just wait a moment."

He reached for the pigeonhole and there was the envelope; he opened the envelope and there was the twenty-dollar bill.

"I noticed as soon as I came in that your desk wasn't properly closed," Archibald resumed with some heat. "I saw that bill when I raised the top to slam it down; so I did exactly what Mr. Blodgett ——"

Archibald checked himself, got up, and resumed his overcoat.

"I don't feel as if I could put my mind on my work just now," he said. "It's quite evident you thought I came back to rob the safe—or something like that. I think you suspected me of stealing that bill."

"I did," admitted the colonel. "I come into this office, where you are not supposed to be after hours, and I find you at my safe. I discover that you have been at my desk, and that money I left there is missing. What would anybody think?"

"It depends upon the kind of person anybody is," said Archibald. "You've shown pretty plainly all along that you didn't like me; but I didn't suppose —— Anyway, I'm through. I'll stay on until you get somebody to take my place—if you want me to; but I'm definitely through. Good evening!"

He picked up his hat and strode out of the office. Colonel Langworthy heard the outer door close behind him.

It may be imagined that the colonel was in no complacent frame of mind. Looking back on a life of generally good intentions and not infrequent mistakes, recalling sins of omission and commission, and their consequences, he could not remember having been so completely humiliated. The memory of his infallible stepmother and of the occasions when she had shown him how imprudent, reckless, shortsighted and inconsiderate he had been became bright and pleasant by comparison.

He sat for a long time, chewing the cud of bitter reflection and the stump of his expired and forgotten cigar; and all the comfort he derived from the situation was that he was rid of Mr. Archibald A. Temple anyway. At that conclusion he lit a fresh cigar, firmly resolving to dismiss the matter from his mind and finish the work he had come back to do. He made the effort manfully—or, rather, doggedly; but he had to give up at last.

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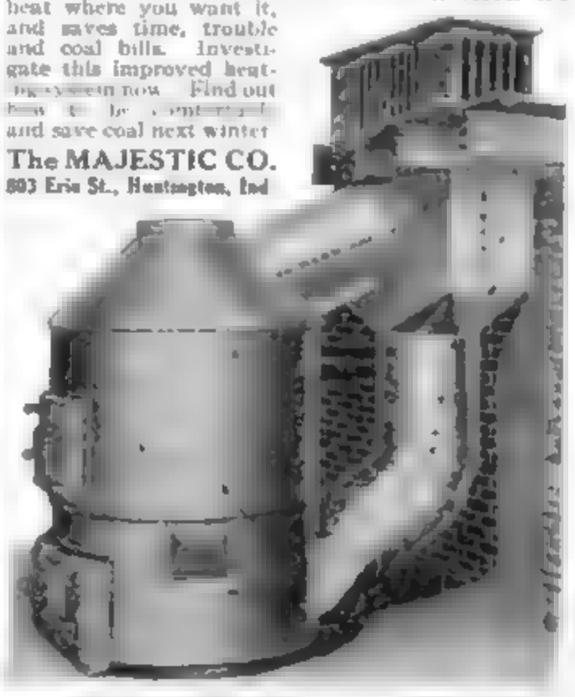

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"Well, I'm rid of him, anyway!" he muttered as he prepared to leave. "That's a good evening's work."

But even that poor consolation was to be denied him, for when he reached home and quietly let himself in with his latchkey the first things he saw were Archibald's hat and overcoat hanging in the hall. He might have been uncertain as to the hat, but he was prepared to swear to the overcoat. When Archibald left the office the back of that coat, its pattern, cut and material had photographed themselves indelibly on the colonel's mind, as trivial objects sometimes will in moments of great mental stress. Any further doubt was immediately dispelled by the sound of Archibald's voice, at once succeeded by that of his daughter Julia.

It is only another instance of the demoralizing effect Archibald had on him that Colonel Langworthy then did something of which he had supposed himself incapable. He deliberately listened to a conversation not intended for his ears; and he peeped.

The first word he caught was "darling." What he saw through the crack of the reception-room door was Miss Julia and his secretary occupying a very small settee in such a manner as to leave plenty of room at one end. Archibald's right arm encircled Miss Julia's waist; Miss Julia's considerably disarranged head of hair reposed on Archibald's shoulder.

"The sneaking, surreptitious, underhanded cur!"

That was what Colonel Langworthy almost exclaimed aloud. The conversation between Archibald and Julia follows:

"I'm glad I came." The tone was fervid. "It was a crazy impulse; but I'm glad now that I did."

"I'd never have forgiven you if you hadn't. And what do you mean by crazy, you silly boy? Didn't you know that I would want to see you—goose?"

"I did not. I hadn't the slightest idea—of this. I just felt that I had to come. You know you've snubbed me awfully at times, my Julia."

"At times when daddy was among those present, wasn't it? Archie dear, in some respects you are exceedingly dense. I'm sorry to have to find fault with you right at the beginning; but you know you are."

The colonel saw her disengage herself to rap with her knuckles on Archibald's head and then assume a listening attitude. Then she sighed. "Just as I said!" she observed, and blew prettily on those knuckles, which were dimples when she extended her fingers. They both laughed and Archibald's arm tightened round her again with a rapturous energy that took the young woman's breath.

"Daddy is the dearest thing; but he has to be managed—contrariwise. I suppose you are all like that. And he's so chivalrous and high-principled ——"

Here Colonel Langworthy blushed. His anger was unabated, and he might have announced himself unpleasantly just then, but ——

"I have another disagreeable interview with him to look forward to now."

"Now? Oh, not now! Let's wait."

"I can't, darling; it wouldn't be the square thing. Look kind of sneaking in me, wouldn't it? After all, he can't blame me much."

"Not the least little bit! I made you. The woman tempted you, Archie dear—didn't she?"

"She did not!" said Archibald indignantly, at which Julia smiled wisely. "You know I didn't mean that," Archibald went on. "I mean that I believe your father is reasonable at bottom. I'm a young man of unimpeachable character, which is to say that I've been careful about my meanness; I've good prospects. I didn't tell you I've been offered a job with nearly twice the salary I'm getting, did I? It's so. Mother has her own little income and I've a respectable life insurance; and lately there has been some salvage floating in from my poor father's wreck which, with what I have already put by, amounts to enough to justify me in taking the responsibility of a wife. Don't you suppose that if I go to the colonel and put those facts before him ——"

"That you will simply madden him?" said Julia. "Yes; that's just what I think."

Slowly and carefully the colonel withdrew. Sneakingly and underhandedly he made his way to his own and almost soundproof den. He entered it and locked the door. He expelled his breath violently, flung his hat on the floor and stamped on it, clenched and unclenched his fists, and altogether fulfilled his daughter's prediction.

"Darn him!" he cried. "Blame his superior soul! Plague on his unimpeachable picture! Coming and going, up and down, forty ways from Sunday, that pup paragon gets it on me; and plasters it all over me every time!"

It seems a pity to spoil a good record, but the truth is the truth. Whether Colonel Langworthy would have remained irreconcilable to the end is a question hard to determine. Justice and Reason might have triumphed in the long run—and they might not. As it now is, the colonel and his son-in-law are on the very best of terms, and the lately reorganized firm of Langworthy & Temple is prospering; but if that letter from Perez Hermanos had not arrived just when it did things might have been different.

At all events, the colonel went down to the office very early the next morning, having foiled his daughter's evident purpose to corner him for a little heart-to-heart talk. Blodgett was the only member of the office force who had arrived; and, as he happened to be opening the safe, he probably considered that was as good a time as any to call his employer's attention to an unsealed package therein, which contained the money and a few miscellaneous articles the colonel had missed from his desk at various times.

"Memoranda attached," said Blodgett in his gruff, short way. "And I want to say that I'm going to quit picking up after you—or I'll keep what I find. I'd suggest that you take me to lunch on this."

That was a nice beginning.

"I'd suggest that you leave anything of mine where I put it!" said the colonel frostily. "Also, that when I take a man to lunch with me it's because I think he will be agreeable company."

He was going to make some more suggestions when his eye fell on the Perez letter in the morning mail, which was piled on a table. He opened it. There was an inclosure, but he read the letter signed Perez Hermanos first.

"87 Calle San Gertrudis,
Rio de Janeiro.
February 1, 19—.

"MR. ELIAS LANGWORTHY,
Messrs. Slyfield & Langworthy,
Chicago, U. S. A.

"*Dear Sir:* In response to your letter asking for an explanation of our request for a final settlement of accounts, it should be only necessary to return to you the letter of yours preceding, which we inclose herewith. We will, however, add, if this is insufficient, that your national—Yankee—humor seems to us misapplied to serious and dignified affairs of business. You speak of a misunderstanding. We confess that your letter is to us incomprehensible.

"With assurances of esteem, we remain your obedient servants,

"PEREZ HERMANOS."

The colonel was reading the inclosure when Archibald came in with a firm step and a manner of indomitable resolution.

"I should like to speak to you on a private matter of considerable importance—if you don't mind, sir," said Archibald as the colonel looked up at him.

"Just a moment, please," said the colonel. He read the letter, frowning through to the end, and then turned to Archibald with a strange gleam in his eye and an odd twitching of the ends of his trim mustache.

"Private, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

Archibald proceeded to make his important statement. He made it clearly, concisely and confidently. He stated the cold, hard, bare facts much as he had mentioned them to Julia the night before, relying on the colonel's fundamental reasonableness, and awaited the outbreak serenely.

"Hah!" said the colonel. "So you expect my consent?"

"We hope to have it—unless you have a just objection." That was the way Archibald put it.

"Yes," said the colonel. "Ye-es. I suppose this new situation will depend to some extent on the character that I can honestly give you for the careful and conscientious discharge of your duties here?"

"I'm satisfied to have it depend entirely on that," replied Archibald.

"Just so. And as to your relations with my daughter, which you tell me were merely friendly before last night, I suppose you would consider me justified in objecting if I found that you had spoken of her lightly and impertinently to strangers—or, we will say, written to strangers concerning her in a foolish and trivial vein; and ——"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Archibald. "What are you talking about?"

"This-s-s!" hissed the colonel, and handed him the Perez documents.

At the same time a glow of triumph overspread his countenance. He bent forward, his hands gripping the arms of his chair, and watched Archibald's changing expression with grim enjoyment. It was first an expression of bewilderment, then of consternation, and finally of shame and mortification in about equal parts.

The bewilderment appeared during the perusal of the Perez letter addressed to Colonel Langworthy. The inclosure was a letter from Slyfield & Langworthy to Perez Hermanos, dated nearly two months before. It began in Spanish and was couched in such dignified terms as were appropriate to a matter involving three thousand bags of coffee; then, abruptly, it proceeded, in English, as follows:

"Furs, furs, furs and sweet violets sweet sweeter than all the roses violets and furs go together go together frosty weather sweeter than all the roses roses roses in her cheeks in her cheeks and I said she looked all right and she does look all right all right all right I didn't lie I cannot tell a lie a lie and Julia was her name Julia Julia Julia where my Julia's lips do smile there's the land or Cherry Isle cherry ripe cherry ripe ripe I cry and her hand her little hand her little pudgy hand in its glove in its glove would I were a glove a glove glove love glove love and I said she didn't seem important and I lied I lied I lied like a villain because she may not be important imports Rio 14a but but what a but was there my countrymen but she looks important very important very important business imp——"

"Well?" the colonel said sharply.

Archibald's face was decidedly red; and, for the first time, his eyes fell before the colonel's severe regard.

"Any excuse?"

And Archibald actually stammered:

"It—it must have been sent—sent off by mistake. I—I—that day I must have been—I can't understand how —— No, sir; I have no excuse. I admit ——"

Here Blodgett came in; and, seeing that he had intruded upon a situation, he was about to back out when Colonel Langworthy stopped him.

"That Perez business, Blodgett: I've just got to the bottom of it. This young man here, by a piece of gross and inexcusable carelessness —— He admits that it was inexcusable; and—by George!—anything more idiotic, anything more infernally impertinent, you couldn't imagine. I leave it to you, Blodgett ——"

"Please, Mr. Langworthy!" Archibald begged.

But the colonel proceeded remorselessly. He got up and paced the room as he spoke, and his voice rose to an absolute crow.

"Brings his private affairs into the time I'm paying for; mixes them with our business concerns and mortally offends one of our best connections, which promptly transfers its account to another house! Here; let me show you the letter."

Archibald tore the letter into fragments as the colonel reached his hand for it.

"I know I acted very foolishly," he began.

"You hear?" cried Colonel Langworthy. "And he says he has an offer of a better job and wants to resign. Well, I guess we'll block that!"

Blodgett, who had been standing, uncomfortably rubbing his bristly chin with the heel of his palm, remonstrated.

"Don't be vindictive, colonel!" he said.

Colonel Langworthy wheeled on Archibald and leveled a forefinger at him as he might have pointed a pistol.

"Have you behaved like a bonehead?" he demanded. "Have you injured my business by conducting yourself like a consummate ass?"

"I suppose I have," Archibald owned in deep humiliation. "Yes; I have."

There came an instant and amazing transformation in the colonel's whole demeanor. His severe look vanished; amiable wrinkles puckered his eyes; his mustache lifted in a genial grin; he laughed; he advanced on Archibald, took him by the shoulder, and shook him in the friendliest manner.

"That's all I want," he chortled. "Blodgett, by the Great Horn Spoon, I've got it on this impeccable young scoundrel at last!"

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Dr. Yamei Kin

BACK in 1770 Benjamin Franklin wrote a letter to a friend calling his attention to some of the interesting properties of a certain Chinese soy bean. Last summer Doctor Kin was sent by the United States Department of Agriculture on a mission to China to investigate the manufactured products of this same soy bean, which are so largely used there and so little known in the Western World. Her especial work was to show how these products could be adapted to suit the American taste and dietary. For generations the workers of China have lived on practically the same rations that the American scientists are now advocating. This was not due to scientific study, but to the fact that vegetables were cheap, meat dear. Besides being a dietitian, Doctor Kin is one of the foremost physicians of her country, and has the distinction of being the first Chinese woman to take a degree in medicine in the United States

Peyton C. March

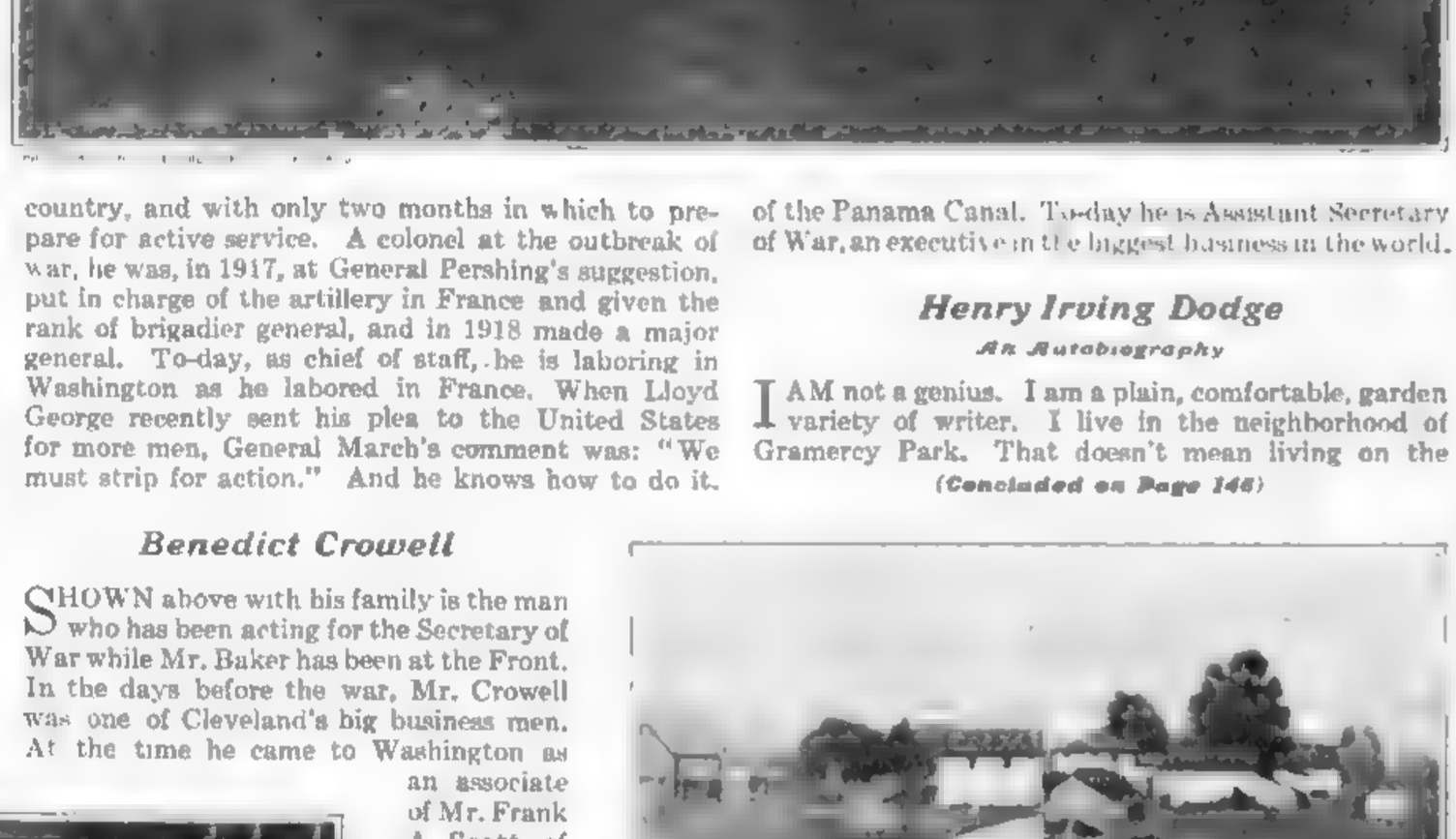
"ONE of the best bits of work ever done in France," was the way General Petain sized up the accomplishments of General March last summer, in getting the American artillery on a basis of efficiency. And he did this in spite of the fact that he found himself minus guns and horses, in a foreign

country, and with only two months in which to prepare for active service. A colonel at the outbreak of war, he was, in 1917, at General Pershing's suggestion, put in charge of the artillery in France and given the rank of brigadier general, and in 1918 made a major general. To-day, as chief of staff, he is laboring in Washington as he labored in France. When Lloyd George recently sent his plea to the United States for more men, General March's comment was: "We must strip for action." And he knows how to do it.

Benedict Crowell

SHOWN above with his family is the man who has been acting for the Secretary of War while Mr. Baker has been at the Front. In the days before the war, Mr. Crowell was one of Cleveland's big business men. At the time he came to Washington as an associate of Mr. Frank A. Scott, of the General Munitions Board, he was president of one of the largest building and contracting firms in Cleveland, and had for years been associated with the iron ore trade.

His first government work was in the Gun Division of the Ordnance Department, and later he took charge of the Washington office of the Panama Canal. To-day he is Assistant Secretary of War, an executive in the biggest business in the world.



Henry Irving Dodge

An Autobiography

I AM not a genius. I am a plain, comfortable, garden variety of writer. I live in the neighborhood of Gramercy Park. That doesn't mean living on the

(Concluded on Page 146)

BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

FROM JASON WEILER & SONS,

of Boston, Mass., one of America's leading diamond importers

For over 42 years the house of **Jason Weiler & Sons of Boston** has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America selling to jewelers. However, a large business is done **direct by mail** with customers at **importing prices! Here are several diamond offers—direct to you by mail**—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should surely interest any present or prospective diamond purchaser:

1 carat, $95.00

This genuine one carat diamond is of good brilliancy. Mounted in Tiffany style, 14k solid gold setting. This ring usually sells for $125.00. Our price direct to you **$95**

All Platinum Diamond Ring . . . $100.00

This ladies' ring is made of all platinum, richly carved and pierced in the new lace work effect. Set with perfect blue white diamond.

Our free Diamond Catalog shows hundreds of other Platinum Diamond Mounted Rings, Lavallieres, etc., etc.

¾ carat, $68.00

This ¾ carat genuine diamond is of good brilliancy. 14k solid gold mount with setting. Money refunded if you can duplicate this ring elsewhere at one price . . **$68**

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings.

¼ carat . .	$ 32.00
½ carat . .	45.00
1½ carats .	141.00
2 carats .	191.00
3 carats .	562.00

Money refunded without a quibble if not entirely satisfactory. References—any Bank in Boston.

If desired rings will be sent to your Bank or any Express Co. with privilege of examination. Guarantee and guarantee bond with value of each carat goes with every purchase.

WRITE TODAY FOR THIS *Free* VALUABLE CATALOG ON *HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS*

This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy diamonds; how they are mined and cut; has interesting history, etc., and prices from $10.00 to $10,000. Is sound text book. A copy will be mailed to you FREE on receipt of your name and address.

Write for a copy today. *Free*

Also write for Free Illustrated Catalog of Jewelry, Watches and Silverware, full of suggestions for graduation and wedding gifts.

Jason Weiler & Sons

361 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Diamond Importers since 1876

Foreign Agencies: Amsterdam and Paris

The Coward Shoe

Quiets the Bunion

Women's Bunion Model

This shoe of ours makes fair allowance for the troublesome joint.

It is so shaped that the enlargement, when of moderate size, is inconspicuous. The Coward Bunion Shoe has a pocket molded—not stretched—in the leather into which the bunion fits comfortably. The joint is free from pressure.

The softest, seasoned leather is used in this model. We do not know how to make it more comfortable. People are fitted by mail here every day.

JAMES S. COWARD

262-274 Greenwich St. (near Warren St.) New York

Mail Orders Filled Sold Nowhere Else

Footnotes on the War

Government and Railroads

THE economic service performed by the Pennsylvania Railroad system last year is measured by the fact that it hauled nearly two billion more tons of freight one mile and more than three-quarters of a billion more passengers one mile than in the preceding year. How it was paid for performing this additional work is indicated by the fact that its net earnings were twenty million dollars less than in the preceding year—cost of operating the system having risen more than seventy million dollars. That is typical of the country's whole railroad system.

Whether earnings rise or fall is a matter of indifference to stockholders and bondholders now, for the Government has guaranteed them a fixed return during the war and for nearly two years thereafter.

But it is not a matter of indifference to the public. Now that all railroad revenue virtually goes to the Government and no question of private gain or loss is involved, the Government should keep freight and passenger rates at a point that will make the transportation service fully self-sustaining, including the cost of capital outlays for betterments and new equipment. Recently the Interstate Commerce Commission raised commodity freight rates in Eastern territory about fifteen per cent. If that does not overcome mounting cost of operation, rates should be raised again. A service fully self-sustaining, rather than one supported out of the Treasury, should be the Government's policy.

One Item of Cost

IN DEBATE in the Hungarian Parliament not long ago, a member made this statement:

"Before the war seven hundred and sixty-five thousand children were born yearly in Hungary. In 1915 less than half a million were born. In 1916 the number of births was only three hundred and thirty-three thousand. In 1917 it was three hundred and twenty-eight thousand. Therefore, in this item alone Hungary has suffered a loss of a million souls. In seven years before the war infant mortality averaged thirty-four per cent. In 1915 it was forty-eight per cent, in 1916 fifty per cent.

"These facts," said the deputy, "prove what sacrifices Hungary is making, to the prejudice of her own people, to continue the war."

Austria started this war, with Germany's approval, in order to punish Serbia for attacks on the Hapsburg dynasty and to make the position of that dynasty more secure. Hungary has no cause to love the Hapsburg dynasty, and once spent her blood prodigally in an effort to throw it off. But every shot it has fired in this war and every wound it has suffered has been merely in the interest of that dynasty.

This is only one of the monstrous paradoxes that the people of the Central Powers will finally understand and overthrow.

Hot Air Will Not Do

THERE has been no single supreme authority, with a comprehensive air-fleet plan on its desk, that could put its finger on the plan and say, with knowledge of the facts: "To-day we are that far along." Congress is waking up to that, at last.

Congress appropriated hundreds of millions. Many activities looking to the creation of an air fleet were carried forward. But the business of producing an air fleet was not organized.

Of course we shall pick up the loose ends and we shall have an air fleet. After the recent disclosures we shall stop the silly business of swelling ourselves up with hot air, and shall go to work. But even then how effectively we shall work is altogether a question of organization.

That is true all along the line. We know the various departments and agencies of the Government have collided and conflicted with one another at this point and that, for a whole year, because they were not, in fact, subject to one supreme authority that planned war work as a whole. Need of better organization in aëronautics and other details runs back to the need of a supreme war board.

That Budget

YOU know we need a Federal budget. No extensive business could be run successfully as the Government of the United States is now run—with no summing up, no careful survey of income and outgo as a whole, no real balance sheet. Chairman Sherley, of the House Committee on Appropriations, says that summing up, survey and balance of government finances as a whole constitute the obvious needs of a budget. Then he adds:

"There is a need—not so obvious but no less real—that is the need of the people of America for education in the affairs of their Government, which they would get if public attention could be focused every year, first on the great bulk sum of the aggregate demand of the executive departments, and then directed to the principles and policies involved. That psychological need of the people is shared by their representatives in Congress. We cannot breed big, broad-gauge statesmen in the House of Representatives by the present picayune, hodgepodge methods of financing the Government and of determining the needs of the Government. Instead of developing statesmen who can see the United States as a whole, we train men in sectionalism and as special pleaders for this, that and the other thing that they think will benefit their localities and therefore strengthen them as individuals in a political way with their constituents. Congress and the people need what they have never had—a big, comprehensive, clear annual picture of all the needs of the country."

Than which nothing truer was ever said on the subject. Fiscally, under normal conditions, the Government of the United States never deals with the United States as one all-inclusive unit. It never sees the United States as a whole in one comprehensive view. It sees and deals only with fractions, pieces, incidents. The pork barrel is a logical corollary of our budgetless scheme.

But who is going to remedy this bad condition? Will the President really take it up? Will Congress really take it up?

The Size of the Loan

WALL STREET felt relieved because this Liberty Loan was only three billions instead of five. There was reason for that, because Wall Street—meaning the country's leading financial institutions—knows it must hold the bag. But no individual has any warrant for feeling relieved in a way that relaxes his effort to subscribe.

Three billion dollars is an enormous sum. The demand for it comes after two preceding loans soaked up all the surplus money in the country at the time of their issue. The two preceding loans were not so successful as they should have been. Too much of them was left on the hands of the banks. And in fixing the minimum at three billions the Treasury undoubtedly counted on a large oversubscription. Unless this loan is oversubscribed at least fifty per cent it will, in comparison with the second loan, look like a failure. An oversubscription of less than fifty per cent would comfort Berlin with an idea that America's determination was weakening.

Subscriptions must not fall short of four and a half billions. The more individuals take and the greater the number of subscribers the better the country's position will be—not only economically but even in a military way, for the German people will watch the results.

That means a greater effort than the people of the United States made individually for the second loan. The situation demands it. This is an easy war for us. We are paying very largely in money, rather than in blood. We are fighting Germany in good part by hiring a substitute to shoulder the musket. Failure to discharge our easy task to the utmost would be shameful. Keep that in mind when you figure up your subscription.

This New Range Is A Wonder For Cooking

Although it is less than four feet long it can do every kind of cooking for any ordinary family by gas in warm weather, or by coal or wood when the kitchen needs heating.

There is absolutely no danger in this combination, as the gas section is as entirely separate from the coal section as if placed in another part of the kitchen.

Note the two gas ovens above—one for baking, glass paneled, and one for broiling, with white enamel door.

Gold Medal Glenwood

The large oven below has the Indicator and is heated by coal or wood.

See the cooking surface when you want to rush things—five burners for gas and four covers for coal.

When in a hurry both coal and gas ovens can be operated at the same time, using one for meats and the other for pastry—It

"Makes Cooking Easy"

Write for handsome free booklet 147 that tells all about it.

Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass.

Makers of the Celebrated Glenwood Coal, Wood and Gas Ranges, Heating Stoves and Furnaces

PATENTS That Protect and Pay

Send Sketch or Model for Search

BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE

Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.

NO FIRE DANGER

In munition factories, powder companies, mines, oil fields and warships—where a fire means an explosion and a catastrophe that must be avoided at all hazards, they use the

DELTA

ELECTRIC LANTERNS

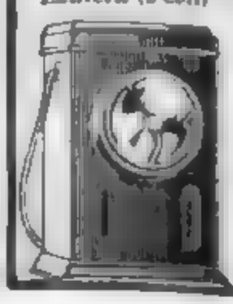
Housekeepers, farmers and business men of all kinds cannot afford to be any less careful. With this lantern all fire danger is eliminated. It gives a broad, penetrating flood of electric light for 350 feet—more than any other kind of lamp. Operates on two ordinary dry cells and will last six months on average service. Has a thousand night lighting uses both indoors and out. Is clean, safe and economical.

There is a Delta Lamp, Lantern and Flashlight for every purpose.

Sold by all first-class dealers. Illustrated circular sent on request.

Prices complete with batteries:

Lantern (2 cell)	No. 1	$3.00
Lantern (2 cell)	" 10	3.50
Lamp (1 cell)	No. 7	1.85
Flashlight	No. 3	1.10
Flashlight	" 34	.95



Canadian Prices

No. 1	$4.35	No. 10	$5.00
No. 7	2.70	No. 3	2.00
	No. 34 . $1.80		

Delta Electric Co.

Dept. 60, Marion, Indiana

Manufacturers of the World's Standard Battery Lamps.

MICHELIN

Twelve Tire Tests No. 5

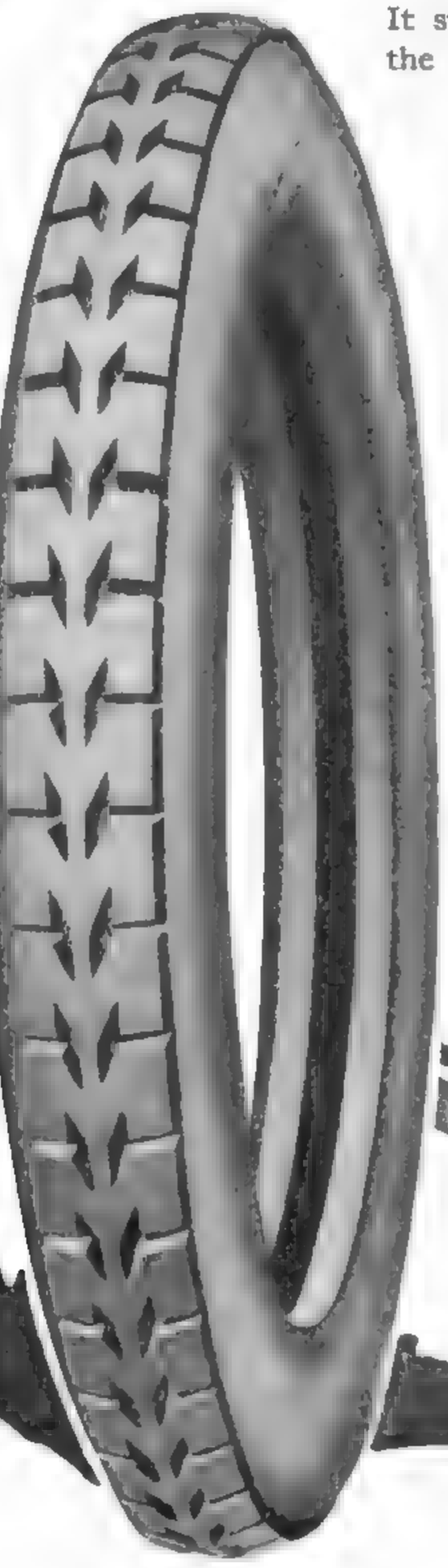
This series of twelve tire tests is designed to take the uncertainty out of tire-buying by helping the motorist to determine beforehand what service he may expect from the various tires he is considering. The next Advertisement in this series will appear in an early issue of "The Saturday Evening Post."

Price

You owe it to yourself before deciding on which tires to buy to compare the prices of various standard makes. You should, of course, also remember quality.

For there are two distinct classes of tires—first, those that are made to sell at low prices; and second, those that are made with the ideal of high quality in mind.

It stands to reason that it is better to buy a tire of the latter class if you can get it at the right price.



Most motorists have a mistaken notion that all "quality" tires are high-priced. But fortunately this idea is not founded on fact.

MICHELIN TIRES
Moderately Priced

To prove this, ask your dealer for comparative prices or write us and we will send you an interesting price comparison sheet showing prices on all leading makes and sizes.

You will find that Michelins are moderate in price, though they are recognized the world over as unsurpassed for durability.

CASINGS MICHELIN TUBES

Look for this Sign on Leading Garages

MICHELIN TIRE CO.
Milltown, New Jersey

Michelin Tire Company of Canada, Ltd
782 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal, Canada

Michelin Tires Are *Not* High Priced

ANNOUNCEMENT

OUR Government has requested that we put at the disposal of the War Department our entire output of "BULL" DURHAM tobacco.

And we have complied—fully, gladly. For whatever the Government wants, whatever it needs, it must have from us and from you fully and with a generous heart.

We have been sending immense quantities of "Bull" to our men at the front, and at the same time trying to supply consumers at home. But now we are asked to give *all* our output:—36,000,000 sacks, 2,000,000 lbs., 100 carloads of "BULL" DURHAM every month.

This call means more than just huge figures to me and I know it will mean more than figures to the hundreds of thousands of men everywhere in the country who look upon that little muslin sack of good old "Bull" as a personal, everyday necessity.

But, if "Bull" is a necessity to you, here, in the peaceful pursuit of your daily life, how much greater its necessity to those splendid Americans who have gone to fight for *you*—to *win* this war for *you*.

I know that you will think of them as I do—only of them. I know there will not be a single complaint. I know that you will give up your share of "Bull", however long you have enjoyed it, however close it is to you, as you will give up anything you have if it is made clear to you that our forces over there need it.

That the Government has requested the whole output of "Bull", the night and day output of all of our factories, must make this absolute need clear to you.

And I know that you will not forget the little muslin sack—gone for the present on its mission of hope and inspiration to our boys in the trenches.

"Bull" will come back, with ribbons of honor. Have no fear.

President

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
NEW YORK

The "Smoke" *of a Nation*

WHO'S WHO

By LOWELL OTUS REESE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

"A Company of Patriotic Citizens Bought His Plant Yesterday, and Last Night Mr. Ackerman Went Away"

INDIVIDUALLY men are friendly with one another, no matter how widely separated. Collectively they draw a circle about themselves and nourish in varying degrees an enmity toward every other community. True, sometimes this instinct is hardly apparent, but do not be deceived; it is there.

Between Copper Sky and the county seat, Cactus Center, this hostility bloomed and bore fruit in spasmodic seasons of searing language and bloody noses. It began when Cactus Center, observing with jealous eye the rapid growth of its younger rival, gave Copper Sky a little pin scratch by calling the incipient mining town "the wettest place in the driest place this side of hell."

This of course referred to the thirst of Copper Sky. Wherefore the men of that town took umbrage; for though it could not be denied that Copper Sky was located, geographically, in a mighty dry land the citizens aforesaid, knowing themselves to be temperate men—that is, as temperate as men might be and still remain healthy—felt a strong glow of civic indignation.

When the Cactus Center editor, Mr. James Edward Wilson, wrote the scintillating epigram alluded to he rubbed his hands and voted himself the brightest intellect on the Mojave Desert. It was well he celebrated thus early. Had he foreseen the result he would have set a new style in sackcloth and ashes.

For that pin scratch reddened and festered in the soul of Copper Sky until at last it ripened into a chronic soreness which refused to heal. Even Time, the greatest healer of them all, failed to spread any balm upon the sore spot. Nay, Time merely added new scars and new eruptions; for, like a mountain feud, the animosity grew more and more bitter as the years went by and men forgot what had first occasioned it.

When Copper Sky held its first election the sore spot came to a head of the first magnitude; and its bursting shook the whole county, the resultant effluvia poisoning the milk of human kindness beyond all hope. And as for the pacifist element in the two desert towns—there wasn't any. From the most influential citizen down to the meanest dog everybody belonged heart and soul to the war party.

What made it rankle and pain beyond the normal was the fact that Copper Sky could make no adequate denial. In the first place Cactus Center had a newspaper, and Copper Sky had none with which to make denial. In the second place Cactus Center's widely published accounts of the Copper Sky election were so near the truth as to be most embarrassing.

For it is an unfortunate fact that temperate men can get just as badly confused if they tarry long enough at the cup—as badly confused as confirmed inebriates. And it could not be denied that in the excitement of that great day some voter had proposed the election of Old Sim Yaples as constable. It was of course a mere alcoholic joke, but it leaped into instantaneous popularity; and when the haze cleared from the brains of the celebrants they discovered that Old Sim had been elected—Old Sim, the town drunk, once a noted Indian trailer but now a dissipated little old bald-headed shell of a man, and—alas!—the constable of Copper Sky!

"

DINNER was nearly over at the Palace hotel. Most of the diners had finished and left the table, but a few remained, among them Old Dad Tolliver and Long Bill Holliday. These two old prospectors talked of stopes and dips and angles and pay chutes and such exciting things, dawdling over the fag end of their repast.

Sitting farther down the table Sim Yaples, little and old, bald of head and sour of disposition, chewed industriously with toothless jaws, maintaining large silence. Across from Sim one-eyed Cœur d'Alene Tom Brawley picked his teeth in comfortable repletion.

Suddenly into the peaceful dining room Aunt Malindy Crow burst like a motherly goddess of wrath, waving a new copy of the Cactus Center Times.

"They're at it again!" she panted, her usually good-humored face red with heat and indignation. "Who do you reckon they've slandered this time? Judge Navlett!" She slammed the paper down before Dad Tolliver and pointed with a trembling finger. "Read it!" she commanded.

Dad put on his spectacles and read the article aloud. It was a mean screed, attacking Judge Navlett's fitness as a justice and adding innuendoes reflecting upon the old lawyer's past life. It closed with a sneering allusion to Copper Sky as a place where only drunks and incompetents could be elected to office.

"For, as we have said before," the article closed, "Copper Sky is the wettest place in the driest place this side of hell!"

After the reading there followed a long silence. Judge Navlett! The old jurist was the one man in Copper Sky who held the unbounded respect and esteem of the entire community. Everyone knew instinctively that Judge Navlett was an honest man. There had been a thousand proofs that he was a kindly man as well.

Old Sim Yaples was the first to stir. He laid down his knife and abandoned his custard pie. This alone showed that he was greatly moved; for custard pie was Sim's favorite dish, seeming designed by Providence for a toothless man. Venomously he slapped his hat upon his sunburnt bald head and left the room.

"And we've got no show on earth," barked one-eyed Cœur d'Alene Tom Brawley; "not a show on earth to get even! We've got no newspaper to fight back with. Cactus Center's infernal lies about Copper Sky go out over the world and nobody knows they ain't true!"

"If it was the good old days," said Long Bill hoarsely, "it'd be easy settled! We'd just totter down there with our six guns and smoke 'em out—and that'd be the end of it!"

Dad Tolliver took off his glasses and put them away with a trembling hand. "The old days are gone, Bill," he sighed. Then he turned to Aunt Malindy Crow. "Maybe you've got a plan, Aunt Malindy," he said with a smile, half-playful, half-wistful.

"I have!" said Aunt Malindy. "Listen!"

Copper Sky's jail was a small square box of a building, set in the middle of the wide sandy street, between the Palace Hotel on the south side and Johnny Eisinger's popular saloon on the north. From the front door of the grim little building the view was down the torn street to the railroad station, half a dozen blocks below; and all the way one saw, on either side, many swinging beer signs hanging above the sand-littered board sidewalks, with here and there a bored blasé donkey dozing at a tooth-scarred hitching rack. Behind the calaboose the street continued on up the slope until it petered out and was lost among the rocks and brush at the foot of old Soledad Butte looming into the hot sky back of the town.

The calaboose door was propped open with a chunk of quartz. Old Sim Yaples sat upon the sill, gazing with red rimmed eyes down the street and above the railroad station to the far-lying Panamints, barely distinguishable in the gathering night. Sullenly the old man brooded, feeding the impotent fires of rage within him. Drunks and incompetents! His skinny hand strayed to the big revolver in his belt, and into his hot eyes came real tears of yearning to go down and settle the matter with Cactus Center in the good old way—a yearning which unconsciously duplicated Long Bill Holliday's passionate wish.

However, Sim knew that this might not be done. He was constable of Copper Sky, with all the dignity of his important office to conserve. The ethics of his chaste position even debarred him from going down to Cactus Center and trying to gouge out the editor's eye. Not that Old Sim's conscience was averse to the pleasant enterprise; it was simply a matter of the conservation of his official dignity aforesaid. Besides, it probably would mean six months in their miserable calaboose! Why, once upon a time they had confined him there for ten days—merely for getting drunk and shooting a hole through Cactus Center's one street lamp!

The old man's toothless gums ground together as he recalled the outrage. And he, too, realized the impotence of Copper Sky and the overwhelming resources of the county seat. Cactus Center held all the points of vantage, all the influence that a county seat carries. It had the population; it was on the county map; it had a newspaper, which it used as a goad wherewith to jab the tender skin of Copper Sky; it had all the county officers, not one of whom would concede that any citizen of Copper Sky was entitled to anything but the worst of it.

For a long time Old Sim sat and wrestled. Then the door of the Palace opened and Dad Tolliver issued forth. Behind him followed Long Bill and Cœur d'Alene. These three crossed the street and went into Johnny Eisinger's place. About them clung a certain indefinable air of mystery.

Fifteen minutes later Dad came out alone and hurried away toward the railroad station. The northbound passenger train was nearly due; evidently Dad meant to board it. Old Sim watched the weather-beaten figure until it disappeared at the station, and wondered where Dad might be going. Not to Cactus Center, for the county seat lay twenty miles to the south.

Sim gave it up finally, and began tidying his calaboose. The structure was the pride of his shriveled old heart—the calaboose and the enormous star, the badge of his high office, pinned to the breast of his shirt.

Just now the heavy door was the object of his attentions. Carefully he oiled the hinges and the great lock, a spring lock which might be opened only from the outside. Only one thing troubled him in connection with his calaboose: the big door would not stay open unless propped. Left to itself it invariably banged shut. Some day he would fix that door. . . .

After a while he decided to go over to Johnny Eisinger's and get a drink; for it suddenly occurred to him that a

Continued on Page 77

—the food saving way Hotpoint

America's Service Army is now using over 3 million *Hotpoint* appliances in its efforts to carry out the Government's instructions to conserve food values, to save fuel, to relieve congested transportation and to save time.

Each month this Spring from thirty to forty thousand additional *Hotpoint* appliances have been called into service—about two thousand each day. And why? Because—

***they save* fuel** —262½ pounds of coal burned at the Central Station will generate electric energy which, used in your home, will do as much cooking as eight hundred pounds of coal burned in your range.

These figures are arrived at after exhaustive tests and show a saving of 67% in fuel.

And in saving coal, you help to relieve traffic congestion.

Or if you are served by a hydro-electric company the economies are more pronounced.

And comfort—no heat in the room, no fuel or ashes, no fumes nor smoke—nothing but just zipping hot wires which are under your complete control.

***they save* food** —identical five-pound roasts cooked under test conditions show the following losses of weight during cooking:

—in the oven of a standard gas range, 25% loss

—in the oven of a standard coal range, 18¾% loss

—in the fireless cooker, 20% loss

—in the oven of a Hotpoint Range, 16% loss

—in the Hotpoint Ovenette, used over the Glowing Coil Stove, 17½% loss.

You save nearly ½ pound of roast or, converting this saving to the money basis, Hotpoint Ovenette saves 13c in food values.

***they save* time** —turn a switch—snap, snap, snap, and you have "high" heat—a red-hot coil of high resistance wire that gives you plenty of action; cooking begins instantly.

A little later—snap, and you have "medium" heat—sufficient to continue the operation.

Then—snap, and you finish cooking on "low" heat, or give the switch another turn and the heat is entirely "off"—expense stopped on the instant.

Isn't that easy? Doesn't it mean exact results? Time and patience saved?

Yes, better cooking, done more comfortably with sure results.

—boils —broils —fries —toasts

Hotpoint Radiant Grill (shown at left) is a complete cooking outfit. You cook above and below the glowing coils—two operations at the same time.

For instance—while making toast above you broil chops or bacon or shirr eggs below.

Cooking begins the instant the plug is put in.

High, or medium, or low heat as is most economical.

Use Hotpoint Ovenette over it and bake anything up to a 5-lb. roast or chicken.

Made of pressed steel, nickel plated and highly polished. Attaches to any lamp-socket. $7.50 including upper and lower cooking dish, pancake griddle and broiling grid.

blub, blub—

Says Hotpoint Valveless Percolator and asks you to enjoy a cup of perfect coffee—amber clear, zipping hot and always the same.

Ready in less than ten minutes after you put cold water into the pot. Saves coffee, too.

Five styles of pots from $8.00 to $10.50. Three styles of urns from $13.00 to $18.00.

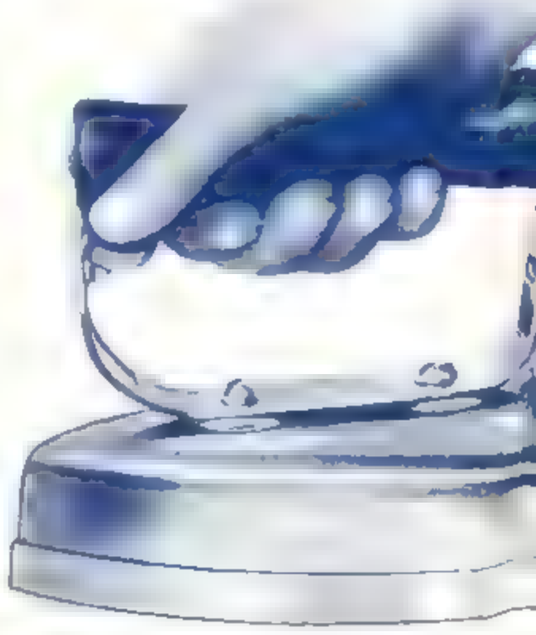
The one shown above is the 6-cup, nickel plated, panelled pot, $10.50.

crunchy-brown—

Just slip a couple of slices of bread into a Hotpoint Toaster—shortly you turn them and pretty quick you have two slices of crunchy, tender toast.

Make it at the table, as eaten. Simply repeat the operation as long as toast is wanted.

Handy rack on top of Toaster for keeping toast warm or for passing. Made of pressed steel, nickel plated and highly polished. $5.00.



iron in comfort—the Hotpoint

The heat is right in the iron instea
comfort). There is no waiting, no
Hotpoint is the most widely used
—point is always hot enough to ir
—the handle is always cool *(no ho*
—just tip it up onto the attached
—notice the Thumb Rest in the
—cord protector prevents breakag
3-lb. sizes, $4.00; 5 and

Your Hotpoint Dealer

Somewhere right near you there is a Hotpoint dealer who will gladly demonstrate these and the numerous other Hotpoint appliances.

Hotpoint — the fuel saving way

NOR should your *Hotpoint* installation stop with cooking appliances, for here are three major time and expense savers—three real comfort makers which will vitalize your electric wiring system (*that now lies dormant most of the time*) and set it to work for you—

—set your electric wiring to doing your ironing in about half the time and at about half the cost

—set your electric wiring to removing all dust and dirt from rugs, floors, draperies, and insuring the always clean home

—set your electric wiring to the task of furnishing medicinal heat, day or night, in any room

Attach them to any lamp-socket. The amount of current consumed is negligible.

cook instantly—

The very moment you put the plug in, the coils on this Radiant Stove are glowing.

Use your regular kitchen utensils, or bring it right to the table if you find it more convenient.

Use Ovenette over it and you bake bread, roast—anything perfectly. Attach to any lamp-socket.

Made of pressed steel, nickel plated, highly polished; 7¼ inches in diameter. $4.50.

plunge it in—

Whenever you want to heat a small amount of liquid quickly, just plunge this Immersion Heater into it.

Extremely efficient, because all of the heat is absorbed by the fluid.

A straight, smooth cylinder, nickel plated and highly polished; self-sterilizing.

Small size as shown, $4.50.

Larger size for kitchen use, $5.00.

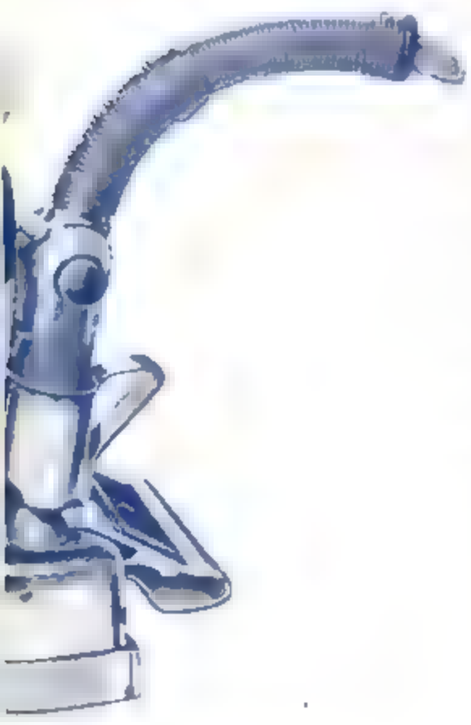
Crookneck style for sterilizing, $6.00.

instant heat—

No bother now—no delay, no trouble of any kind to apply heat to the body. Simply connect Hotpoint Comfo to any lamp-socket and it begins to heat instantly.

Heat under control of user and can be maintained at any desired point. Encased in metal so there is no risk. Flexible Comfo (as shown above) conforms to most body curves; in removable eider-down cover. $6.50.

Aluminum Comfo. A thin, round disc 8 inches in diameter, removable eider-down cover. $5.00.



Hotpoint Vacuum Cleaner

It is much easier to have the house always clean by using Hotpoint Vacuum Cleaner than to indulge in periodical house-cleaning spells.

Simply attach to any lamp-socket; the flexible cord enables you to reach into the corners of the largest room. Push the Cleaner lightly over the rugs and floors—all of the dirt is sucked up and deposited in the bag; later it is permanently disposed of.

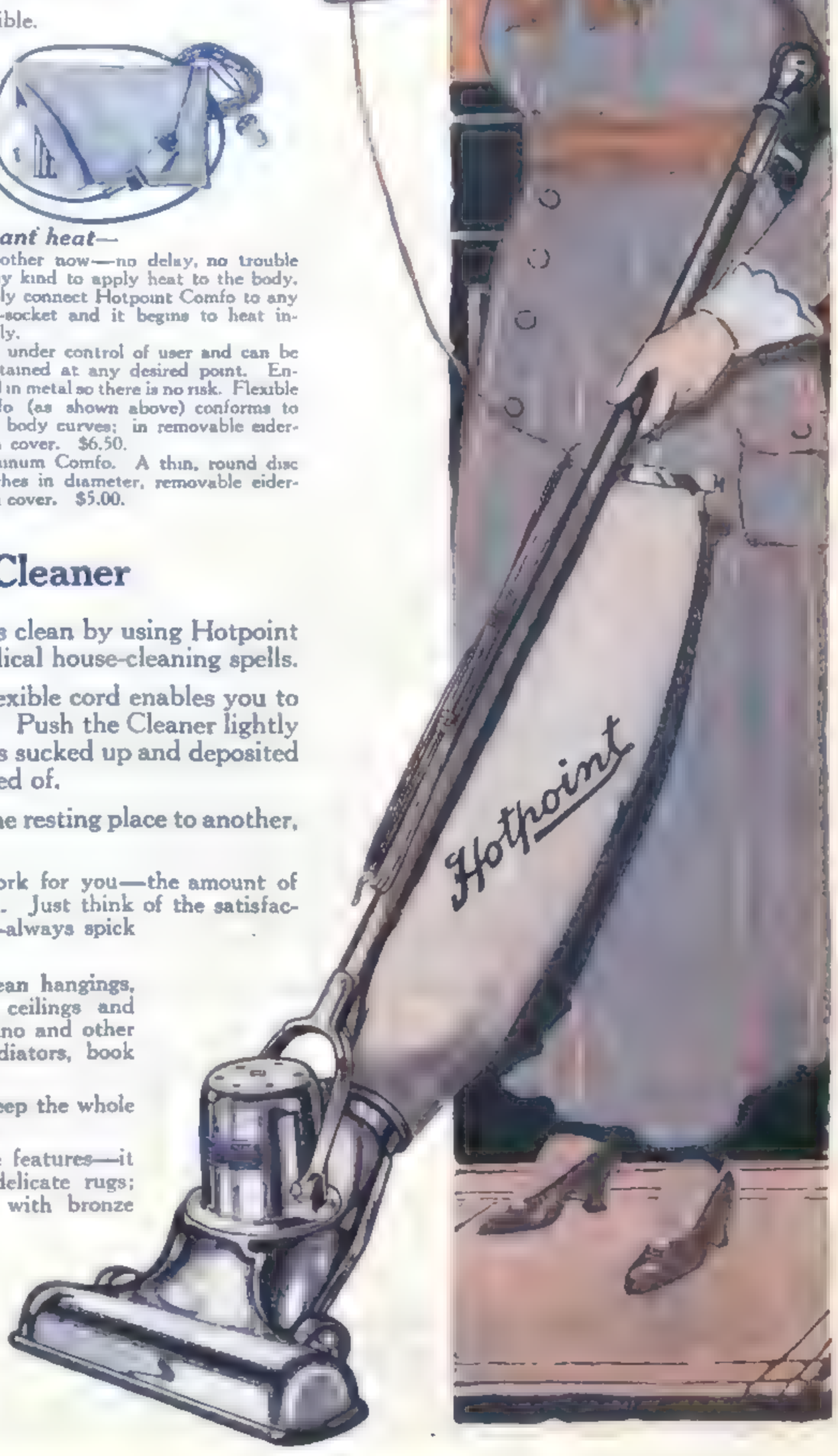
How much better than switching it from one resting place to another, and how much **easier.**

You simply set your idle electric wiring to work for you—the amount of current used is negligible and the cost is trivial. Just think of the satisfaction of having your home always dust-free—always spick and span.

The attachments enable you to thoroughly clean hangings, clothing and tufting—to remove dust from ceilings and picture molding—to easily clean under the piano and other heavy furniture—to blow the dust out of radiators, book cases and other difficult places.

In fact, the Hotpoint Cleaner enables you to keep the whole house spotless—it banishes the broom forever.

Hotpoint Vacuum Cleaner has many exclusive features—it is made of pressed steel; it will not mark delicate rugs; also lighter and stronger. Air-cooled motor with bronze bearings and improved oiling system. Comfort Grip Handle with push button at finger tips—bayonet lock dust bag. Cleaner, $30.00. Attachments, $8.50.



way—
d of in the room **(that means**
walking back and forth.
electric iron in the world—
on with
der)
stand
picture *(it rests the wrist)*
6-lb. sizes, $5.00.

HOTPOINT DIVISION

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE COMPANY, Inc.

HUGHES NEW YORK

Manufacturers of General Electric CHICAGO

Hotpoint ONTARIO, CALIF.

Get Out of Your Bottle of

LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

—*all* there is in it for you. Not only as an emergency antiseptic, but in promoting oral and personal hygiene of the entire family. Its many uses are noted in booklet "Domestic Medicine." Send for a copy.

Manufactured only by Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 73)

clamoring void remained where should have reposed his succulent piece of custard pie.

III

THE town of Metropolis was not all that its name implied. It consisted of two or three dozen board shacks, and the place looked as though it had been hit on the head with a club and was still staggering about over the desert, not yet recovered from the blow.

Once upon a time a boom had come to Metropolis, a boom which made its citizens see the blistering desert watered by many wells and blossoming like a whole field of wild roses. But alas for boom dreams! The wells were sunk, but no water was found. When a depth of five hundred feet failed to discover moisture enough to bathe the brow of a fevered lizard the potential millionaires gave it up and went away, leaving the field of wild roses aforesaid to take its place among the other mirages of that parched land. But they left behind them a scattering population which lived by virtue of the fact that the place was a railroad town.

Among the stranded who stayed on, like hulks left after the recession of a tidal wave, was Editor Ackerman, of the Weekly Harbinger. Mr. Ackerman was a wrecked-looking gentleman with a blue nose and a stubbly beard. About him clung a constant aura of beer.

Mr. Ackerman was asleep among his dusty papers and so did not hear when the northbound passenger train pulled in, stopped for a moment and then clattered away toward the Pass. Nor did he hear when an elderly stranger came stealthily in out of the darkness and closed the door behind him, contemplating then the dilapidated hand press and the ink smeared paraphernalia of the Harbinger office. But when a horny forefinger poked the editor tentatively in the ribs he awoke and blinked at his visitor.

Dad Tolliver was an astute man. In that brief glance he had appraised the situation thoroughly; so he wasted no time but went directly to the business which had brought him to Metropolis. He sat down and drew close to his host, proffering a fat cigar. "Brother," he whispered, "what would you do for ten dollars?"

Mr. Ackerman regarded his interrogator with an incredulous gaze wherein grew the dawning of a great hope.

"Brother," he said, "I would do so many things! I would roll over and wag my tail! I find the English language inadequate to express my sentiments when I yearn to the job of telling you what I would do for ten dollars!"

Dad leaned closer. "And what would you do for a hundred dollars?" he asked huskily.

The tears sprang to Mr. Ackerman's congested eyes.

"Brother," he said earnestly, "I would plow the cindery fields of the Bottomless Pit and plant them to lilies of the valley! A hundred dollars! Why, with a hundred dollars I could leave this place, which undoubtedly was the devil's winter resort until it got too hot for him and he went away. Say on, dear heart!"

From his pocket Dad hauled up a buckskin bag of twenty-dollar gold pieces and made a neat stack of them upon the table. Ackerman's avid eyes counted. There were ten of them.

"These," said Dad Tolliver, indicating the pile of coins—"these are yours if you carry out the business that I have come to talk with you about."

Carefully he laid down his plan. Earnestly Mr. Ackerman harkened: and when the recital was ended he reached out and shook hands with his guest.

"Will you come?" asked Dad Tolliver, restoring the gold to his pocket and rising.

"Will I come!" Mr Ackerman's voice dripped tears of emotion. "Brother, if you see any jack rabbits in the road as you go back tell them to get out of the way or they'll get run over; for to-morrow somebody's coming that way—somebody that knows how to hurry!"

IV

EDITOR Ackerman and his printing outfit arrived in Copper Sky in the middle of a very dark night. Noiselessly the heavy wagon rolled up through the deep sand and stopped before a little board shack next door to the Palace Hotel. Mysterious figures detached themselves from the surrounding gloom and helped the editor to descend. There were three of these mysterious figures, and they looked vaguely like the forms of Dad Tolliver and Long Bill Holliday and one-eyed Tom Brawley. The town slept.

Followed then a season of much grunting and sundry profane ejaculations as these apparitions struggled with the wagon's contents; subdued remarks, through which occurred frequent appeals from the weary editor for a drink. Then, the wagonload safely inside, the editor was bedded down in the room back of the partition and the doors locked securely. Mysteriously as it had come the wagon turned about and creaked away through the night.

"And What," Dad Asked Huskily, "Would You Do for a Hundred Dollars?"

When Copper Sky awoke next morning the little building beside the Palace Hotel wore above the front door a badly painted sign reading Copper Sky Centipede. Through the dusty front window the excited populace caught occasional glimpses of a seedy individual who gravitated between the little front office and the mysterious room back of the thin board partition. But the door was locked and no man might enter. The back door was tried, but it too was locked. These things added to the fires of excitement which grew to the measure of a conflagration when the first Centipede crawled off the press and was placed in the hands of the acclaiming citizenry.

Copper Sky had a newspaper at last! A meager sheet, it was true—but a newspaper! In this first edition of the Centipede a significant article spread itself across the entire front page and was captioned "Salutatory!" The opening sentences were in black-face type and read:

"The Copper Sky Centipede is a paper devoted to the welfare of Copper Sky, spiritually and materially. But the sentiments uttered in this periodical are the sentiments of the editor alone. No other individual shall share with the editor the glorious responsibility for the Centipede's bold proclamations."

Following, the Salutatory continued:

"Beginning with the next issue the Centipede purposes to run as a regular feature a 'Who's Who' column, which will be of special interest to its readers in that it will unlock some painted sepulchers and rattle the dry bones inside of them.

"We have arranged to exchange with nearly a thousand newspapers all over the West. We have also arranged to furnish this column of 'Who's Who' to all the news services. Therefore when we begin the publication of this splendid feature we trust the world will know our county as it really is; will know the city of Copper Sky for the law-abiding, temperate, industrious and peaceful community that it is! Not as it has been misrepresented by the ring of unprincipled scoundrels who, taking advantage of the fact that they alone possessed the Power of the Press, have filled the past years with insult and obloquy rained upon the name of our fair city and upon the illustrious citizens who have helped to make it great.

"Tremble, ye malefactors who have fattened on the blood of reputations! You shall soon feel the Centipede's sting!"

These last words in black type half an inch high!

When the morning mail brought the initial Centipede to its doors Cactus Center received its first intimation that Copper Sky possessed a newspaper. The scrawny but truculent sheet raised even more of a sensation in the county seat than it had in Copper Sky, which is saying much. Speculation busied itself anxiously with the sinister reference to a "Who's Who" column. Clearly this was to be a blow at certain individuals of Cactus Center. The leading men of that town felt a cold chill of apprehension and wondered whose head had been singled out for the first bolt of this retributive thing.

On Thursday evening Mr. Ackerman finished setting up the type for the second issue of the Centipede, which was to be mailed Friday evening, so that it might reach its readers early Saturday morning.

Surreptitiously Dad Tolliver and Long Bill and Cœur d'Alene Tom had visited the place, through the back door of the pressroom. They had read proof and were vastly delighted, slapping Mr. Ackerman upon the back and commending the flattered publisher most profanely. They pronounced the "Who's Who" feature perfect; and after addressing to it their choicest encomiums they stole away, leaving the editor bathed in a pleasant glow of self-esteem.

This grew upon him until, like Rip Van Winkle, he decided that so much virtue should have a toast in its honor. It was time to go to bed; but going to bed was a thing that might be done at any time. He would go across the street and grow acquainted with a few of the inhabitants of this excellent town. He put on his hat and with a fond parting look at his nice juicy galleys, all loaded for bear, he locked the door and went across to Johnny Eisinger's.

It was near midnight when he made the acquaintance of Old Sim Yaples. This happy meeting came about through the flash of the constable's star. Mr. Ackerman saw the flash of that noble badge and decided that by all means he must cultivate its wearer.

Together the two fast friends sang songs. Together they wept over the transcendent beauty of the same. About half-past one o'clock an inspiration came to the editor.

"You come with me!" he whispered mysteriously. "C'mon over to thee Centipede offish. Wan' show you shomeshing. Wan' show you shomeshing make your eyes pop out a foot!"

Stealthily and with uncertain feet the two went over to the Centipede office. After painful effort and much weeping

(Continued on Page 81)

Any one of the 20,000 Goodyear Service Station Dealers will gladly help you get extra mileage from Goodyear tires

Copyright 1918 by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR
AKRON

How to Reduce Tire Costs

ALL that the world's largest tire manufacturer knows of goodness and efficiency is built into Goodyear Cord Tires.

From the hour the raw rubber is gathered in the forest to the time the completed tires leave the factory, unsparing pains are given to their perfection.

Under reasonably favorable conditions Goodyear Cord Tires will deliver the very maximum of usefulness at the minimum outlay of cost.

In passenger car service, in racing, on light and heavy trucks and as airplane equipment, they have won a place well beyond contemporary challenge.

However, no matter how good and efficient a tire may be, the returns it delivers are governed in some part by the action of the user himself.

The man who gives his tires proper care may very well get from them a return exceeding by thousands of miles the service delivered his neglectful neighbor.

Indeed, experts contend that for every two tires which now deliver their full capacity to the owner, one tire is prematurely ruined by inattention and abuse.

The easiest and the quickest means for the average motorist to reduce his tire costs is to give his tires the benefit of prompt and intelligent care.

For our own part, Goodyear has consistently and repeatedly endeavored to help its users get from their tires all that is built into them.

Time and time again we have urged the wisdom and the profit of even the most elementary prudence in this matter.

We have prepared tire conservation bulletins, first-aid hints, suggestions for repair and like data, any of which may be had on request.

We have devoted a very appreciable portion of our advertising outlay to the maintenance and conservation of tires now in service.

In carrying on this work we have found that a great many car-owners are disinclined to care for their tires themselves, whether from lack of time or for some other reason.

It was this disinclination on the part of motorists generally that prompted the inauguration of the Goodyear Service Station plan.

By this plan Goodyear hopes to complete in the field the work begun in its factories, that Goodyear users may always get maximum mileage from their tires.

In its execution, more than 20,000 Goodyear Service Station Dealers are employed—in cities, towns and hamlets throughout the country.

These Goodyear Service Station Dealers do more than sell tires; they are pledged to help Goodyear users get from such tires the final mile of usefulness.

Their work is one of instruction, co-operation and helpfulness—a work concerned particularly with tire conservation and care.

The service they perform is put forth not in any spirit of philanthropy but as a matter of sound business policy.

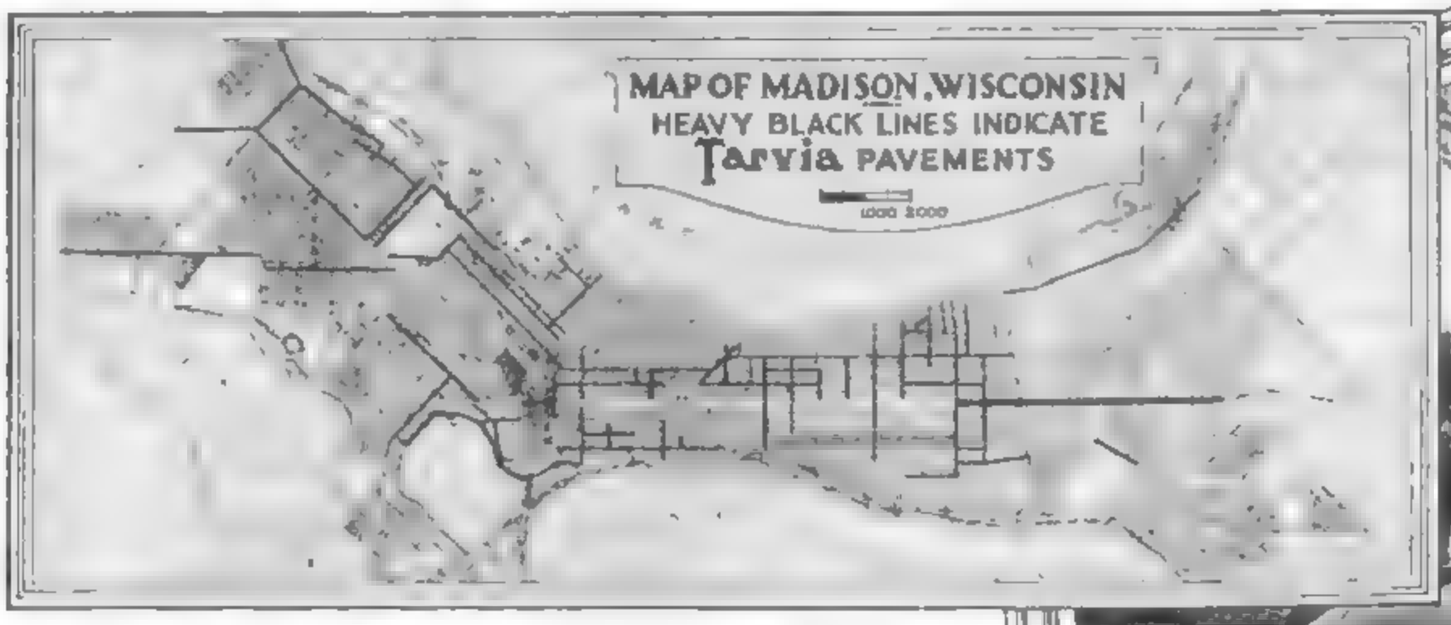
They know, as we know, that the final answer to success in the tire business is the public's satisfaction and good-will.

We urge you to take advantage of the Goodyear Service Station plan and to benefit by the additional mileage that its application means.

There is no way to reduce tire costs that is more convenient or effective, and no time for it better than now.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

CORD TIRES



Tarvia
Preserves Roads
Prevents Dust

Let Us Introduce You to a Town That Believes in Good Roads!

Did you ever see a more interesting lay-out of a city than this of Madison?

Lake-fronts at top, bottom, and end. And what a waist-line! A lithe young American city of the very best and most progressive type.

Its streets are its special care. Its motor-cars are so many, its trucking is so heavy, that the town demands streets that are dustless, mudless, and bumpless.

Therefore, it is a Tarvia town.

Note the black lines in the map: *those are Tarvia streets—39 miles of them!*

Madison began with Tarvia in 1908. The people liked it so well that street after street has been treated with Tarvia.

The officials gave the people what they wanted, namely, streets without dust, without mud, without noise, and *without big maintenance expense.*

Madison continued to use Tarvia extensively during 1917 and the Tarvia mileage in Madison will be bigger this year. For Madison, like hundreds of other American towns, has found in Tarvia the solution of the vexatious road problem.

The Street Superintendent has written recently in a published article about the streets of Madison:

> "We have been informed by officials from various cities who have visited Madison to inspect our streets and obtain cost-data of maintenance that we maintain our streets at a lower cost than any other city in this section."

Now, when the nation needs good roads so that motor-trucks can help out the great railroad congestion, it is more important than ever that every community should investigate the road proposition thoroughly.

To any one interested we should be glad not only to send our regular good-roads literature, but to give advice on specific road problems.

(Upper picture)
Madison Street, Madison, Wisconsin, constructed with "Tarvia-X," penetration method, 1912

(Lower picture)
Regent St., Madison, Wisconsin, constructed with Tarvia Topeka Mix on old macadam base, 1915

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers.

This service is free for the asking. If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you.

New York Chicago Philadelphia
Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh
Kansas City Minneapolis Nashville
THE BARRETT COMPANY, LIMITED: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

The *Barrett* Company

Boston St. Louis
Detroit Birmingham
Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria

(Continued from Page 77)

over the lost keyhole Ackerman finally got the door unlocked. They went in and the editor managed to light the lamp. He went back to a shelf and took down a certain slab of type.

"Here she ish!" he whispered, rocking. "'Who's Who' column for nex' Shaturday Centipede. Make Cactus Shenter have a fit! Wait ——"

He was very drunk; but the sureness of the old printer was his and he succeeded in pulling a fine proof, which he handed to Old Sim and then dropped into a chair, for he was indeed very weary. The old trailer's eyes reeled so badly that he could not read.

"Whazzit say?" he demanded.

There was no response from the editor. He had fallen asleep in the chair and Old Sim could not waken him.

Lonely and disconsolate, robbed of his fellow convivialist just when the night was getting good, Sim mechanically tucked the "Who's Who" proof into his shirt pocket and went weaving back to Johnny Eisinger's.

But Johnny Eisinger's place was closed. So was Jimmy Underwood's resort, farther down the street. From one end to the other the town was dark and silent as an Egyptian tomb.

A sullen anger mounted within Old Sim. It crystallized at last into a fierce and unalterable resolve. He would leave this place! Yes, he would not stay in a town where they closed up at two o'clock.

Up toward the Pass he could hear the approaching roar of the down-coming night express. Maybe he could get a drink in Cactus Center.

V

OLD Sim reached Cactus Center safely, but went to sleep upon a baggage truck directly upon his arrival, for the journey had made him drowsy. Consequently it was after sunrise when he entered the nearest saloon, having neglected his high mission most sadly. As he took up his glass he saluted the bartender with it, according to long custom, and uttered the old plains formula which in ancient days always preceded the drink when friends met friends upon the rough frontier and performed their sacred rites before the bar.

"How!" said Sim.

The bartender regarded Sim sourly. He recognized the old man as a citizen of Copper Sky. "How!" he conceded grudgingly and stood waiting, with a cold eye on his customer.

Sim finished his glass. When he began searching for the price of his drink he came upon a yellow paper in his shirt pocket. He did not remember it as part of his property. He looked at it closer.

The matter was under the heading "Who's Who" and the old man suddenly got a dim recollection of the circumstances under which it had come into his possession. Editor Ackerman. . . . "Make Cactus Shenter have a fit!" . . . Secrecy—a certain secrecy which, with that old sixth sense of his, born of long years as an Indian trailer, he had felt for several days, and which had seemed to center about the office of the Centipede.

"James Edward Wilson."

Old Sim's eye caught the first subhead and he read the article beneath it, puzzling still

"This, the first individual to appear in our 'Who's Who' column, is the haughty creature who infests Cactus Center, calling himself an editor and issuing a weekly monstrosity wherein he lies consistently, but very, very crudely. He calls the monstrosity a newspaper; but herein he is patently wrong, for lies are not news. Therefore the Times is not a newspaper; and by the same unanswerable logic James Edward Wilson is not an editor—only a liar.

"The editor of the Copper Sky Centipede has not needed to send away to secure information regarding the life and misdeeds of the editor of the Cactus Center Times. We knew him twenty years ago in Wahtachie, Kansas.

"James Edward Wilson was then working in a livery stable.

"One day he came to our newspaper office, borrowed two dollars of us, jumped his board bill and was never again seen in Wahtachie, though we learned that he had served a term in a penitentiary in Nebraska for stealing a horse, and later another term in a Colorado penitentiary for a similar offense.

"Then we lost all sight of him until we came to Copper Sky and learned that in some incredible way he had become a so-called editor in the so-called town of Cactus Center.

"We are not overjoyed to find him again, though a ray of comfort comes to compensate us—perhaps we may get that two dollars back!"

At this point Old Sim became aware that someone was peering over his shoulder. Turning sharply he looked into the unfriendly eyes of Red Ochiltree, newly elected sheriff of the county.

"Give me that!" said the sheriff, and held out his hand.

Old Sim's faculties steadied with a snap and he became at once alert. With one swift movement he changed his position, so that he was between Ochiltree and the door, his back to the street. One hand dropped to his belt and the other returned the yellow paper to his shirt pocket. Next moment he had backed through the door and was gone.

Ochiltree dashed out after him, but Old Sim had disappeared. The sheriff spent no time, however, in trying to hunt down the weasel-like old sinner from Copper Sky. He turned and ran up the street to the Times office. Wilson had just come in.

Panting from his run the sheriff told what he had seen. "I only got an eyeful, Jim," he said, "but the first article in the 'Who's Who' skinned you alive! Said you left Wahtachie under a cloud, went to the penitentiary for horse stealing ——"

"Me?" gasped the bewildered editor. "Wahtachie? I never heard of the place! I never was east of the Rocky Mountains in all my life! I ——"

"How are you goin' to prove it before the world after it comes out in the Centipede and is copied all over the United States?" demanded Ochiltree. "And I caught a glimpse of the names of Judge Heppner and District Attorney Jordan; and I think my name was there too—but I am not sure."

Editor Wilson had gone a pale Nile green and yellow. He snatched down the telephone and began calling Judge Heppner.

"Old Sim can't get away from us," panted Wilson while he waited for the judge to answer. "We'll get Old Sim, anyway, and find out what it all means. There's no train this morning ——"

"Yes, there is," said Ochiltree. "The local freight is nearly ready to pull out now."

"Hello!" bawled Wilson into the telephone. "That you, judge? Say: The Copper Sky Centipede is about to go to press. It is carrying some scurrilous articles about Cactus Center. Got my name there ——" And he went on to tell the judge what Ochiltree had seen.

"That's too bad!" consoled the judge. "But don't worry! It's not true, of course ——"

"But it'll hurt me before the world!" yelled the excited editor.

"There, there, my boy!" counseled the lawyer. "Don't get nervous. It'll soon blow past and be forgotten, you know."

"But your name is there too!"

"My God!" cried Judge Heppner hoarsely.

As he crouched in the box car midway of the long freight train Old Sim Yaples began to realize plainly that he had in some manner tipped Copper Sky's hand in the very stronghold of its enemies. He had read but little of the "Who's Who" proof, but what he had read gave him a large clew to the whole matter. Old Sim's understanding was acute, in spite of the long years of dissipation. Had he not owned an acute mind he never would have survived so many Indian campaigns, where the slow of apprehension used to die miserably, feathered with arrows. He now had a pretty good understanding of Editor Ackerman's presence in Copper Sky. The printing press. . . . His mind went back and tied up these things with the discussion at the dinner table on the evening when Aunt Malindy came boiling into the dining room with the paper. . . . The pieces definitely ceased revolving in the old man's mind, fitted perfectly together—and he knew.

And now Cactus Center seemed to him a most desirable place to leave behind him. From his dark corner he could command a narrow view of the street which led down from the business section to the station, for the last few blocks crossing among vacant lots. Tensely he waited and watched, hoping that the train would get away before the arrival of any incensed Cactus Center patriots.

Presently the train jolted and started sullenly out of town. Sim's heart leaped, for it certainly seemed that his hopes were going to be justified. But even as he rejoiced three men came running down the street. Sim easily recognized them. Ochiltree was in the lead, Wilson was next and Judge Heppner struggled along in the rear. Sim almost fancied that he could hear the fat jurist wheeze.

He watched them come and prayed that they might be left; but in this he was disappointed. They arrived at the station platform just as the caboose rolled slowly by, and even fat Judge Heppner managed to drag himself aboard.

What an awful mess he had made of it! Old Sim nearly wept as he sat in the lurching car, glaring with red eyes at the waste of brush-grown sand across which he was traveling. Well, he was half a train length ahead of them, anyway. If he could just beat them to the Centipede office.

Feet came clattering along the car roof and stopped overhead. A hoarse uncultured voice rose above the clamor of the wheels, cursing bitterly.

Old Sim groaned. More trouble! They had seen him sneak into the car, then, after all! What a miserable affair it was! Oh, why hadn't he stayed away from Cactus Center! Why hadn't he stayed away from the Centipede office!

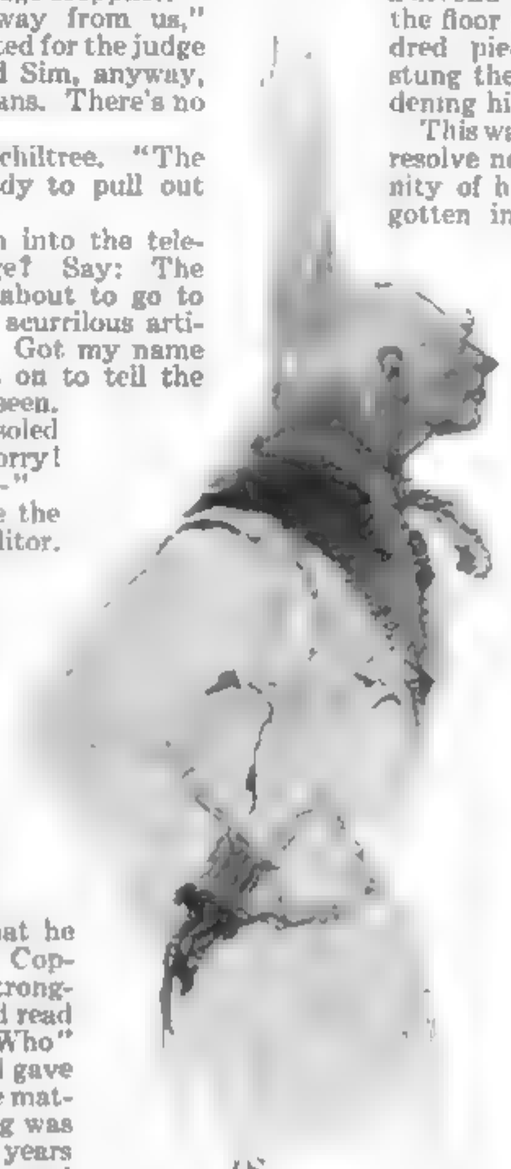
A heavy chunk of coal thumped upon the floor and bounded across the car, barely missing Sim's head. The brakeman had extended himself upon his stomach, reached over the edge of the car roof and hurled his projectile back into the interior of the car. It was excellent strategy, but before Sim had a chance to admire it in all its details a second lump followed. It hit the floor and broke into a hundred pieces, several of which stung the old man's face, maddening him.

This was the last straw! Sim's resolve never to violate the dignity of his high office was forgotten in a sudden red rage. Yelling curses that made the poor brakeman's feeble efforts resemble the small talk at a church sociable he jerked the shiny old revolver from his belt and emptied it through the car roof.

The six shots followed one another so closely that they blended in a single roar. Upon the roof the brakeman answered it with a terrified yell and soared back over the long train to the caboose.

Followed then a season of apparent peace, which lasted until the freight train was nearly into Copper Sky. But Old Sim was not deceived. That sixth sense of his assured him that the brakeman had brought up reënforcements and that these lay in ambush overhead, waiting until the train should stop.

As Sim's car cleared the end of the ore switch a stretch of sand went by, comparatively clear of cactus. The old man made a long leap out through the car door, struck the sand and rolled over and over, accumulating as many thorns as a pincushion. Lumps of coal thumped all about him. Then he was up and going away from there with the speed of an ancient jack rabbit.



Sim Had Borne a Great Deal During the Last Twelve Hours and He Never Was a Patient Soul. He Yearned for a Fight

VI

BREAKFAST over, Dad Tolliver and his two fellow conspirators came out of the Palace and sneaked round to the back door of the Centipede office. They confidently expected to find the place humming with industry, for the editor had promised them that the whole edition would be off the press in time for mailing before the post office closed in the evening. However, they found the blinds drawn and the Centipede office as devoid of life as a sarcophagus.

The door opened readily and they went in. Draped across a chair, his mouth open and his feet in the wastebasket, Ackerman lay sleeping sweetly.

"We might have expected this!" moaned Dad. "Why didn't we stay right with him until the paper was out!"

For two solid hours they labored over the unconscious man, until the perspiration streamed from them and the close air of the darkened room threatened to asphyxiate them all. But nothing rewarded their efforts.

Old Cœur d'Alene straightened up at last and mopped his heated face.

"Let's hang him and give the whole scheme up!" he said fiercely, his one eye glaring in bloodshot rage at the dissolute wretch.

"No," quavered Dad Tolliver; "if we hang him we'll have to bury him—and I can't stand any more!"

With a swift padding of moccasined feet Old Sim Yaples slipped furtively through the back door. His hat was gone and upon his bald scalp was a long bloody scratch, where a chunk of coal had glanced from the tough old skull. Gasping and trembling from his exertions he told briefly his experiences at Cactus Center.

"They got on the caboose," he finished. "I saw 'em. Red Ochiltree, Jim Wilson and Judge Heppner. They wore their guns. I jumped off at the end of the ore switch and cut across town, so's to get here and warn you."

Dad Tolliver, the crafty old bellwether of the district, became suddenly calm. A crisis had arrived.

"They'll be here in three or four minutes," he said, thinking rapidly. "They'll bring an injunction; and warrants. They'll arrest Ackerman, first thing, and the rest of us too if they find us in here. Then they'll search the place and find the 'Who's Who' stuff. After that we'd just as well pitch the Centipede outfit into the street and let Cactus Center walk on us for the rest of our lives!"

They hurried outside and locked the door. There was no time to plan anything definitely. They could only trust to luck now, and hope that they might invent some device on the spur of the moment that would steer the outraged Cactus Center delegation away from the Centipede office for a while. They crossed the street to Johnny Eisinger's porch, where they lounged about and smoked in elaborate nonchalance. Hardly had they disposed themselves in their careless attitudes when the party from the county seat came hurrying up to them.

"Where's Ackerman?" demanded Judge Heppner abruptly and with no other word of greeting.

Dad Tolliver turned with a start of surprise. "Why, hello, judge!" he exclaimed. "Ackerman? Ackerman! Oh, you mean the editor of the new paper? Why, I haven't seen him for some time. Seems to me he was drunk last time I saw him. Wasn't he drunk, Bill?"

"Howlin'!" said Long Bill solemnly. "Drunker than a doodlebug!"

Red Ochiltree went across and tried the door of the Centipede office. It was locked. He pounded hard, but only hollow echoes answered. "He ain't here, judge," he called.

"Maybe he's in the hotel."

Ochiltree went into the Palace and almost immediately there rose sounds of bickering discordance, above which Aunt Malindy Crow's voice soared, even as an eagle soars above the lesser things of earth. Another moment and Ochiltree came forth with his hat caved down over his eyes and his red hair pulled awry.

"He ain't in there, either," he said, his face congested with rage and his breath coming fast.

"Go on down the street and take in every saloon," commanded Judge Heppner. "Be sure to search the livery stable carefully. Wilson and I will canvass this side. We're going to find that drunken blackmailer if he's anywhere in this collection of shacks."

As soon as the searchers were out of sight Dad Tolliver and his two worried adherents

(Concluded on Page 84)

Roll of White Truck Fleets

THIS Annual Broadside of White Truck fleet owners represents the very pick of American industry and commerce. It is a list of installations of ten trucks or more, showing how they grow from year to year, as time and service show their worth. There are now 2153 fleets in active service, totaling 23,226 White Trucks, exclusive of all single-truck installations.

	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	To-day
Abraham & Straus	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Adams Express Company	0	0	0	2	3	5	10	10
B. Altman & Company	0	0	8	8	33	67	92	92
Aluminum Co. of America	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	16
American Ambulance Field Serv.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	22
American Can Company	0	0	4	7	8	8	33	56
American Express Company	0	0	0	7	8	8	44	44
American Petroleum Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12
American Red Cross Society	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	86
American Steel & Wire Company	0	0	1	5	5	6	10	16
American Stores Company	0	1	2	9	14	14	15	29
American War Relief Clearing House	0	0	0	0	0	2	18	33
Ammen Transportation Company	0	0	2	7	8	9	11	11
Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n	0	0	0	0	0	1	17	19
Arlington Mills	0	1	1	1	1	2	2	11
Armour & Company	0	4	30	51	63	84	165	226
Associated Bell Telephone Cos.	0	1	6	30	46	84	311	435
Associated Dry Goods Corporation	0	0	8	13	23	29	37	40
City of Atlanta	0	3	6	8	10	10	11	11
Atlantic Ice & Coal Corporation	0	0	0	15	15	15	20	27
Atlantic Refining Company	1	4	9	31	67	86	184	275
The Bailey Company	0	1	3	6	6	13	16	17
City of Baltimore	0	3	4	7	14	14	29	30
Baltimore Transit Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	21
The Barrett Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	17
Beam-Fletcher Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	16	42
Bellevue & Allied Hospitals	0	0	0	1	3	9	15	19
Stedman Bent	0	0	0	0	0	1	19	23
William Bingham Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	16	17
Samuel Bingham's Sons Mfg. Co.	0	0	2	3	4	4	6	10
Blake Motor Trucking Company	0	0	0	1	6	6	18	20
Bogge & Buhl, Inc.	0	8	10	18	23	24	24	24
Henry Bosch Company	2	8	8	9	10	10	11	12
City of Boston	0	2	9	12	17	18	18	19
Bradford Baking Company	0	0	0	9	20	25	26	26
The Brandt Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	10
Broadway Taxicab Company	0	3	12	12	12	12	12	12
Brooklyn Alcatraz Asphalt Co.	0	0	0	2	9	9	11	11
P. H. Butler Company	0	0	0	1	1	4	6	11
H. M. Byllesby & Co. Inc.	0	1	2	2	2	3	5	11
California Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	15
California Parks Transp'n Co.	0	0	0	1	7	7	25	27
Chapin-Sacks Manufacturing Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Chero-Cola Bottling Companies	0	0	0	0	4	6	30	62

	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	To-day
City of Chicago	0	0	0	1	4	10	27	38
Chicago Fire Insurance Board	0	0	5	11	13	13	13	13
Cities Service Co. Interests	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	13
Clark's Bus Line	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
Clearing House Parcel Delivery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	3	10	10
City of Cleveland	0	2	7	14	15	19	23	32
Cleveland-Akron Bag Company	6	7	9	14	15	19	21	39
Cleveland Builders' Supply Co.	0	1	1	3	4	7	10	14
Cleveland Electric Illum'g Co.	0	0	0	0	0	6	17	23
Cleveland Provision Company	0	1	2	3	7	7	11	13
Cleveland Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	19
Clevel. & Sandusky Brewing Co.	0	0	1	1	2	3	10	15
Club Cab Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	21	25	25
Coca-Cola Bottling Companies	0	3	6	12	26	38	75	122
Consol. Gas, El. Light & Pwr. Co.	2	3	6	8	11	12	12	12
Continental Oil Company	0	1	2	2	3	4	19	25
Cudahy Packing Company	0	0	2	6	8	10	21	24
James DeMallie	0	0	0	0	1	1	16	16
Des Moines Motor Bus Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	23
Dominion of Canada	0	0	0	0	47	47	47	47
Dunn & Ruth	0	0	0	0	0	0	24	24
E. I. DuPont de Nemours Pdr. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	16
East Ohio Gas Company	0	0	0	1	3	5	5	10
T. Eaton Company, Ltd.	0	5	13	14	15	15	20	20
Emerick Motor Bus Company	0	0	0	1	5	9	11	14
Empire Gas and Fuel Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	26
Owen H. Fay Livery Company	0	0	0	23	23	23	23	24
Fenway Garage Company	0	0	19	19	29	29	39	39
Fly & Hobson Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14
Foster & Kleiser, Inc.	0	2	4	4	8	10	10	10
Harry V. Franks	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	16
Frederick & Nelson, Inc.	0	0	0	3	7	9	10	13
A. W. Gamage, Ltd.	0	0	14	14	14	14	14	14
General Baking Company	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	10
Georgia Railway & Power Co.	0	0	1	3	7	7	18	22
Gilman Motor Trucking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Gimbel Brothers	0	20	26	46	59	59	62	62
Glacier Park Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	10	20	22	23
Stacy G. Glauser & Son	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	14
Adolph Gobel	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
J. Goldsmith & Sons Company	0	0	3	4	5	5	7	12
B. F. Goodrich Company	4	6	9	11	12	17	19	22
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	10
Great Northern Paper Company	0	0	0	1	1	11	13	18

Call
In Actual Service

	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	To-day
Greenfield Elec. Light & Power Co.	0	3	6	9	10	11	13	13
Gulf Refining Company	0	1	9	29	81	172	463	563
Halle Brothers Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	13
Haverty Furniture Company	0	0	0	0	2	6	7	12
Hawaii County, T. H.	0	0	2	9	9	9	10	11
H. J. Heinz Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	16	19
The Higbee Company	2	4	5	6	10	10	10	12
Joseph Horne Company	5	12	15	24	33	39	47	47
J. L. Hudson Company	0	0	0	0	0	10	17	20
Imperial Oil Company, Ltd.	0	1	1	1	1	1	12	42
Independent Brewing Co. of Pgh.	1	1	2	5	5	11	28	36
Jones Store Company	0	2	2	5	6	10	14	17
Kaufmann Dept. Stores, Inc.	0	0	10	16	24	44	80	80
Kaufmann & Baer Company	0	0	0	1	40	45	51	59
C. D. Kenny Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	36
Henry Knight & Son	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Theodor Kundtz Company	3	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
J. William Lee & Son	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	13
Fred T. Ley & Company	0	0	0	0	1	1	4	10
Leyte Land Transportation Co.	0	0	3	6	10	12	14	14
Lit Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	17	26
Los Angeles Brewing Company	0	0	2	7	13	14	15	17
Los Angeles Ice & Cold Stor. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	10
Henry C. Lytton & Sons (The Hub)	0	6	7	9	10	11	11	12
McCreery & Company	6	6	8	8	8	11	15	15
G. M. McKelvey Company	0	0	1	1	6	8	18	18
R. H. Macy & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	15
Mandel Brothers	0	9	10	15	16	17	17	17
A. C. Marshall Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	15
State of Massachusetts	0	1	4	4	4	5	11	11
The May Company	0	0	0	4	11	15	26	26
Mesaba Transportation Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	15	18
Miami Valley Fruit Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12
Michelin Tire Company	0	1	2	3	3	9	11	11
National Casket Company	0	0	2	10	14	15	19	21
Province of New Brunswick	0	0	0	0	0	0	20	20
State of New York	0	0	3	3	3	5	29	37
City of New York	0	1	7	11	12	13	13	13
N. Y. Board of Fire Underwriters	0	0	2	6	8	16	20	20
Omaha Taxicab Company	0	0	0	0	6	8	17	17
Onondaga County, N. Y.	0	0	0	0	1	3	5	10
Oppenheim, Collins & Company	0	0	0	0	20	21	27	27
Pacific Mills	0	0	3	4	4	7	12	14
Frank Parmelee Company	0	0	0	9	9	18	28	28
Peninsula Rapid Transit Co.	0	0	0	0	0	7	8	15
State of Pennsylvania	0	0	0	0	1	2	5	15
Philadelphia Electric Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	15
City of Pittsburgh	0	2	9	14	14	15	15	15
Prest-o-lite Company	1	1	1	1	2	4	11	13
Pullman Taxicab Co.	0	0	0	0	10	10	31	31
Quaker City Cab Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	75	100
Edward E. Rieck Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	16
Riverside Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	16
Riverside Taxi Service Company	0	0	0	0	5	15	15	15
Rocky Mountain Motors Co.	0	0	2	2	3	3	21	23
The Rosenbaum Company	1	1	2	11	12	33	39	43
City of St. Louis	0	0	0	0	4	6	9	10
Saks & Company	0	0	0	0	10	10	10	10
San Bernardino Mount'n Auto Line	0	1	3	4	6	6	9	14
San Francisco Drayage Company	0	0	0	0	1	3	11	12
San Francisco Municipal Ry.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Schmidt & Ziegler, Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
Schulze Baking Company	1	1	9	15	17	22	23	26
Seiple & Wolf	0	0	0	1	2	2	10	10
Franklin Simon & Company	0	0	0	3	6	10	14	14
W. & J. Sloane	13	14	15	15	15	17	21	23
Southern Express Company	0	0	0	2	9	11	31	41
Spear & Company	0	0	1	9	13	14	15	22
Standard Oil Co. of California	1	3	4	6	7	26	67	97
Standard Oil Co. of Indiana	1	4	5	9	59	122	168	201
Standard Oil Co. of Kentucky	0	1	2	4	5	9	38	75
Standard Oil Co. of Nebraska	0	0	0	0	5	11	17	17
Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey	0	0	1	1	1	1	3	30
Standard Oil Co. of New York	2	6	18	35	68	113	230	363
Standard Oil Co. of Ohio	0	1	1	1	10	17	28	36
Stark-Tuscarawas Brewing Co.	0	0	0	1	1	2	7	12
Sterling & Welch Company	2	4	7	7	8	8	11	14
Stern Brothers	0	0	8	18	18	19	21	22
Stewart Taxi Service Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	18	30
Stone & Webster	0	1	1	1	2	2	8	25
Strawbridge & Clothier	0	0	0	2	4	4	9	15
Stroehmann Baking Company	0	0	0	2	2	2	10	10
Swift & Company	0	0	0	2	2	10	101	109
Taxicab Association, Inc.	0	0	0	26	40	76	151	151
Taxicab Company of California	0	0	19	39	59	59	59	69
Telling-Belle Vernon Company	0	3	4	4	9	11	11	13
E. B. Tenny	0	0	0	1	3	6	12	12
Terminal Taxicab Company	0	0	20	36	61	61	61	82
Arthur Tufts	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	15
Union Oil Company of California	0	0	0	1	10	22	43	156
Union Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	11
United Gas Improvement Co.	0	0	0	0	2	3	25	25
United Gas Imp't Co. Interests	0	0	0	2	6	12	16	34
U. S. Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	11
U. S. Post Office Department	0	0	0	21	27	104	132	298
U. S. Steel Corp. Interests	0	0	1	1	2	3	5	12
F. G. Vogt & Sons, Inc.	0	0	0	1	2	3	5	12
Wall Street Taxicab Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	19
John Wanamaker	0	0	0	0	0	6	27	37
Ward Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	12	53	76
Raphael Weill & Company	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	15
Westcott Express Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	36
Western Electric Company	0	0	2	4	5	5	9	15
Western Meat Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	11
R. H. White Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	14
J. G. White & Co., Inc., Interests	0	1	1	1	1	1	4	16
White Bus Line Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	14
White Taxicab Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	11
White Transit Company	0	1	1	2	6	9	19	29
State of Wisconsin	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	15
Woodward & Lothrop, Inc.	0	1	1	3	3	4	7	13
Yellowstone Park Transport. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	106	112
Zumstein Taxicab Company	0	0	0	2	2	6	10	20

THE WHITE COMPANY, *Cleveland*

(Concluded from Page 81)

swiftly regained the Centipede office. Still they had no definite plan, beyond hiding the materials which were to fashion tomorrow's beautiful paper. They did not dare hope that they might succeed in hiding the editor; but if they might save that type!

Old Sim did not follow them. Sim had quit running. He had had no breakfast and only one drink. The reaction of the night's dissipation had hit him and he was as cross as a hot tarantula. Red eyed and truculent he stood his ground on the saloon porch and waited. Sim had borne a great deal during the last twelve hours and he never was a patient soul. He now yearned for a fight.

Presently the Cactus Center officers reappeared, coming up the street. Old Sim watched them, his bald head with the bloody scratch upon it thrust forward and his red eyes fixed unwaveringly upon their approach. His skinny right claw twitched convulsively from time to time. And then he began to sing.

When Old Sim Yaples began to sing it meant that he was either very mellow or very dangerous; people who knew the old man took no chances in trying to find out which. Usually they discovered pressing business which took them elsewhere and left all the street to Old Sim Yaples.

Little yellow hornet was a-sittin' on a tree;
Little yellow devil, thinkin' somethin' up for me.
Pity me, you mourners, as you lay me in the ground;
But pity most the part of me the yellow hornet found.

"See here, Yaples," said Ochiltree harshly, "we've decided that you know where this man Ackerman is."

Old Sim did not reply.

"We know he means to publish a libelous article on some of the influential men of Cactus Center," insisted Ochiltree; "and if he isn't produced inside of the next five minutes," continued the angry sheriff, his voice rising, "we're going to batter down the door of the Centipede office and fix things so that there won't be any more Centipedes! We've got search warrants and everything, you know."

"Ackerman?" stammered Old Sim. "Well, you see, Red, Ackerman was drunk last night; and—and ——"

He paused and looked down, apparently crestfallen and reluctant to proceed.

"And you arrested him and put him in your calaboose!" finished the sheriff triumphantly. He knew how proud Old Sim was of his calaboose and how dearly he loved to keep it occupied. Indeed, the story of this obsession which characterized the constable of Copper Sky was known for a hundred miles round.

"I knew it!" he grinned, completely mollified by the thought that he had outwitted the old constable, and that he now had his man located. He took Sim by the arm. "Come on," he said, "and we'll go over and interview him."

"I won't!" said Sim stubbornly. "Besides, Ackerman ain't there ——"

"Well, give me the key then," said Ochiltree, grinning skeptically. Still Sim hesitated, with evident reluctance to comply.

"I was sworn to keep this key," he demurred. "Besides, you got no business in Copper Sky's calaboose. I was elected constable and I swore I'd take care of that calaboose and not let anybody in there that didn't belong there ——"

"Well, we belong there!" chuckled Ochiltree. He winked at his appreciative colleagues.

"Maybe you do! Maybe you do!" conceded Sim. "But ——"

"I demand that key!" said Ochiltree harshly. "I demand it—as sheriff of this county!"

Sim hesitated and then held his hands in the air. "Well," he said, "I reckon I've done all I could. If the sheriff of the county demands it—what can I do? But I part with it under protest. I want you to understand that you get it by force and coercion! Three of you to one of me!"

The sheriff had taken the big brass key from Sim's pocket. The old man dropped his arms. "You've robbed the constable of Copper Sky!" he said. "Robbed him of the keys belonging to his office; understand?"

Ochiltree was not much affected. He had the coveted key and he felt no compunction over the method he had employed. "Come on!" he said to Wilson and Judge Heppner; and the three men started toward the calaboose.

Old Sim gazed after them, and a malevolent grin lifted a corner of his wicked old lip.

Ochiltree had reached the calaboose. Importantly he inserted the key, turned it and shoved the door open. All three men crowded eagerly into the dark little room. From his position on Johnny Eisinger's porch Old Sim leaned forward expectantly, the grin of unholy joy still curling his wicked old lip.

Then it happened. Left to itself the massive door swung to with its own weight and closed with a heavy "chunk" of the sullen bolt as the ponderous spring lock worked sweetly, vindicating the oil and the loving care which Old Sim had bestowed upon it with such meticulous solicitude. The huge brass key stood in the lock—outside!

Sneering at the amateurish work of Dad Tolliver and his two sweating disciples Old Sim Yaples went to work upon Editor Ackerman with a scientific efficiency gathered up through the long years of experience. Within five minutes the half-drowned editor was begging for mercy; another five minutes and he was so full of black coffee that he felt like a human percolator. Before an hour had passed he was turning out Copper Sky Centipedes, assisted by the frenzied hands of the three old promoters, within whose hearts hope had rekindled.

Old Sim retrieved his key and hurried about over town, warning the populace to stay away from the jail, under penalty of getting shot. The warning was most effective, for Sim was singing again, and people had heard many legends relative to the old trailer's ability with the shiny revolver. The street in the vicinity of the jail might have been a graveyard. To a man the citizens of Copper Sky avoided it.

For a while that grim little structure fairly rocked with curses, entreaties and threats which nobody heard. There were yells and fierce poundings upon the stubborn door. Some one of the prisoners tried the heroic expedient of shooting the lock out of the door but desisted when a splashing bullet filled Judge Heppner's face full of small particles of lead. Revolvers were emptied into the air through the narrow iron barred window; but singularly enough these shots were also unheard in the city of Copper Sky. Evidently the entire community had gone suddenly deaf. At length their ammunition waxing low and their spirits waxing still lower the self-made prisoners relapsed into the silent apathy of despair.

Not so in the Centipede office, however. There the wheels of industry buzzed, with scarcely a pause for lunch. Fifteen minutes before the hour when the post office closed the last Centipede was off the press and Editor Ackerman fell into the cuspidor and wailed feebly for a drink.

Old Dad Tolliver bestowed it upon him personally, together with a large handful of gold coins.

"And wherever you go," said the old man, shaking the editor gratefully by the hand, "on whatever part of the earth you may sojourn, remember that we love you! Now get out of the way; for we're going to celebrate our emancipation from the yoke of Cactus Center by feeding these here Centipedes into the mail!"

VII

THE world was sweet to the eyes of Copper Sky. The sun came up and peeped across the shoulder of Soledad Butte. Its fierce red eye seemed to wink at the little town.

The Palace Hotel breakfast room was full of happy boarders.

Old Dad was reading to the company the "Who's Who" column of the Centipede. The article on Editor Wilson received loud and vociferous plaudits, and the history of Sheriff Ochiltree evoked applause which threatened the stability of the Palace Hotel. But the thing that nearly stopped the show was the Judge Heppner article; for Judge Heppner, it was well known, was the worst crook and the smoothest one in all the desert. And never before had anyone been able to place, in any paper, an attack upon this wily grafter.

"Presiding over the vital destinies of our county," ran the article, "a bloated spider of iniquity, weaving his web of greed inside the sacred shrine of Justice—is Judge Heppner.

"Drunk when he is called upon to decide questions of life, death and the imminent destruction of a soul; considering first his own aggrandizement when his duty urges him to judge between the widow and the predatory beasts of high finance; feeding fat upon the present, but not daring to lay bare his life back of the time when he came to Cactus Center and cursed our county with his dishonest presence.

"Judge Heppner! The Centipede bids you speak! From what penitentiary did you come to make in our fair land a travesty upon the holy name of Justice?

"Give us, if you dare, the name you owned before you assumed the one you now wear and disgrace before the world!

"Judge Heppner! You joined our enemies and trod upon Copper Sky, crushing it like a worm beneath your ruthless feet!

"Now, at last, the worm has turned! And behold, it is not a worm—but a centipede!

"Judge Heppner! Liar, thief, poltroon, grafter, convict, the Centipede stings you—take off your mask!"

Old Dad Tolliver dashed the paper upon the table and whacked it with a calloused fist.

"Good ole Ackerman!" he yelled enthusiastically. "How that ole sidewinder can write!"

A tornado of answering yells caught up and drowned Dad's observation—a tornado of sound above which rose the shrill, coyotelike screech of Old Sim Yaples, and then the old man's triumphant voice floating upon the tumult in a repetition of his favorite refrain:

War, war —
They say that you are hell.

VIII

SOMETIME during the night a copy of the Centipede had been poked through the bars of the jail window. The prisoners discovered it when they woke. Bitterly it was cursed. It was all they had for breakfast. And let it not be forgotten that they had had nothing to eat since breakfast of the day before.

And these slanderous articles had of course gone out in the mail last evening! By this time they had reached every part of the state! No doubt every news service would seize upon them and send them outside the state—all over the world, perhaps. Famished and miserable, Judge Heppner sat down upon the floor and wept.

Beyond any doubt he was ruined. He and the editor discovered at last what a deadly thing is the suspicion of taint that is thrown upon a man by even the most obscure newspaper. Wilson now comprehended as never before what was meant by the term Power of the Press. Ochiltree voiced the thing in his picturesque language.

"We'll never get rid of it, boys!" he moaned. "Of course everybody knows I never married no Piute squaw, nor murdered my pardner over in the Funeral Range twenty-three years ago. But the Centipede says I did. And no matter how innocent I am there'll always be something hanging over my good name—something suspicious, like the smell of burnt wool after the fire is out!"

Judge Heppner's soul made one last flicker toward hope.

"But wait!" he said. "When we get out we'll see! Blackmail, slander, libel—we'll get them on half a dozen counts."

"Sure!" sighed Ochiltree. "But that won't keep somebody from believing that maybe after all I did marry that squaw and that maybe I did shoot my pardner over in the Funeral Range."

About twenty minutes before the southbound passenger train was due Ochiltree became aware that the door was slightly ajar. He stepped over, jerked the door suddenly wide open and sprang out, a gun in either hand. The two other prisoners followed closely.

But no one was in sight. To this day the opening of that door remains a mystery. However, there were moccasin tracks in the sand, and a shrewd reasoner might have made deductions. But the Cactus Center sufferers were in no mood to make deductions. Grim and silent with famine and the desire for vengeance they went straight to the newspaper office.

From his seat behind the narrow pine board counter Old Sim Yaples rose and came forward as they entered.

"Ackerman!" croaked Judge Heppner. "We want Ackerman!"

"Mr. Ackerman is not with us any more," said Old Sim sweetly. He suggested a mangy old parrot which has been painstakingly taught to repeat an unfamiliar phrase. "Mr. Ackerman was unfortunately too dissipated for the temperate atmosphere of Copper Sky. So a company of patriotic citizens bought his plant yesterday, and last night he went away."

"Who's editor then?" bawled the sheriff.

"Me!" simpered Old Sim. "I'm the fightin' editor. Aunt Malindy Crow is managin' editor and there's fifteen or twenty subeditors out in the back room settin' up next week's paper."

"Hey, Dad!" called a raucous voice back of the thin partition, the voice of old one-eyed Cœur d'Alene Tom Brawley. "Where in hell's those em-quads?"

"How do I know?" retorted the voice of Old Dad Tolliver. "I can't bother with your fool em-quads; I got troubles of my own. I been huntin' half an hour for the s-box—and I guess I'll have to use a dollar sign after all!"

"Well," said Judge Heppner, "we'll proceed with our injunction anyway. The Centipede published certain slanderous articles ——"

"But this isn't the Centipede," said Old Sim, smiling the smile of a very honest coyote contemplating murder. "The Centipede is dead. Our company bought the press outfit—that's all. This is the Copper Sky Defender. You'll see the name over the door as you go out."

"But you're all implicated!"

Judge Heppner tried to get into his voice the thunder which had so often bulldozed ordinary men, but somehow it did not succeed very well. He was faint with hunger.

Old Sim smiled again, a smile that would have frightened the Little Red Riding Hood wolf into a cold sweat.

"You're all wrong, judge," he said. "Read the first issue of the Centipede and you'll see that the editor stated very plainly that he alone was responsible for everything that was said in the Centipede!"

Judge Heppner stood silent. For several moments there was no sound save the profane hum of the subeditors, laboring over the unfamiliar type cases in the back room. Old Sim stood with a hand close to his belt, his bald head thrust forward, his pale unwinking gaze fixed upon his guests, watching for the slightest false move.

Judge Heppner was the first to wilt. A fat man cannot stand starvation.

"Come, gentlemen!" he said weakly. "We—we have no case!"

"But we'll get you yet!" Ochiltree hurled back over his shoulder. "You and your damn Defender!"

"Now is the time to subscribe!" cackled Old Sim Yaples.

Of course Cactus Center knew perfectly well what had been done to it. Now that it was all over they saw clearly that Copper Sky had bribed the tramp editor to start a tramp paper, hurl one devastating broadside into the crumbling ribs of Cactus Center, and then disappear forever. And that broadside certainly had blown Cactus Center about. Worse still it left behind it a constant fear of something else that might happen at any time. A hint of this came to them, contained in an editorial carried on the first page of the next—or rather the first—issue of the Defender, badly spelled and weirdly printed:

"Copper Sky has a mystery," the article ran. "Last Friday three of Cactus Center's best-known citizens, Sheriff Ochiltree, Editor Wilson and Judge Heppner, came into town on the local freight. As they came up the street they met Simeon Yaples, our efficient constable, forcibly wrested from him the key to the calaboose, locked themselves inside the jail and stayed there all night and until nearly noon of Saturday.

"The Defender has nothing to say regarding this remarkable affair other than to hope that our county will soon knock off the shackles of the Demon Rum, so that the weak pitiful creatures who occupy high positions in our sister community may find it impossible to obtain the hellish stuff which enters their mouths to steal away their brains."

Farther down the page, separated from the text of the main article, was the message which planted that constant nightmare in the souls of Cactus Center. It was one brief paragraph, but set in the blackest of black-face type:

"The Centipede is no more. It was a fearless warrior against Copper Sky's defamers while it lived. The Centipede is dead. . . . But its soul goes marching on!"

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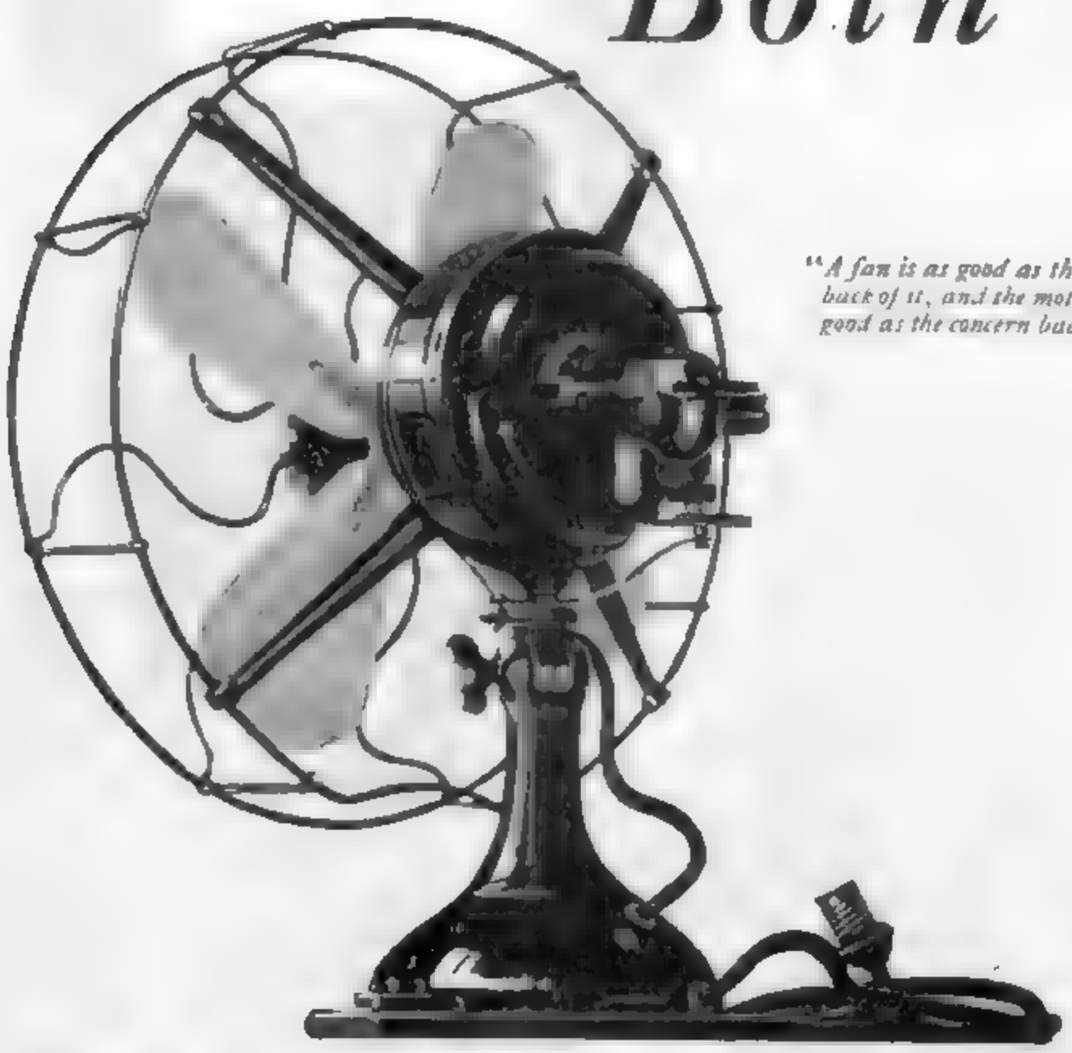

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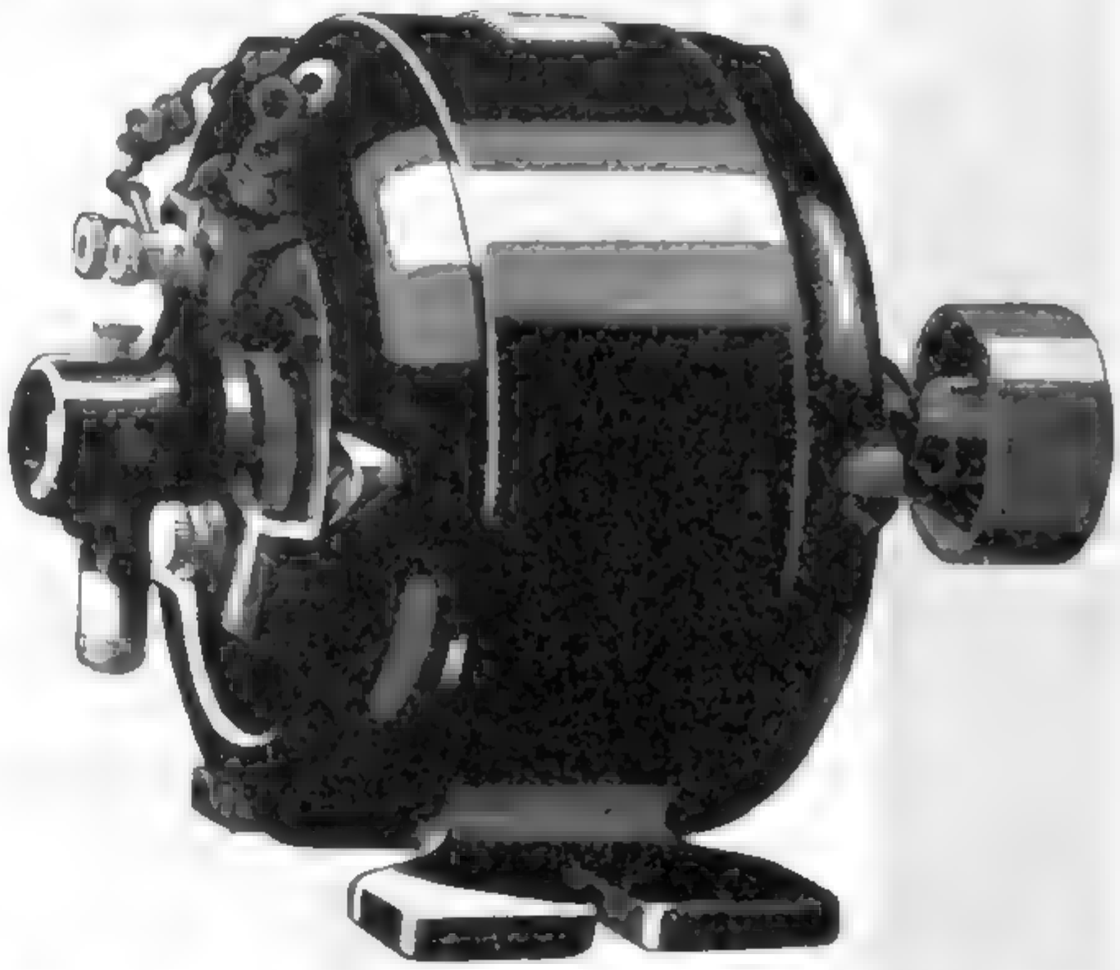

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REFORM OR REVOLUTION

(Continued from Page 13)

of the Fatherland political organization. He has the support of the military leaders and the war industries. They started the war, and they wish to annex the rich industrial fields of France and Belgium and the agricultural plains of Poland and the Baltic provinces. The other party is that composed of and supported by those who seek a peace of understanding on the basis of no annexations and no indemnities.

Though a war had been waged for some time between these two factions, it was not until the peace discussions began in Brest Litovsk that political trenches were dug and a No Man's Land established between them.

When the first emissaries of the Russian revolutionists walked into the German-Austrian trenches and asked for a truce, they were received by officers of the Central Powers and blindfolded. With handkerchiefs tied over their eyes they were placed in Teutonic automobiles and taken to headquarters, where they were cross-examined as to their purpose and their plans, and then sent back to their own trenches, still blindfolded. At the time, the illustrated newspapers of Berlin and Vienna published photographs of the blindfolded delegates.

Not many days after the truce was signed delegates of the Vierverband and Russia appeared at Brest Litovsk, and the Entente was given ten days, within which period they could join the peace debates. Everything transpired as Germany scheduled it until the Russians discovered that the delegates facing them spoke a confusing tongue and until the President of the United States and the British Prime Minister stated their peace terms. Though Von Kuehlmann, the Secretary of State, and Count Ottokar Czernin, the Vienna Minister of Foreign Affairs, spoke of peace without annexation, General Hoffmann, the representative of the German General Staff, presented a map of the Eastern occupied territory and firmly informed the Russians that Germany was there to talk peace with Russia only so far as the territory now controlled by the revolutionists was concerned. Though the Foreign Office delegates spoke the language of conciliation, the military authorities delivered the ultimatum. Thus the blindfolding policy was maintained, but in a different manner.

Divided on the Peace Issue

When the speeches of Kuehlmann and Hoffmann were printed the storm broke in Germany. The first reaction was in the press. Those newspapers considered exponents of Liberal politics—the Berliner Tageblatt and the Frankfurter Zeitung—openly declared war upon the All-Deutsch and Vaterland parties, which were represented by the Berlin Deutsche Zeitung and the Lokal-Anzeiger. The former declared in favor of a democratic peace. The latter maintained that the only peace the German nation could accept would be that established by Von Hindenburg and the army. The Liberals demanded that the Reichstag be called into extraordinary session, but the government refused.

The army, navy, Reichstag, government and political parties were divided on the peace issue. The working people and the industries were separated; and, despite the official warning that if there were strikes the living conditions would become worse and the reform of the Prussian electoral system would be endangered, over five hundred thousand workmen left their benches. Socialists and Social-Democrats united against the Conservatives and National Liberals. Independent business houses opposed the war industries. Bavaria and Southern Germany were pitted against Prussia and the north. Austria was rent, and the schism between Vienna and Budapest, between the Dual Monarchy and the land of the Hohenzollerns, became alarming.

Von Tirpitz was called a national traitor. Von Bethmann-Hollweg was charged with bankrupting the nation politically. Ludendorff threatened to resign. The Kaiser was forced to discharge the chief of his civil cabinet. In Frankfort the people cried "Down with Hindenburg!" and public meetings were prohibited. The cry for bread and peace echoed in the four corners of the nation. No one escaped the wrath of the undernourished, war-weary, nervous mass of Germans.

As the disagreement reached greater proportions, each side appealed to the emperor. The Liberals, through editorials in the Vorwärts and Frankfurter Zeitung, informed the crown that the people were still loyal to the Hohenzollerns, but that they expected the Kaiser—who alone, according to the German Constitution, has the right to make war and peace—to decide in favor of a democratic peace. The Annexationists assumed a different tone and manner. They threatened the Kaiser and King. Unless the Imperial War Lord decided in their favor, they said, he could not expect further support from the military leaders and the financial and business interests.

The issue was brought directly to the Hohenzollern court. The Kaiser called the Crown Prince, Von Hindenburg and Ludendorff from the Front, and Von Kuehlmann and Count von Roedern, the Secretary of the Treasury, from their offices to the palace for a conference. The government denied that it was a Crown Council, but the press accepted it as such. Later Count Hertling and other statesmen were called before His Majesty, but a decision could not be reached. The Kaiser was not powerful enough to decide in favor of the Liberals and the people against the war interests, and he had not the courage to side openly with the Annexationists, for fear of the effect upon public opinion.

Handwriting on the Wall

Meantime the Annexationists overlooked no move that might bring them the coveted victory. They distributed unlimited funds throughout the nation to pay for public meetings and telegrams to the Kaiser and rulers of the German states favoring annexation. Where they could not purchase public opinion they manufactured it.

Every possible pressure was brought to bear upon the Kaiser. When the Annexationists discovered that the chief of the civil cabinet, Herr von Valentini, was inclined to favor a Liberal peace, the Kaiser was compelled to accept his resignation. Admiral von Mueller, chief of the naval cabinet, another adviser of the emperor, who is known and recognized as a Liberal, was threatened by the Annexationists; but he seems to be in good health and the War Lord can find no excuse for discharging him.

The Kaiser, as is indicated by the reply Count Hertling made to President Wilson's fourteen peace conditions, finally decided upon a compromise between the two warring factions; but the weak words of Hertling failed utterly to unite Germany. No chancellor during the war has been attacked as Hertling has been since his January address to the Grand Committee of the Reichstag. His address had the opposite effect from what was expected. It has separated the people and the Annexationists into such widely engulfed camps that the ultimatum is frequently published: *Entweder, Oder!*—literally, Either, Or!—meaning that the Kaiser must choose between the Liberals and the Pan-Germans, between democracy and conquest. There is no neutral ground.

At this juncture in the political war the people registered their will in a special election for a seat in the Reichstag from the district of Bautzen-Kamenz, in Saxony.

The election was fought between the Social-Democrats and the Conservatives—the former advocating peace, the latter "the security of Germany's boundaries." The war vultures spent thousands of marks in their campaign, maintaining that the selection of a Social-Democrat at this crisis in the nation's history would be equal to national treason. When the votes were counted Herr Uhlig, secretary of the Social-Democratic party of Saxony, and a working man, was elected by the largest majority ever given a candidate in this district.

If handwriting on the walls of parliament were needed to indicate the sentiment of the people, this election produced it.

In Frankfort and Munich a group of influential Liberals organized a new political party to combat the Annexationists. At conventions in these two cities President Wilson's fourteen conditions of peace were adopted as a platform. In all, twelve thousand people attended the meetings; but the censorship prohibited the Frankfurter Zeitung and the Munich Neueste Nachrichten, which privately supported the gatherings, from printing one word

(Concluded on Page 90)

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CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS ERIE, PA.

(Concluded from Page 88)

about this historic event—the founding of the Peace party.

In Bielefeld, according to the Vorwärts, twelve thousand people assembled before the City Hall adopted resolutions favoring the democratization of the government and congratulating the Austrian Socialists upon their demonstrations.

Count Hertling and Count Czernin replied to President Wilson and the British Prime Minister at about the same time; but the tone, the contents and the peace terms were entirely different. The German Chancellor reflected the views of the military party; Count Czernin stated the hopes of the Austro-Hungarian Government. Whether the Vienna Minister of Foreign Affairs spoke as the result of an understanding with the German Liberal party is not so important as is the fact that Emperor Charles' country is divided, as Germany is, by internal disputes.

There are two main issues disturbing the sleep of the Ballplatz: One is the public demand for more food and for peace; the other, the opposition of Hungary and a great section of Austria to the use of Austro-Hungarian troops in France. There has been already one cabinet crisis in Budapest over the proposed election reforms, and another may be expected at any time over the proposition of using Hungarian troops against the United States in the West. The Austrian people entered the war in 1914 because they were afraid of Russia. To-day there is no fear from this republic, so far as the people are concerned; and, though they are not in the mood to love their enemy, Italy, they are not willing to fight on forever, even against the Italians. The food and economic situation has been unbearable. In January Germany had to ship over one hundred carloads of grain to Vienna to guarantee the people something to eat, so they could resume their work in the factories.

Austria-Hungary cannot continue fighting indefinitely; she cannot continue so long as Germany can because she lacks military leaders, food, a strong army and the determination. The Dual Monarchy, desiring to avoid an internal breakdown, appealed to President Wilson through Count Czernin. Austria-Hungary was ready to talk peace because Count Czernin and Emperor Charles knew that this was the only answer they could give to the public demand that the war be ended.

Is Czernin Berlin's Mouthpiece?

The question of how far Germany influenced the Austrian minister in his reply to the President is an interesting subject for political speculation. For over two years every political move in Vienna has been dictated by Berlin. Austria approved the submarine warfare of Germany. Austria broke diplomatic relations with the United States because her ally demanded it. Under these circumstances is it possible, or even probable, that Vienna is to-day acting or speaking independently? The conclusion one automatically draws is that Count Czernin was inspired by Berlin to make his overtures to America, Germany's intention being that, if the United States agreed, the peace discussions between Washington and Vienna could be dictated from Wilhelmstrasse.

Looking upon the situation across the Rhine from the Swiss capital, it seems that, despite the past and despite the belief which some German Liberals seek to spread outside of Germany that Count Czernin spoke for the democrats of the German nation, the Dual Monarchy made a flank attack upon Berlin in a final effort to avoid a national catastrophe.

In Bulgaria the situation is similar to that in the Dual Monarchy, in that the people want peace. Bulgaria, as well as Turkey, has refused to send troops to France. This is the greatest proof that the Central Powers are not united as they were a year ago, because this refusal of Sofia is in direct violation of the agreement upon which Von Hindenburg became chief of the German General Staff. Bulgaria is jealous of Germany's power in the Balkans.

As for Turkey, the Sick Man of Europe has become the crippled old child of the Pan-Germanists. Turkey has gained nothing by the war and is on the verge of losing what she controls to-day. The only excuse the Sublime Porte has for continuing is that Germany finances the Turkish Government and Berlin has promised to protect Turkish interests at a peace conference.

The war within Germany and the Central Powers has been centering round the Kaiser. The Socialists and the people have been speaking openly about a revolution, while the Annexationists have been warning the Kaiser that there are precedents in history for kings' being overthrown by their successful military leaders.

Though the seeds of revolution sown a year ago are to-day beginning to bear fruit, some things are at work to destroy the harvest. General Ludendorff, the First Quartermaster General, has been intrusted with the great offensive in the West, which is the only method open to the military parties of preventing a catastrophe at home.

Since the January strikes the fight round the Kaiser has centered upon the Imperial Chancellor. The fear of a revolution was causing the military party and the Liberals to mobilize for peace. Count Hertling has many enemies now and neither party is satisfied with his program. The Annexationists are campaigning for Prince Bülow, the former chancellor and ambassador to Italy; while the Liberals and the Austrians are backing Dr. Richard von Kuehlmann. Von Kuehlmann has already been asked by the Liberals of the Dual Monarchy to campaign against Hertling and make peace with Czernin. The first overture the Secretary of State declined; but there are good reasons for believing that if the Kaiser calls him to succeed Count Hertling he will accept.

When the fight begins for the scalp of the Bavarian noble the world will be able to understand more clearly who is supreme in Germany by the decision the emperor makes. If he chooses Von Kuehlmann, the Liberals will be in power and make peace; if Von Bülow, Germany will have won the war—in the opinion of the military party.

The German and Austrian people may be calm throughout another crisis. In January they cried for a leader, but no nationally known statesman would champion their cause, and the Socialists who attempted to lead were imprisoned. Enslaved at the Front in the army and enslaved at home in the factories, the German people cried for a savior.

The Austrian Caller

While I was writing this article an Austrian called. He desired, he said, to explain the attitude of the Austro-Hungarian Government to an American newspaper man. I cannot give his name, though it is one that American experts in international law would immediately recognize; but some of his remarks I can give, because they were intended for publication.

"Austria-Hungary wants to make peace with the United States," he began. "The Austrian people and many of the government leaders, especially those who are not dominated by Berlin, think a great deal about what President Wilson said in his January speech. I am one of those men working for peace through Count Czernin, though I cannot say that I represent him or the government. I want to tell an American correspondent that our country wants peace."

I saw he was uncomfortable, because he had introduced himself as an enemy; and I interrupted him to remark that I thought Count Czernin had gone about the matter in the proper spirit, but that his colleague in Berlin was too belligerent.

"Count Hertling is in a difficult position," he responded. "He is not so free as Count Czernin; but I am sure he intended to say the same things our minister did. But Count Hertling is a man who has never been out of Germany. He knows nothing of foreign countries; while Count Czernin is an internationalist."

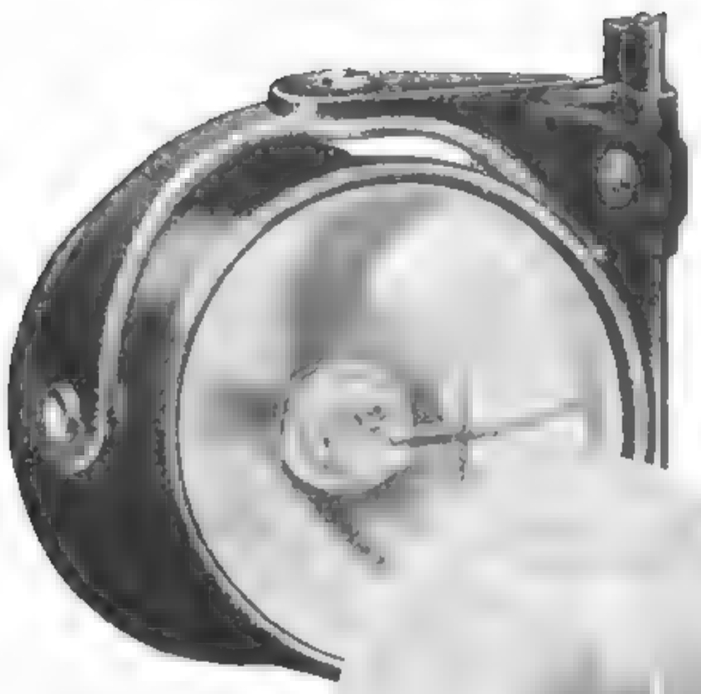
"If Kuehlmann had spoken instead of Hertling, and had adopted the tone and manner of Czernin, there might be some possibility of peace," I suggested.

The conversation developed into a discussion of peace terms. Finally the enemy said there was danger throughout the world from Bolshevikism.

"England fears it," he stated; "and you have great dangers from the anarchists in the United States."

I called his attention to what I thought were facts that indicated graver dangers from anarchists in Berlin and Vienna; but he insisted that the Entente nations had more to fear than the Central Powers!

This developed to be the keynote of his remarks; and I concluded, from the statements he made and the expression in his face, that it was fear of a revolution, above all things, that had been forcing the Austrian Government to talk peace.



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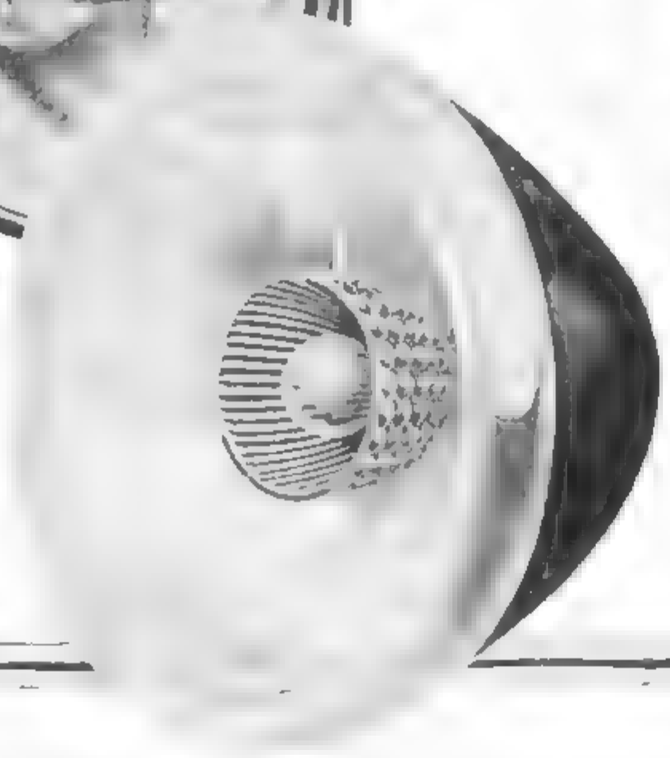

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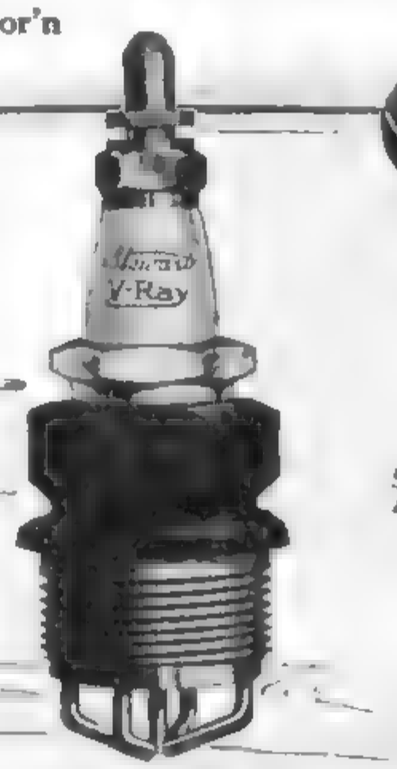

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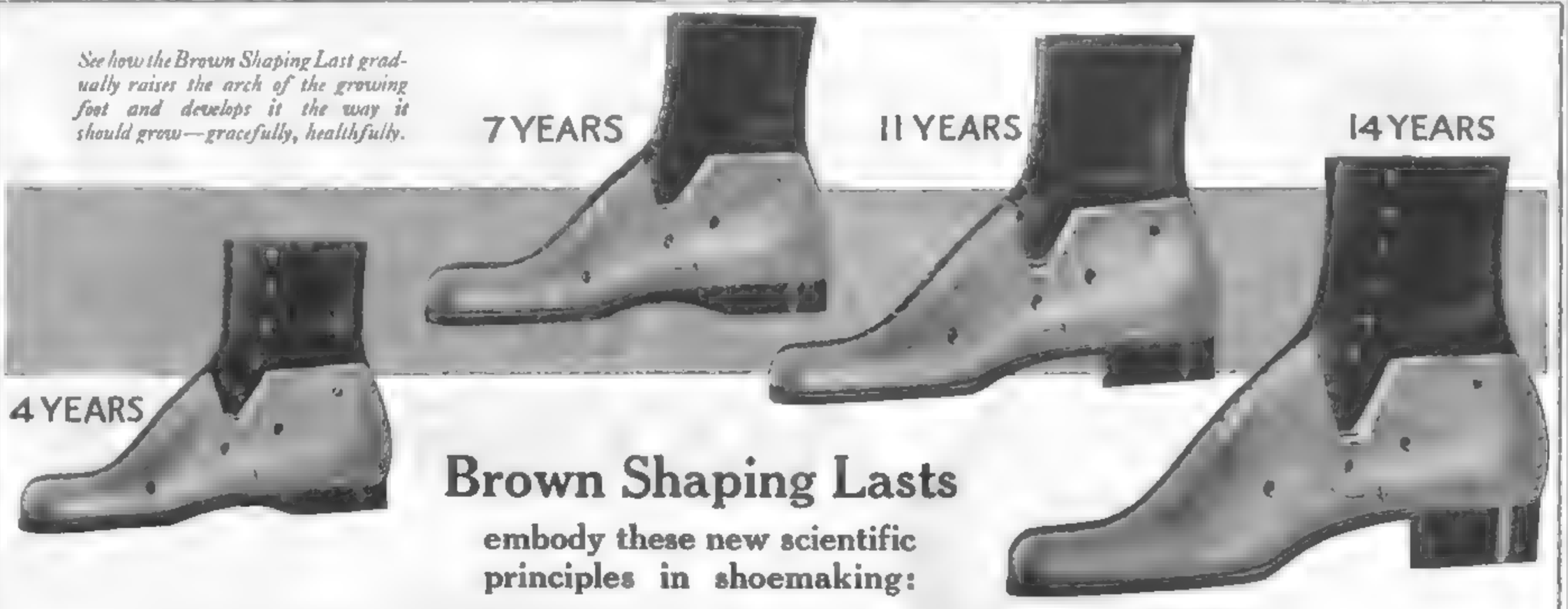

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They are the only shoes made upon the Brown Shaping Lasts—the shoes that correctly train growing feet to physical perfection on Nature's own lines—and thus insure freedom from corns, bunions, callouses, tortured bones, broken arches and other foot ailments.

Buster Brown Shoes are made from first quality leathers—have Government standard oak-tanned soles—and are sold everywhere in the U. S. for $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 and up, according to size and style. Their sturdy wearing qualities reduce the children's shoe bills.

"Training the Growing Feet" is a vitally interesting book which every parent should read, for it shows why the future health and happiness of your girl or boy largely depends upon the proper care and training of the feet. Write for it today. It is free.

Brown Shoe Company

Exclusive Manufacturers - - **St. Louis, U. S. A.**

"OKEH W. W."

(Continued from Page 5)

of them as they stripped for action, if you ever knew what the fighting spirit of Woodrow Wilson really is when it is on fire—then you can visualize the whole scene. He wanted not merely as good a record from our navy as other navies had, he wanted a better record. He wanted action, not merely from the gold-braided admirals but from the ensigns too; and he wanted every mind turned to the solution of the submarine question; and regardless of rank or distinction he wanted all to work and fight for the common object, victory.

Somebody suggested to the President later that the speech be published. He declined. Most of it wasn't said to be published. It was a direct talk from the commander in chief of the navy to his men. It was inspiration itself. The officers cheered and went away across the seas. And there they have been in action ever since, giving an account of themselves that has already won the admiration of their allies and the involuntary respect of their foes.

Some other president might have had the reporters present. The latter would have been all too eager to go. The movies might have been brought along. But what the President had to say was not for the reporters or the public, but "in the family," to the navy. History could record the results.

Small wonder that there are so many different versions of Mr. Wilson extant. Small wonder that some people call him exclusive, shy, indifferent, taken up with himself, visionary and abstract. Not knowing what he does do they imagine he does nothing. Reading the acts of individuals in official life subordinate to the President they do not see the directing hand of the man who is responsible for the policies which those subordinates execute.

It is difficult to give a complete picture of Woodrow Wilson at work—and be fair. One gets only glimpses here and there. For the things he does are written in countless memoranda distributed throughout dozens and dozens of bureaus, divisions and departments. They are conveyed over private telephone wires and through unseen and unknown switchboards. They are messaged in private letters as well as in numerous rules and regulations. They are courteously uttered and clearly explained in personal consultations and cabinet conferences.

Letters Better Than Interviews

The President is by habit economical, but he is most thrifty in the use of time. He has figured out that he can handle a problem much faster and more effectively if he gets all phases before him in writing than if he receives various individuals interested in the same thing. He has a passion for facts. They are the things that will make him change his mind. That's why he doesn't hesitate to reverse himself. Facts, he says, will always conquer mere opinion. And so many of the things brought to the President's attention are purely opinion. Most of the people who try to see him want merely the satisfaction of having had their say.

Many people say "Oh, if I could only get this to the President!" and they try to think of unusual ways to reach him. They want to see him in person. They claim to be unable to write it; they must deliver themselves of a speech to him. But Mr. Wilson may have had the same thing presented to him by a dozen other people, and it would be a waste of his time to grant the interview. By insisting on a memorandum he can determine whether the subject matter is new. Letters written directly to the White House which contain new suggestions reach him, of course; but so also do letters transmitted by members of the Senate and House in behalf of their constituents.

There may be a great deal of uncertainty about getting personal interviews with the President, but any man who can write convincingly and express his thoughts clearly on paper has a much better chance of winning the President's approval for his idea or project than if he actually did present it in person. If it is a new thing the President would want to consult the government department directly in charge of such work. When a memorandum of this kind comes he asks for an opinion from the department in question. Then he examines all the papers together and makes his own decision then and there. To give consideration to some matters that may seem perfectly feasible on their face but against which some practical objection is later made by a division or bureau of the Government means a loss of time and energy. By the written method the President considers himself safeguarded, too, against roundabout and indirect drains on his time. If he wants to discuss a subject further he will summon the individual or telephone him.

And Mr. Wilson uses the telephone more than any other president. For instance, he has private telephone wires to Secretary Lansing, to Secretary Baker and to Secretary Daniels. The newspaper men write only of the conferences they know about, those that they see. On days of big happenings in international politics they record it as very significant if members of the cabinet are seen going into consultation with the President, but they are obviously unaware of the many more times that Mr. Wilson has conducted his consultations over the wire.

The Time-Saving Telephone

The President telephones to scores of officials, senators and representatives, not merely because it is a more rapid means of communication, but he can end the conversation so much more easily. Incidentally there is no one in Washington who can terminate a personal conference so gracefully when the business in hand is completed. There is no lingering gossip or story telling. Not that Mr. Wilson wouldn't enjoy it as much as did Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Taft, but in only rare cases does Mr. Wilson permit himself any such relaxation. He keeps on the go every minute.

Take cabinet meetings, for instance; they are rarely debating councils. Government business is handled by departments, and Mr. Wilson frequently on cabinet days sees his secretaries separately for a half hour or more, dispatching with them in rapid fashion the vital matters which they bring to his eye. Of course the President must necessarily give less of his time nowadays to some departments than he did before. He depends more than ever on men like Secretary Lane, who has absolutely a free hand in the Interior Department. He keeps in the closest possible touch with the Department of State; but Secretary Lansing has so organized his department that only when the Government is about to embark on large policies, involving, of course, the initiative of the Chief Executive, who is constitutionally responsible for foreign policy, does Mr. Lansing take any of his problems to the White House. This permits the President to keep his mind free for the formulation of principles of action rather than details. But it is surprising the number of details Mr. Wilson does keep in mind. Every cabinet officer will tell you that. The President, for instance, reads every cablegram of importance that comes to the Department of State. He watches the ambassadors and ministers and examines carefully their long reports.

Someone has said that Secretary Baker is closer to the President than anyone else in the cabinet just now. It should have been stated just the other way: The President is closer to Secretary Baker than to anyone else in the cabinet, because the job in the War Department is the biggest single task before the executive branch of the whole Government. So is Mr. Wilson close to Secretary Daniels. He has been a party to every move that has been made in this war to bring the United States Navy into effective coöperation with the Allied navies. It was the President who was consulted by Secretary Daniels before Vice Admiral Sims was sent abroad. It was the President who helped distribute the personnel of the high naval officers, and he surprises even his intimate friends every now and then by his analytical comment of the work of individual naval officers. He knows personally of the service being rendered by the men of high command and keeps in touch with their activities as if they were in the Navy Department at Washington. But these are things which are part of the job of the commander in chief of the army and navy—only in time of war they are necessarily kept secret.

Until the war is over will it remain a secret just what part the President played in the naval councils of the Allies, and for

"Coal looks like Diamonds to me"

ON one of last winter's zero mornings in New York, an office-girl coming out of a stone-cold apartment-house saw a coal-truck squeaking by. "That coal looks like diamonds to me," was her longing exclamation.

Coal looks like diamonds to our whole nation.

Householders, hotel men, school and hospital boards, office occupants, tenement dwellers — who didn't feel the grip of the shivering shortage?

Manufacturers facing the disaster of shut-downs, ships unable to sail, railroads staggering, all industry in despair, praying for coal as a suffocating man gasps for air.

The shortage, mining men assert, will last another year at least, and deliveries cannot catch up with the increased demands before then.

Yet we waste 50,000,000 tons a year needlessly.

Aside from all the other uses of coal, we use 450,000,000 tons a year to produce the steam for our industries, transportation, and heating.

Yet, of this total, only 67 per cent., two-thirds of it, is productive of steam. About 150,000,000 tons are lost every year in chimney-gases, bad firing *and lack of insulation on pipes and boilers.*

This wastage of coal by lack of insulation has been figured by engineers to be about one-third of that total coal-loss.

That is, about 50,000,000 tons are wasted because we permit so much steam to condense instead of forcing it to do its full work.

This vast part of the nation's coal-waste is entirely needless because it is so easily preventable.

This needless wastage just equals the coal-shortage.

Here is a singular coincidence: This absolutely needless *Wastage*, due chiefly to poor insulation, is 50,000,000 tons. *The Shortage this year is nearly 50,000,000 tons.*

There would have been no Shortage if this needless Wastage had been avoided by a proper insulation of all steam-pipes and boilers.

To steal from another man's coal pile is a legal crime. But many a culprit has a better excuse than the man who, year after year, robs the *Nation's* coal pile by simply neglecting to save his own coal by properly guarding his steam from condensation. He makes the shortage still shorter.

One square foot of bare, unprotected, high-pressure steam-pipe will leak enough coal every year to heat a moderate-sized house. Think of it!

Think of all the miles of steam-pipes, either bare or so poorly insulated by inferior coverings that they leak heat as a sieve leaks water. *You* may have some of these yourself, not knowing it.

"85% Magnesia" can save that waste.

Of all known insulations, "85% Magnesia" has proved itself the most effective in coal-saving, the most profitable as an investment.

Every inch of magnesia is composed of myriads of enmeshed air-cells wherein the air is so stagnant that *heat cannot travel.* It is these microscopic cells of dead air that make Magnesia the most *capable and practical* heat-resistant ever discovered.

"85% Magnesia" saves between 80 and 90 per cent. of the heat that would escape if the pipes were bare.

Here are some proofs of "85% Magnesia's" supremacy as a coal-saver:

It has been for thirty years the specified insulation for the United States Navy;

It is the insulation used on nearly all our merchant-ships;

It is the insulation used on all our powerful locomotives;

It is the insulation most used on our central stations and great power-plants;

It is more used for New York skyscrapers, hotels, department stores, terminals and municipal buildings, than all other insulations combined.

Why? Because the makers of all those ships, locomotives, power-plants, and huge buildings had to *save the most coal possible*, and they knew the superlative economy of "85% Magnesia."

Have you that safeguard?

Just *some* insulation is not enough. Inferior insulations, bought for cheapness, waste the precious coal.

For your homes, no less than for your power-plants, demand from your contractor the one insulation that saves the most coal—"85% Magnesia." Its superiority in coal-saving and its durability make it the most economical insulation you can buy.

Write us for the illuminating little book, "Let '85% Magnesia' Defend Your Steam." For Engineers and Architects, the Magnesia Association has issued a Standard Specification as a technical guide, sent upon request.

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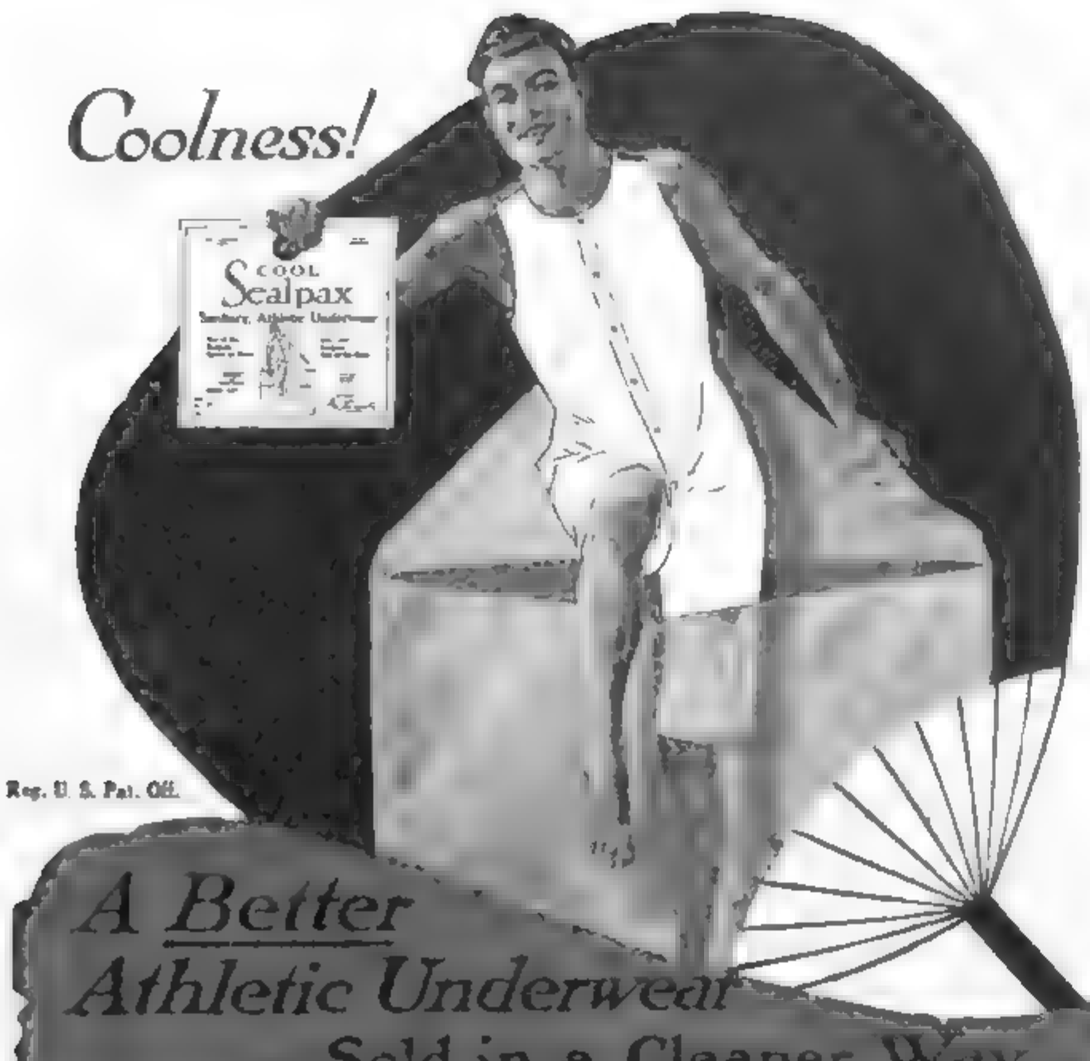

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that matter in the deliberations of the Allied War Council at Versailles. Gen. Tasker H. Bliss sends his reports to the War Department, but they go to the President of the United States too. It was General Pershing who thrilled America with the eloquent offer of American forces to General Foch at a critical stage in the German offensive, but it was President Wilson in the White House who directed the move. Other presidents might have blusteringly given themselves publicity at such a moment—not so Woodrow Wilson. Yet he is as much a part of American military and naval strategy as if he were sitting in London or Versailles himself.

The President has taken just as intense an interest in the fighting side of the war as in the public discourses by which he hopes to win the liberals in the Central Powers to an overthrow of German militarism. Not only does he direct through the Committee on Public Information the efforts that are being made to express to the whole world the viewpoint of America in this war, but he has become absorbed in the military technic which must contribute the essential force to victory.

While the discussions were going on in the press and in Congress about the Springfield rifle and the Enfield rifle, Mr. Wilson had nothing to say. Secretary Baker made the public explanations of policy. But Mr. Wilson months before familiarized himself with every decision involving the use of these types of rifles. He did not merely take someone else's word for it. Military men had to demonstrate it to him, and up in the President's study to-day are two or three of those rifles, which he can take apart as quickly and explain as clearly as anybody in the Ordnance Department.

How does the President get public opinion? He has shown a remarkable exactness in approximating the wishes of the people, and the curious part of it is that a man mingling so little with the outside world should be so well informed. Of course, fundamentally the President follows his instincts in determining what is right and what is wrong. But he watches very carefully opinion as it is expressed, not merely in the East, but in the South, the Middle West, the Northwest and the Far West. Editorials in the newspapers and magazines are, to be sure, one way by which Mr. Wilson gauges public sentiment. But it is not the only way. But of that more later.

Editorial Opinion

As for editorials, they fall into classes—those that are respectful in their criticisms and those that are not. The staff of secretaries who sift out the editorials brush aside the latter kind. They are of the sort that produce only anger and irritation and are usually of extreme prejudice. Differences of opinion are really welcomed; but it is one thing to take issue by clear and forceful expression, and another thing merely to call names. Every day the editorial opinion of the country is clipped from the newspapers and set before Mr. Wilson by subjects. Editorials typical of each section of the country are selected so that the President may not be required to wade through several editorials expressing the same point of view.

Many people have wondered just how much the President is influenced by editorial opinion. Watching events and policies in the national capital for some years, it has been my observation that many of the ideas that have found their way into Mr. Wilson's speeches and proclamations of public policy have sprung from the people—through the newspapers. Sometimes his absorption of newspaper opinion is unconscious, but in many cases he probably would be the first to admit that among the valuable means by which he has been guided to interpret the will of America has been editorial expression.

But there is another way. Woodrow Wilson has a great many personal friends. He remembers the soundness or unsoundness of each man's judgment in the past. These friends write him continuously. The President relies constantly upon the help of thousands of friends, and in that latter number are always persons with whom he is not himself acquainted. He knows of their reputations or the things for which they have stood; or else through persons in whom the President has confidence come the views of other men whose opinions are worth while. In this way Mr. Wilson not only gets an idea of the thought of American communities but learns promptly of popular complaints.

The President's time, of course, does not permit of a detailed study of public opinion every day in the week. He relies upon Secretary Tumulty and Colonel House and others to keep him informed. He has absolute confidence in these advisers—in their fidelity and disinterestedness of judgment Colonel House, for instance, sees a great many people who wish to present their views to the President. His home in New York is crowded with callers. He, too, digests the information brought to him and transmits it to the President with his own judgment. Secretary Tumulty is constantly bombarded. He gets by far the bulk of the complaints or suggestions or requests that are intended for the President. He keeps in close touch with the newspaper correspondents—absorbs all their information and gossip; and if something has happened that should have the attention of the President immediately he does not hesitate to communicate promptly with the Chief Executive.

The cabinet officers and their friends constitute another source of information When all is said and done the President knows that, though he may not be personally accessible to those who may wish to air their views, he is at all times accessible to anyone who will put those views on paper; but Mr. Wilson has a singular dislike for conferences or conversations on subjects that are "too delicate to be put on paper." He brooks no gossip or intrigue among officials and demands frankness and truth at all times. Nevertheless, it is amazing the extent to which the President is informed on weaknesses in personnel. Oftentimes mediocre men are retained simply because Mr. Wilson cannot get better men to accept the same positions.

Week-End Rests

The President forms his judgment of men not by personal impression but by analyzing their work. A most remarkable quality of the President, indeed, is his power of analysis of things written. But he has shown, on the other hand, an even more intense power of concentration on things spoken. He has a quick grasp of the most complicated or technical subjects. Men who have talked about such things as the steel industry with him have come away impressed by his knowledge of its detail. Railroad executives have said the same thing. Financiers and labor leaders say it too. These men have not always agreed with Mr. Wilson's theories, but they usually have found him much better informed on basic facts than they supposed before they visited the White House.

Mr. Wilson very quickly gets at the heart of subjects under discussion at cabinet meetings and similarly extracts the consensus of opinion from his colleagues in short order. There is no waste of time in bickering and story telling. Minutes count; and the President never forgets that, either. After a week of conferences, voluminous correspondence with nearly every division and bureau of the Government engaged in the war activities, telephone conversations and personal visits, the President tries to rest up on Saturdays and Sundays. He makes absolutely no engagements on those days except in rare emergencies.

But he tries to catch up on the week-end. He reads up on memoranda and prepared digests, army and navy intelligence reports and communications of a confidential nature which must be carefully perused. All of these things he has, perhaps, glanced at during the week. But those that have been laid aside for more careful reading occupy him on Saturdays and Sundays. If he goes away on a trip on the Mayflower on a week-end he takes a good many papers with him. The President's job is mostly one of reading and studious examination of written reports. In this busy age many people may think reflection means indecision, but with Mr. Wilson the art of meditation is not lost. He likes to mull over problems, especially to get all the facts. He is open-minded until the whole case is in, then he makes up his mind; and his decisions are irrevocable unless new facts can be presented.

Since war began Mr. Wilson has made frequent visits in person to the different war bureaus. He has developed the habit of dropping in when he is least expected. His calls are brief, but for the most part they have been in the nature of a relaxation for the President when he has wanted to stretch his legs.

(Concluded on Page 97)

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Canned foods on a "money back" basis

In extending our service to the American housewife we have added what we know to be the finest canned fruits, vegetables and similar specialties produced. We decided that this line should be something heretofore unknown—that it should deserve and *have* a "money back" pledge on each label.

We call this our "Certified Brand." We begin with the products as they grow; we select them at their choicest in the sections where they reach their greatest perfection; we prepare and put them up right there, in modern kitchens, with every modern advantage.

With the highest appreciation of the public favor which is shown us, and with the renewed promise that everything bearing our label shall continue to *deserve* your confidence, we present our "Certified Brand" products.

Read the broad guaranty here reproduced. It shows why "Certified Brand" tells a new story in canned foods and grocery specialties.

No one could be more particular of his reputation than I am in insisting upon the quality of the products which earn this label.

Thos. E. Wilson
President.

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means much more than the freshness and beauty which delight your eye.

An all-lead paint protects as well as beautifies. After the hardest winter on record, your home probably needs renewed paint protection more than ever before

War-time economy demands that your property be kept in good condition, preserved with a paint that will *endure*. Dutch Boy white-lead mixed with pure linseed oil is such a paint. It goes farther and lasts longer than any other kind of paint

Soft, restful interiors are obtained by mixing Dutch Boy white lead with flatting oil or turpentine. Washed as easily as tile. Any color. If you have never tried painted walls, you have no idea of the superior effects that are possible.

Our portfolio of attractive colored views and suggestions will help you if you are planning either outside painting or inside decorating. Sent free of charge if you write to any of our branches named below

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Railings, gutters, bridges, all exposed ironwork, are rendered absolutely rust-proof by Dutch Boy red-lead, mixed with linseed oil. It is the material you see on new bridges and skyscraper skeletons.

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Wherever lead is used, there you will find National Lead Company products. For instance, there is a Dutch Boy babbitt or a Dutch Boy solder suited to every bearing metal or solder need. Our technical men will gladly show you how you can get better results at equal cost or equal results at lower cost.

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(Concluded from Page 94)

Speaking of exercise, walking is about the only recreation that the President really enjoys. He plays golf, but he does it merely because it has been prescribed. He goes to the golf links every day, not because he likes to play golf but because if he doesn't play golf, or do something equivalent thereto, he will not be able to stand the strain. Fortunately Mr. Wilson can throw off his worries. He does this best at theaters or at meal hours.

Though it is none of anybody's business what the President does for recreation, even in these days, nevertheless, those critics who have spoken of Mr. Wilson's disinclination to invite senators or cabinet officials to luncheon or dinner and to admit into his social hours men prominent in affairs, have not known the President's real reasons. He looks upon meal hours as an opportunity to visit with his family. This is the only opportunity he gets. Furthermore, when Mr. Wilson sits down to lunch or dine he is often pretty tired.

The secret of Mr. Wilson's physical well-being to-day is his ability to detach himself completely from his work for a few hours every day. That's why when he does work he can work hard and penetrate to the very details of numerous problems without breaking down. For the President's interest in detail is as surprising to his subordinates as it is significant of the extent to which he feels his responsibility for the success of the war machine. Of course, many things are sent to the President for his "okeh" which are approved without change, but if there's a flaw in them it's usually the President who observes it.

"We sent some regulations to the President," said an official in the Treasury Department recently, "and though we had no doubt of their approval we felt that Regulation Five was a perplexing one. We made no comment on it. Sure enough, it came back—approved all except Regulation Five. That, the President said, had been taken up by two of the other departments of the Government and would require further study by them. He remembered it—though in reality it was a thing I never would have supposed he could have kept in mind."

As an illustration of the same strength of memory, another instance is cited: The President promised Secretary McAdoo that beginning April sixth for a period of three weeks there would be no campaigns for food or fuel conservation, Red Cross or kindred activities. Secretary Lansing's department received a request for approval of a loyalty celebration to be given by Greeks in this country on April seventh, an anniversary of particular significance to Greeks. It was a little thing, comparatively speaking—but the President had some weeks before given his promise to the Treasury Department, and he suggested that some other day be found for the celebration desired.

Mr. Wilson's Memory

Mr. Wilson's memory stands him in good stead in other ways. Once he tackles a problem, however unfamiliar its subject matter, he retains what he has learned. This faculty is invaluable, too, in the filing of correspondence and the handling of his papers. Attachés say that he can almost invariably direct them to the place where a letter may be found. His desk is piled high with papers, but they are all arranged in order, and the President can always tell just exactly where in this pile a certain memorandum is located. And as a rule he can tell also if his papers have been disturbed by any of his secretaries.

The President keeps right on with his mail every day. Some things he lays aside of course for more careful study, but he does not delay decisions on matters that need prompt attention. I have heard it said by men in executive position in the Government that they can get an answer faster from the President than they can from officials much less important. The President dictates to only one stenographer, Charles Swem, in the forenoon; but he is often his own stenographer, especially at night, when he types brief notes to cabinet officers or subordinate officials.

Almost never does he require a letter rewritten. He knows exactly what he wants to say—at the moment he concentrates on the saying of it. He rarely writes long letters; most of them are not more than two or three sentences, but they are always polite and courteous, never blunt or brusque. His orders are rarely imperative in tone; but their very phraseology is nevertheless compelling. And requests or suggestions signed "W. W.," of which there are many nowadays in the Government, are rarely denied except for good and sufficient reasons made plain to the Chief Executive himself in similar memoranda.

Hardly a governmental policy of importance that the United States has undertaken since war broke out has not had the personal attention of the President. He watched every move in the controversy over wooden ships, and when he eliminated General Goethals and William Denman in the controversy over ships he was better acquainted than any other man in Washington with their incompatibilities.

The President, moreover, keeps his finger on the shipping board and tonnage construction. He insists on detailed reports, and studies them carefully. The selective-service act was put into operation only after it was explained in detail to him. Many of the points that have been proclaimed in the series of regulations had to have his approval before being issued. He studied the plan for the drawings to determine liability of service, examined the questionnaire, and took no small part in the mobilization of the draft army.

For days and days he analyzed questions of transportation, not to the exclusion of everything else, but with perhaps more intensity than he gave to any other subject. His study of the railroad question didn't begin in December, when the agitation rose. He had been following it carefully from the beginning of the war. His final decision in favor of government control came after long discussions with cabinet officers, after thorough study of reports on the British experience, and after examining data submitted in person by railroad men and financiers of national prominence.

His Own Premier

These are only a few of the big problems with which he must deal every day.

Many people try to draw parallels between the President's cabinet and the British and French ministries. In the latter two cases the cabinets are part of the majority parties as a rule in the national legislatures. Abroad the entire cabinet is responsible. But Mr. Wilson really is his own premier. His is the responsibility for everything the members of his cabinet do. The secretaries act for him. He delegates authority to them. But on him is the final responsibility for what is done or undone—no matter how many war councils or war cabinets he has by legislative or executive fiat.

Mr. Wilson is the kind of Executive who wants to know constantly what is going on round him. He is too busy to shout from the housetops all that he knows, and his silence on many phases of war preparation that are the subject of public criticism does not always mean that he is ignorant thereof. Sometimes he is assisted to an understanding of a weakness in the machine by the exposures in the press; but at a time when the morale of the people can be weakened by exaggerated statements and unverified impressions, Mr. Wilson has told his friends that he believed newspapers or individuals on discovering things wrong in the Government's war machine should at least advise the Executive before carrying the case to the public prints.

Some things have gone wrong since we entered the war. Many things have gone right. We have been expanding on an unprecedented scale. We have been building a house and at the same time have been trying to live in it, and some people have even thought they ought to be permitted to live in it with the same comfort as before. The national capital is congestion itself. The President is working twice as hard as he ever did, and he was a hard-working citizen even in times of peace; but his five years of experience have been an incalculable preparation for the big executive job he now has. He knows the government machine like a book.

The President does not pretend that he can manage the whole job with efficiency in every single branch of it. Too many human equations are involved. But he believes the American people are satisfied that he is keeping hold of as much of the job as is humanly possible. To them he turns with an abiding faith that when all is said and done, when his administration is ended and he has passed from the stage, the people will write opposite his name that simple Choctaw word of which he is so fond, and thus make his epitaph in history read "Woodrow Wilson, Okeh."

MOSSBERG
ALL STEEL WRENCHES AND TOOLS

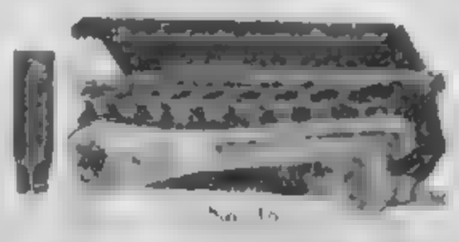
Dependability

In the purchase of tool equipment whether for factory use, automobile, or individual tool kits, a first consideration is dependability—to get the tool made under rigid standards of inspection.

Mossberg All Steel Wrenches and Tools have for twenty years been the particular pride of master wrench makers. To produce the highest quality steel tools of types with the greatest range of adaptability has been their constant aim. It is this human element—the thought, the care, the skill, which gives to every Mossberg product a character of absolute dependability—that produces Mossberg Master Tools.

Mossberg Adjustable Motor Wrenches, "K" Series

Mossberg "K" series Adjustable Wrenches have been developed to meet the particular needs of the automobile trade. The movable jaw made of pressed steel is a guarantee to be several times more durable than a malleable one-piece jaw, making Mossberg "K" line wrenches absolutely practical and dependable. These inexpensive wrenches will stand up and show their worth, particularly in the hardest work.



No. 16. Socket Set

A selected number of applicable wrenches for quick adjustments. Ideal for the small car owners.

Mossberg Socket Wrench Set No. 9, Factory Ratchet Set

Mossberg No. 9 set is an ideal repair and assembly set of socket wrenches for factory work. Just refer to the assortment included in this set and then notice the price. Mossberg No. 9 set is packed in a wood case containing Mossberg Ratchet Handle, Extension Bar, Universal Joint, Double-end Offset Screw Driver, and 26 Parker Rust-proof Pressed Steel Sockets.

No. 4. Open End Set for General Motor Work

One opening of each wrench fits U. S. Standard bolts, the other opening of the same wrench fits the S. A. E. [illegible] screws of the same dimensions.

Mossberg trade-marked tools are unconditionally guaranteed. Sold by hardware, accessory dealers and garages

Send for Descriptive Catalog

FRANK MOSSBERG CO., WRENCHSMITHS
ATTLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS

$1200 complete with instrument board $1300 west of the Rockies—

If you guess your mileage per gallon of gas—

you guess your running cost. If you know your mileage, you can keep close track on gas, oil or tire cost over any period as your car grows older—know when to overhaul it, and when to turn it in.

The Johns-Manville Speedometer tells the truth about trip or cumulative season's mileage. Its simplicity of construction guarantees reliability on any roads at any speed. It is mounted on an Instrument Board of fine maple beautifully finished in black—sufficiently sturdy to stand mounting of other instruments. Use the Johns-Manville Speedometer and know where you stand on mileage costs.

There are four ingenious little end brackets—easily manipulated—that permit close, snug fit for this Instrument Board on any open model Ford

To the Trade: Our Jobber-Dealer co-operative policy builds sales on this fast-moving accessory. Your jobber can supply you from stock.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
NEW YORK CITY
10 Factories—Branches in 61 Large Cities

Johns-Manville Service
COVERS THE CONTINENT

JOHNS-MANVILLE
SPEEDOMETER
for FORD *cars*

THE GOLDEN FLEECE

(Continued from Page 21)

"I will say it gives you atmosphere," he commented with a slow smile. "And now you want desk room and a sheet of my letterhead. All right, son! There's the machine, if you can use it. Go to it!"

There was something heartening in the way John Bainge accepted the situation with no questions asked. Nevertheless, Jason was somewhat abashed by this sudden excess of favor; he suggested that John Bainge might want to know something about him. But the dealer in skins, yawning and looking at his watch, waved Jason to the typewriter.

Jason began to write without hesitation. He knew what he wanted to say by heart. He had been dictating it and revising it for hours, as he tramped the streets in that plausible devil's shoes. The typewriter keys chirruped merrily. John Bainge, pretending to be busy at something else, watched him covertly. A truly wonderful thing had come into Jason's life. It seemed that the while he had been looking for the right man to listen to his big idea the right man had been looking for him; in fact, the right man, failing to find him by the usual means, had inserted an ad in the want column of a morning newspaper, asking him please to write. The ad occupied one hundred lines, top of column, next to reading matter—one hundred lines at fifty cents a line. The ad read:

ATTENTION!
AUTOMOTIVE ENGINEERS!
We are looking with
a telescope for
THE RIGHT MAN
WHEN WE FIND HIM HE CAN WRITE HIS
OWN CONTRACT
We take this
UNUSUAL METHOD
To find an
UNUSUAL MAN
To meet an
UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY
We want
SOMETHING NEW
And we have
UNLIMITED CAPITAL
To back
A BIG IDEA!

Appointment by letter only. Address Automotive 550. [Very important: Do not answer this ad unless you are at present filling a ten-thousand-dollar job acceptably.]

When Jason had signed his letter and typed his envelope he handed them to the man with the horn spectacles.

"I suppose you will want to see what I am writing on your letterhead," he said.

Bainge took the letter and read it critically. He knitted his brows over it; once or twice he paused and looked thoughtfully into a dark corner. Finally he looked up.

"How about this ten-thousand-dollar job you are at present filling so acceptably?" he asked. "As a matter of fact, you know, from the looks of your shoes he might be suspicious."

"When he hears my idea he won't think of my shoes," said Jason with conviction. "Man, I've got an idea that will put an automobile into every horse stall in the country."

"Quite so!" agreed John Bainge amiably. "After all, the idea is the thing that counts. Still, we might as well do this thing right. He might be particular. He talks like a swell dresser himself; and like your friend, he might want the applicant to dress the part."

Bainge picked up his telephone and called a number. He said to someone who answered:

"Is John G. gone to bed yet? If he isn't, tell him Bainge wants him."

There was a long pause filled with silence, during which Jason and his new friend eyed each other. Finally Jason's quick ear caught the sound of a high, querulous voice in the receiver at Bainge's ear—evidently the voice of a sleepy old man. It was John G.

"I've got another, ripe and ready to be hand-picked," said John Bainge casually, looking a hole through Jason. "Bread line—lodging house—a dip bilked him out of his only suit of clothes. Great idea—fire of youth! and all that. You know! Same old yarn. Got a home, but won't go to it till he's made good. Got friends, but wants to help himself." The shameless man with the horn spectacles, while delivering this summing up to the man at the other end of the wire, kept his challenging eye on Jason. Jason shrank within himself. He hadn't thought of himself as so distinct a type, up to this minute.

"All right. What do you want me to do?" asked the thin voice in the telephone.

"Oh," said John Bainge carelessly, "anything in the ten-thousand-dollar line. Say associate to the president in charge of engineering. Or—a—er—production engineer—something like that."

There was a distinct pause after the naming of this small favor. As nearly as Jason could come at it his obliging friend was asking a mysterious John G. for a ten-thousand-dollar reference for him—so he could do this thing right! Jason pinched himself.

"Is he all right?" asked the perfectly audible voice in the receiver.

"Is he all right! How do I know? I picked him up in the park," retorted Bainge with asperity. "But, John G., you know me!"

This seemed to fill the bill with the particular party at the other end of the line; for now he asked: "All right; what's his name?"

"What's your name?"

"Jason Selfridge," answered Jason meekly.

"Jason Selfridge—Troy Tech man. You are a good old papa! You'll get your reward in heaven. Sorry to have routed you out of bed."

John Bainge concluded the interview by hanging up the receiver. "Old John G. Brown," he explained to Jason. "Know him? Amiable old party."

Know him! Know John G. Brown! Was there any engineer in the world, big or little, freshman or honorary, who didn't know John G. Brown, Engineers? And this was the original John G. himself on the wire! John G. built dams, bridges, canals, power stations—anywhere under the sun. Any job that required a transit and chain, a table of logarithms, a standing army to pot the natives, and a few odd million dollars for incidental expenses, called on John G. John G. owned battalions of cooks, mules, sand hogs, dredgers and mathematical sharks. If an army corps were wanted he could furnish it, outfitted from beans to batteries, in jig time. And this same John G., roused out of bed, sleepy and a bit cross, had just agreed to stand as reference for the ten-thousand-dollar abilities of Jason Selfridge, engineer at large.

"But ——" began Jason weakly. There was a nigger in the woodpile somewhere, and he wanted to find out where.

John Bainge interrupted him with an airy hand.

"Never mind your 'buts,'" said John Bainge. "This thing has to be done right or not at all. Now run along with you. At ten in the morning you are to call at my house—here's the number—and see if any of my old clothes fit. There's one thing! If I lend you a suit of clothes to dress this part, son, don't match pennies for it with the first dip you meet. Never, young man, never trust a stranger!" The skin merchant's eyes twinkled momentarily. "Now run along to your honest couch." And he pushed the protesting youth out into the hall and shut the door on him.

The first thing Bainge did was to copy Jason's letter to Automotive 550 on a plain sheet of paper and address it on a plain envelope. On the whole, he thought it wiser not to use his own address in an affair of this kind.

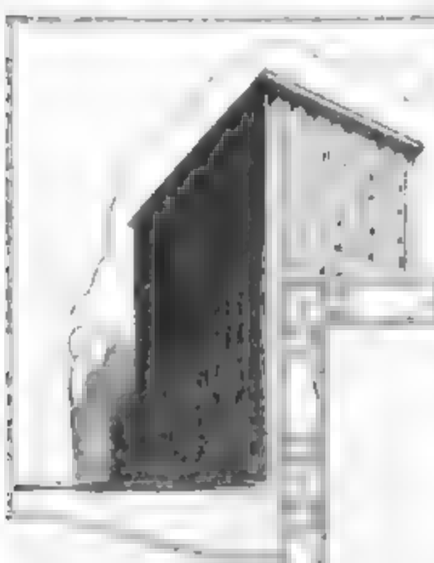
IV

AUTOMOTIVE 550 was a swell dresser. Every detail of his person suggested an immediate function no less starched than a church wedding. Jason gave thanks to the strange gods of chance that had so kindly given him decent plumage for this occasion. One glimpse of Automotive 550 was sufficient to convince the youth that, no matter how glittering an idea he might carry in his bonnet, he would never have got beyond the front doormat in the raiment he had drawn as the short end of that sad gamble with the dip. Now, with John Bainge's castoffs, of substantial weave and ample roominess, Jason had the air of belonging to that army of sartorial Tories who seek comfort above style regardless of expense.

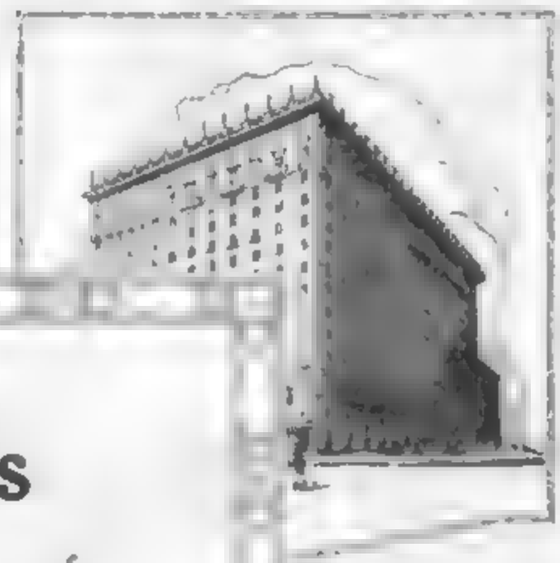
Automotive 550, whose name on the letter making this appointment was B. G. Regelman, occupied a swivel chair at a

(Continued on Page 101)

Hotels Statler



BUFFALO
450 Rooms 450 Baths



CLEVELAND
1000 Rooms 1000 Baths

Because They're *Good* Hotels

The Statler Hotels are well patronized, and well spoken of, and well-known everywhere, because they are *good hotels*.

That explains, too, why there are *four* Statlers. The first one built (at Buffalo, 1908,) gave travelers some new ideas about what constitutes *hotel goodness*. Those ideas, as expressed in Statler equipment, and policies, and operating practice, were so successful that other Statler Hotels were opened at Cleveland (1912), and Detroit (1915), and St. Louis (1917). Each of them was successful from the first—because the Statlers are *good hotels*.

Now New York—"Hotel Pennsylvania"

Now the Pennsylvania Railroad is building a hotel in New York—to be opened in the fall. It will be the largest hotel in the world, as befits a hotel erected by America's greatest railway system in America's first city.

And, *because the Statler Hotels are good hotels*, this new Hotel Pennsylvania, in New York, will be Statler-operated. It is being equipped with the typical Statler comfort-features and conveniences which travelers like so well: it will be operated under the Statler policies of a full and liberal money's worth, and guaranteed satisfaction, to every patron; it will provide in New York the kind of *good hotel* which is so successful in these other American cities—taking advantage of all the opportunities for betterment which are possible only in this biggest American city, and in a location opposite America's most important railway terminal.

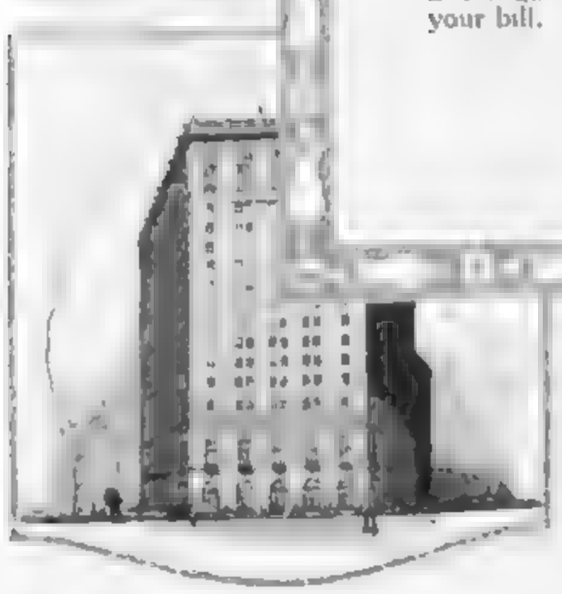
Use These Good Hotels

Every—every Statler bedroom has private bath, circulating icewater and numerous other unusual conveniences. And here is an instance of Statler service to guests: when you wake you find a morning paper under your door—but you don't find a charge for it in your bill.

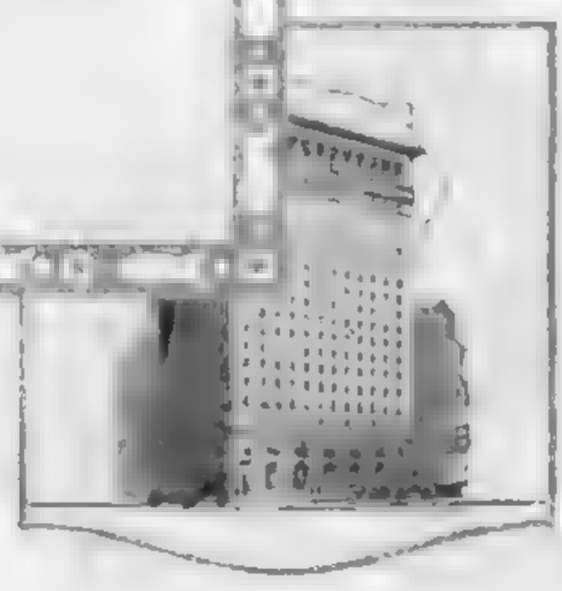
NEW YORK - Hotel Pennsylvania - Now Building

The Statlers are unique among hotels of the first class in their reasonable and well-balanced rate-schedules. More than 60% of their 3,100 rooms (in four cities) are priced at $3 a day and less. Rooms (with bath) for one person, from $2.

DETROIT
1000 Rooms 1000 Baths



ST. LOUIS
850 Rooms 850 Baths



MUNGER "Always Tight" Piston Rings

Increase the power of your engine!
Give it greater speed!
Make it smoother running.

Munger "Always Tight" Piston Rings will do all this for you by making your pistons *permanently* gas-tight.

The patent method of peening these rings permits them to conform to the shape of the cylinder, and the Munger "Always Tight" Expansion Joint is a perpetual safeguard against gas wastage over, under or through them.

Anyone can install these rings without breakage. Slip them over the Munger Ring Insertion Tool and they slide into their grooves without the slightest trouble.

Each complete outfit includes one *overwidth* ring for each piston (to be used in worn grooves) and a Re-grooving Tool with which worn grooves can quickly be straightened without disconnecting the piston from the connecting rod—a saving of both time and money.

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO.
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

The Munger Re-grooving Tool in position for cutting. Testing width of groove with an over-width ring

A Munger "Always Tight" Piston Ring being slipped over the Munger Ring Insertion Tool

Showing how easily Munger "Always Tight" Piston Rings can be placed in the piston grooves with the Munger Ring Insertion Tool

The MUNGER "ALWAYS TIGHT" PISTON RING OUTFIT—
8 "Always Tight" Rings (Regular Size)
4 "Always Tight" Rings (Over Width)
1 Regrooving Tool
1 Ring Insertion Tool

Get them from your accessory dealer or garage man.

List price for all sizes up to 3¼ in. diameter, $1.25 per ring.

With each complete outfit of rings a *Munger Piston Re-grooving Tool* and a *Munger Ring Insertion Tool* are supplied without extra charge.

(Continued from Page 98)

great desk, with his back to the light. Jason was shown to a chair opposite, a chair a little too deep for comfort, so the victim on the grill had to sit forward awkwardly or else sit back with his feet sticking out in front. This was part of the closely trimmed psychology of selling and buying, concluded Jason, when he had discovered the disadvantage of this particular chair and accepted it philosophically. B. G. Regelman acknowledged Jason's entry merely with a curt nod. He looked at his watch and consulted a schedule on the desk as if to satisfy himself as to the caller's identity. And then, as if Jason were a specimen in a glass case, he fell to examining him line by line, without a word. Jason submitted to this ordeal stoically; in turn he examined B. G. Regelman. A thoroughbred of his kind, thought Jason, hard, fair and decisive, the type modern industry has developed with such ruthless selection.

"In the first place," Regelman suddenly began in a sonorous voice as he swung round to the light, revealing his regular features, "it is necessary for you to understand that you must take me on trust. As you know, we are trying to find a particular man to fit a particular job—a job big enough to tempt the best men in the profession, no matter what their present affiliations may be. If we told you who we were and went about the thing with a brass band we should need the police reserves to handle the crowd. If only genuine ten-thousand-dollar men answered our ad we could go about the business aboveboard, and all cards on the table. That would be much simpler for all concerned. But the truth is, every Tom, Dick and Harry on the park benches believes he is a ten-thousand-dollar man—and we have to sift accordingly. So I must remain anonymous. This office is hired for the occasion. If you should try to run me down to my lair I assure you you would run into a blind alley. I trust I make myself plain."

"Perfectly," said Jason; and he smiled, catching the infection of the other's smile.

"On the other hand," went on Automotive 550, "in exchange for our time we require the utmost frankness from you. We possess the capital and plant. If you possess an idea big enough to interest our capital and to engage the capacity of our plant I will pass you on to the center of gravity who will not be anonymous. If you interest me you can write your own contract. You see, all the advantage is on our side in the beginning. In the end you are a full partner. If you are ready to go ahead on this understanding, well and good. If not, you will save your time and mine by saying good day. I trust I make myself plain."

"Perfectly," said Jason again. "I have so much faith in my idea I am willing to take you at your word." He liked B. G. Regelman's directness; it was wholesome. To his mind at this instant came the warning of his new friend, the dealer in skins: "Never trust a stranger!" Like most men who give advice the dealer in skins hadn't followed his own admonition; he had trusted Jason to the hilt, lending him a suit of clothes, and getting him a ten-thousand-dollar reference in the bargain.

"Very well; now that is understood, we can begin," said Regelman, drawing up to the table. "In the first place, who are you and what have you done for your profession? Unfortunately, in getting a line on a man what he has actually done rather than what he thinks he is going to do is the thing we have to go by."

Jason swiftly sketched his beginnings—his degree, and his apprenticeship in the laboratories of the big shops at Schenectady and Pittsburgh. He told about his storage battery, that wouldn't sulphate and that had no phantom load. He told how he had interested the Welikin Company in that battery, how they put up a thirty-thousand-dollar plant for him at Fort Hills to manufacture it. A week before they were ready to start a fire wiped out the plant; then came the panic of 1907, with tight money—and that was the last of his battery. Regelman listened politely.

"Was it a good battery?" he asked.

"Yes; but not enough better than other batteries to encourage them to scrap their million-dollar plants and start making mine. So it's a dead one now."

"You are frank about it, at least," said the capitalist approvingly. "What is your present connection?"

"I'd as soon not go into that at this time if you will excuse me," said Jason quickly. He had resolved not to take advantage of the phantom job with the great John G. "Later, if my ideas interest you, I can furnish the best of references."

"That's perfectly fair," agreed the inquisitor. "What else have you got?"

"I have a carburetor attachment ——" began Jason.

"My dear sir," said Regelman wearily, "if all the kerosene carburetor patents in the patent office could vote, John D. Rockefeller would be president."

"Mine isn't a kerosene affair," explained Jason. "It is an attachment—applying an iris diaphragm to the venturi, to control the velocity of the intake."

The man took off his spectacles and looked long at the corner of the room.

"That's a detail," he said finally. "It might be something to keep in mind. What else?"

"I've got an automatic gear-shifting arrangement, where the gear ratio adjusts itself automatically to the load. No shifting."

"Say that again!"

Jason said it again.

"By means of friction bands?" asked Regelman, whose mind seemed to have explored the depths of his craft. "Forget it! It won't work!"

"No; not friction bands," put in Jason pugnaciously. "I use a system of vanishing helical gears on a cone."

Regelman took to tapping the desk.

"It can't be done!" he said. "Your pitch varies as you approach the apex of the cone."

"I can do it," said Jason stoutly.

Regelman pushed over a paper pad.

"Let me see you do it," he commanded. Jason quickly sketched his scheme on paper. He had faith in it; and as he pushed the pad back he noted with a thrill that he had captured the man's attention. But Regelman, after a moment's intense application to the drawing, pushed it aside.

"Possibly," he said. He fixed his eye on Jason. "But let us get at your big idea. We are wasting time," he said. "These might do for a one-story addition. We are looking for something to engage the whole plant. Let's hear it. You interest me. I will tell you now that my company is one of the first ten in volume of business annually. You know what that amounts to. You see the stake is well worth playing for."

Jason rose. He felt sure he had hooked on his man. These little ideas he offered in the beginning were merely feelers; as a fisherman would say, he was "chumming" with them as bait, waiting for the approach of the big fellow he was after. The moment was now at hand. The man at the other side of the desk was studying the helical-gear-system drawing; also he made a memo that read "iris in venturi."

"Ho, There! Gangway! I Guess I Need Help With This Young Cub or There'll be Murder!"

"THE MOST COMFORTABLE WORK GARMENT IN THE WORLD"

"SENSIBLE"

THE MODERN WORK GARMENT

Best of Work Garments

Comfortable, Safe, Convenient

COST the Same as An Overall and Jacket

NOTHING BETTER CAN BE MADE

Get Them at Good Clothing Stores or Write for Descriptive Booklet M

JOHNSTON & LARIMER MFG. CO.

Dept. SEP. Wichita, Kansas

Get Cash

For Your Empty Bags

WERTHAN PAYS HIGHEST PRICES FOR EMPTY BAGS

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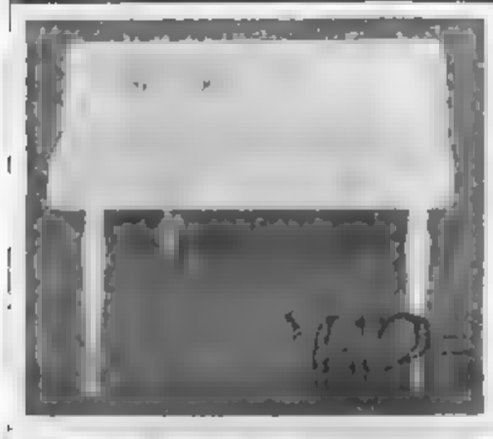

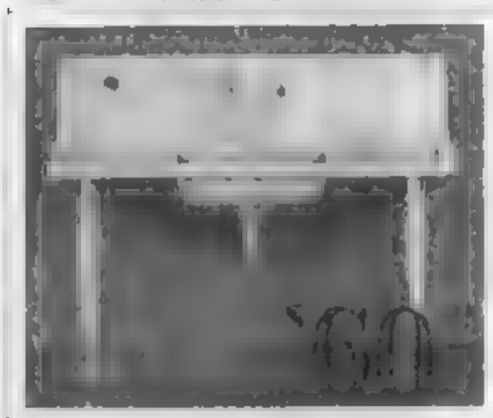

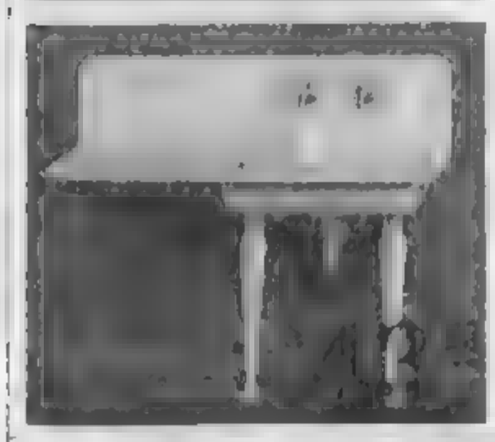

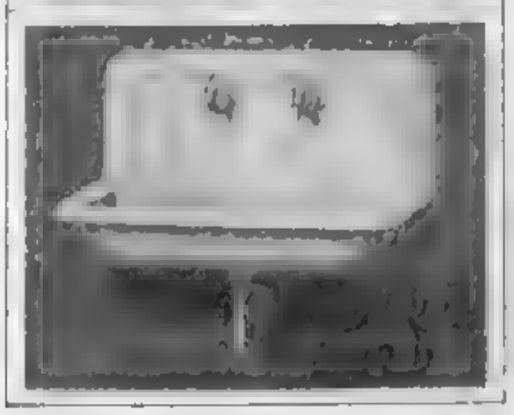

For Better Kitchens

A "Standard" One-Piece Sink is needed in your new kitchen or is just what is required to make your old kitchen practically like new. It is what your "workshop of the home" deserves. Sanitation—attractiveness—saving of time and labor are features of "Standard" Sinks, which cost no more than others.

"Standard" SINKS

are made of white porcelain enamel, each in one piece without cracks, joints or crevices. They have adjustable legs and concealed hangers, permitting them to be set at exactly the correct height for your comfort. The adjustable legs make it possible to set "Standard" Sinks from 30 to 36 inches from the floor as desired.

All are equipped with nickel-plated faucets with anti-splash device, trap with clean-out cap and removable sink strainer.

Prices quoted do not include freight or cost of installing.

"Standard" Sinks are endorsed by Good Housekeeping Institute and used in most experimental efficiency kitchens. Installing one in your present kitchen, if water and waste pipes are already in, is an easy and economical task.

All "Standard" Sinks bear the "Standard" Green and Gold Label and faucets and trimmings are stamped with the name "Standard".

Sold by Contracting Plumbers everywhere and shown in all permanent exhibits listed below.

Write for free 64 page catalog "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home." It is written in an interesting non-technical manner and shows all kinds of sinks for right or left corner or recess, also "Efficiency Kitchens" and an ideal line of fixtures for bath and laundry.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh

Permanent Exhibits in the Following Cities:

NEW YORK	35 W. 31ST	*ALTOONA	918 11TH
NEW York (Export Dept.)	40 DEARBORN	*MILWAUKEE	95 W. WATER ST.
BOSTON	166 DEVONSHIRE	SAN FRANCISCO	149-55 BRANNAN
PHILADELPHIA	WALNUT	LOS ANGELES	671 MESQUIT
WASHINGTON	SOUTHERN BLDG.	*LOUISVILLE	319 W. MAIN
*[illegible]	439-41 WATER	*HUNTINGTON W. VA.	
PITTSBURGH	436 SIXTH	5TH AVE AND TENTH ST.	
*CHICAGO	1430 N. PEORIA	*NASHVILLE	315 TENTH AVE. S.
*ST. LOUIS	300 N. FOURTH	*NEW ORLEANS	440 BARONNE
EAST ST. LOUIS	10 COLLINSVILLE	*HOUSTON	PRESTON & SMITH
*CLEVELAND	4609 EUCLID	*DALLAS	1200-1206 JACKSON
CINCINNATI	632 WALNUT	*SAN ANTONIO	[illegible] SOYA
*TOLEDO	311-321 ERIE	*FORT WORTH	918-920 MONROE
*COLUMBUS	245-47 S. THIRD	KANSAS CITY	RIDGE ARCADE
*CANTON	1106 SECOND ST. N.E.	*TORONTO CAN.	296 RICHMOND
*YOUNGSTOWN	458 W. FEDERAL	*HAMILTON CAN.	20 W. JACKSON
*WHEELING	1120-30 JACOB	DETROIT OFFICE	HAMMOND BLDG.
*ERIE	127 W. 7TH 13TH	CHICAGO OFFICE	910 S. MICHIGAN

"Standard" Wholesale Houses

In the cities marked thus (*) at the bottom of this page there are "Standard" Wholesale Houses carrying in stock complete lines of

Supplies and Tools

for Mills, Mines and Factories—also the Water, Gas, Steam and Oil Industries. Write to, or call upon the nearest wholesale house.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.

"Do you mind if I walk?" asked Jason. "I can talk better on my feet—especially when they are in motion."

Regelman laughed heartily. His eyes sparkled. He got up and went to the window, leaning against the casement and watching Jason. This was the chance Jason had been waiting for, for months; and this was the man.

"Put it concisely—in headlines—to begin with," said Regelman encouragingly. "An idea that can't be told in ten words isn't worth telling. What is it now—in ten words?"

Jason paced up and down the room for two turns, racking his brains. Abruptly he came to a stop in front of the waiting inquisitor.

"I've got it!" he cried, laughing. "I'll cut your ten words in two, and throw away one out of the change. Four words, sir! Here it is: 'Build your own car!'"

Jason squared off to watch the effect of his astounding idea on the capitalist, into whose ear he was pouring it in four words. The capitalist looked puzzled. Then he smiled in a curious way.

"The owner, you mean? Build his own car?"

"Yes, every man. A million of them! Every man who knows how to use a monkey wrench and screw driver! 'Build your own car!' That's the catch line! I want one million dollars advertising appropriation to start with. I want to put that slogan straight across the map!

"My whole car is," he hurried on, "to be an assembled car. I want to give John Jones, the man down there in the street, the opportunity to assemble his own car. I want to give John Jones the chance to buy standard parts from standard makers at rock-bottom prices, and to screw them together himself, on a standardized frame. Nights and Saturday afternoons and Sundays. In his woodshed or in his barn. And I want to be the middleman who sells these parts to John Jones!"

Jason was sawing the air as he talked and waved back and forth.

"I want to ship to him, knocked down, in a crate. I want to give him his choice of engines, electric systems, his choice of gear ratios. I want him to think he is doing a little designing on his own hook. And I want to give him the chance of tacking his own name to his car when he gets done, instead of your name. Scrap your plant, if you want to. I don't want it—haven't got any use for it! All your plants—except the plants making parts for me—will be scrapped in five years if I can find the right man to get this idea going for me. Give me a million dollars to start with as advertising!" cried Jason, holding out his hand for the million. "Give me an advertising man who knows his business. Give me a double page in every big weekly magazine and Sunday newspaper to-morrow."

Jason began to apostrophize John Jones, as though it were John Jones instead of an amazed B. G. Regelman staring at him from the window embrasure.

"John Jones," cried Jason, "build your own car! Can you use a monkey wrench, John Jones? Can you use a screw driver, John Jones? Have you got a woodshed or a barn, John Jones? Have you got any spare time nights or Sundays, John Jones? 'Cause, if you have, John Jones, I am going to put an automobile in your hands, at a price you can afford to pay! And John Jones, when you get it together it's going to be your own car."

Regelman went back to his desk and sat down. He lit a cigar and smoked it slowly. Jason continued to talk, with the most engaging and persuasive frankness, to the mythical John Jones. Jason told some secrets, or what he imagined to be secrets, of the assembling of automobiles to his friend, John Jones; in fact, Jason was rapidly persuading the mythical John Jones that he, Jason Selfridge, engineer out of a job, was the benefactor of the race. It was the first time Jason had ever put the thing into articulate words, and all the difficulties that might have beset the plan in a more sober moment were swept away on the wings of enthusiasm. As Jason tramped back and forth, sawing the air, he tripped over a hump in the rug, and displaced a large section of the expensive floor covering. He straightened it out with an apology.

"Sit down," suggested B. G. Regelman.

"Do you smoke?" asked B. G. Regelman as Jason sat down. Jason shook his head.

"It's a great pity. It's a fine sedative," said B. G. Regelman. The capitalist turned a half-veiled eye on Jason. "Have you presented this idea to anyone else?" he asked. "Or is this your first time out of the stable?"

"This is the first time I have found anyone I considered worth telling it to," said Jason.

"That is good!" said B. G. Regelman in a tone that thrilled Jason through and through.

It was then three in the afternoon. At five B. G. Regelman got up to touch the button that turned on the lights. He stooped to examine the rug over which Jason had tripped. The youth who had unbosomed his soul, given up his idea to the last dregs, just as he had worked it out over weeks and months, walking the streets, sitting in parks, lying awake in his two-by-four room, watched B. G. Regelman. The capitalist picked up a loose thread in the rug. It was not a thread. It was a broken end of insulated electric wire. B. G. Regelman seemed fairly stupefied with amazement. On the floor lay the other end of the broken wire. B. G. Regelman sprang on it with the utmost ferocity. He yanked at it. It was fast to the baseboard. With a fierce tug he yanked again. The wire came away. He followed it up, tearing it loose yard by yard. It led him to a door which was locked and resisted his efforts.

B. G. Regelman turned on Jason, beads of perspiration standing out on his forehead, his eyes glaring.

"Is this some of your work?" he cried, hissing the words. Jason decided the man had suddenly gone mad. What could he, Jason, possibly have to do with a string of bell wire tacked to a molding? B. G. Regelman's manner suddenly changed. He darted past Jason.

"Excuse me! I'll be right back!" he cried in a whisper, and bolted out of the room. Jason heard one door after another slam behind him, in what seemed precipitate flight. Then came an uproar. It was from a distance, through several doors. Now Jason thought it time to investigate. He picked his way through the suite to the main hall door and stepped out into the corridor. There was B. G. Regelman, his face bloodshot, his fine clothes awry, struggling in the grasp of two solid-looking individuals, who now and then thumped B. G. Regelman in the back of the neck with their free fists.

"You belong to us too!" said a third solid-looking person, stepping up to Jason and with a dexterous movement taking a twist in his sleeve. It was no use trying to evade that hold; the youth had seen many an unruly tramp subdued by it in the streets.

"But what's the row?" demanded he.

They were shoving B. G. Regelman into another room; and when this was done Jason's captor led him to the door. On the door ran the legend:

JOHN BAINGE—SKINS

Not until that instant had Jason realized that the room in which he had just had his conference with B. G. Regelman, capitalist, looking for an unusual man with an unusual idea—the man could write his own contract—adjoined the room in which, two nights before, he had borrowed a sheet of letter paper from John Bainge.

Inside he met the smiling face of John Bainge himself.

"Well, son," said John Bainge cheerfully, after he had persuaded his captor to loose his hold, "you certainly coughed up like a seasick mariner! Oh, the fire of youth! Every man his own monkey wrench, eh? Well, before we are through assembling this ten-biggest-automobile manufacturer, he'll need more than a monkey wrench."

A dozen men in the room were now quarreling for the possession of the now whimpering B. G. Regelman. A postal inspector, a police captain, a deputy marshal, an assistant district attorney took part in the argument. The marshal won. The police captain fixed an eagle eye on Jason.

"Where do you live?" he demanded.

Jason told him.

"Sorry," said the police captain. "That address won't do. We will send this man to the House of Detention as a witness."

"This man is all right, captain," spoke up the dealer in skins. "He's a little loose with his clothes among dips, and with his ideas among advertising fakes. But I'll answer for him."

Jason was staring at B. G. Regelman with a slowly freezing stare. Jason's jaw shot out; his nose puckered; his brows came down in a V. His shoulders gathered

(Concluded on Page 104)

PAIGE

The Most Beautiful Car in America

The Motor Car is one of the most efficient Time and Labor-saving devices that has ever been developed. For this reason it has been adopted as *standard field equipment* by wide-awake executives in practically every line of business.

The stern necessities of war have placed a premium on our national productivity—and the motor car has demonstrated that it is economically sound as a producing factor. By conserving Time it multiplies the usefulness of man. By conserving energy, it fosters the broadest and fullest expression of his creative ability.

The Paige is merely *one* of America's high grade motor cars, but we are proud of the part that it is playing in this National Crisis. In no small measure we realize our own responsibility, and the various Paige models will continue to merit the respect and confidence which have been so generously reposed in them.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

"You Need Some More Flexweev, Too"

THE prudent woman prefers EVERWEAR Flexweev—not only for herself, but for the whole family as well. Such an ideal combination of style and durability means sensible economy—and women know it.

They like the Flexweev feature for its snug fit at the ankle—a fit that is a distinctive characteristic of all

Everwear TRADE MARK Hosiery

Men, too, appreciate the trimness of the Flexweev ankle—and the excellent durability of the specially reinforced toes, heels and tops.

You can get "EVERWEAR Everywhere". Your dealer probably has it in a variety of colors and weights—cotton, lisle and silk—and in a wide range of prices.

Be sure the next hosiery you buy—for any member of the family—bears the thrift stamp—"EVERWEAR".

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO.
172 Fifth Street, Dep't 105, Milwaukee, Wis.

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themselves together and his fingers began to work.

"Do you mean to say this man is a faker!" he demanded of John Bainge. Bainge saw the storm coming. He threw his arms about Jason, who had started toward B. G. Regelman like a young bull.

"Ho, there! Gangway! I guess I need help with this young cub or there'll be murder!" cried Bainge. But the youth quieted down suddenly, though his face was as white as a sheet.

"Fake? Yes," said Bainge. "That's his regular business. Advertising for ideas—and stealing them. We've been trailing him for months, and now we've got him good. His lay is to get a down-and-out genius, like you, and milk him dry—and then sell him out. If you hadn't tripped up on our talking-machine wire in there your capitalist would have walked straight into our waiting arms without a suspicion we were laying for him next door. As it was, he put up some fight. Assemble your prisoner there, gents, and be off!"

At ten o'clock that night, after they had dined, with white napery and glistening silver and soft lights, with tailors' dummies and *couturières'* manikins on all sides of them, and had their own private undertakers' apprentice to serve them, John Bainge had explained most of what he knew about the nefarious B. G. Regelman. They had been trailing Regelman, under various aliases, for months. It was always the same stage—an expensive suite hired for the occasion, the utmost frankness and good nature, and the invitation to some young genius with a big idea, to cough up entire. You can't arrest a man for listening to another man talk. They had dozens of talking-machine records of these heart-to-heart talks, including Jason's monologue on Build Your Own Car. This day they had caught B. G. Regelman in the act of selling some of the ideas he had stolen from impecunious trusting geniuses like Jason.

Even selling another man's ideas isn't regarded as heinous in the eyes of the law, unless they are patented—which Jason's were not, because they were still ideas and not yet devices. But there is another mantle, which like charity covers a multitude of sins. There is nothing more sacred than your Uncle Sam's mail bag. Don't tamper with its integrity, either in a two-cent letter or in a "want ad" in a newspaper that pays its way by the pound. Hence the raid that shattered Jason's fair hopes. Jason was game. The blow had struck him between the eyes; but he took it standing.

In the morning—after sleeping in a real bed—Jason said: "Well, if you will give me my old clothes I'll be moving along."

"Better keep those," urged the genial host.

Jason laughed, in high good humor in spite of it all.

"No; naked I came into your world, and naked I'll go out. I am going back home. I guess the town is too big for me. Lord, man, I know where there is a side of beef hanging, and the cellarway full of crocks—and there's a girl I haven't seen for some time. Besides, the summer chores are all done, and there won't be much to do but sit round the fire till spring. And the folks will be glad to see me."

"Wouldn't be a bad idea, at that," agreed the dealer in skins. "It would do you good—blow out the bugs. And the Federal grand jury won't be needing you as witness in this case for another month. By the way, there was one thing I forgot to mention to you. You know old John G.?"

Jason smiled foolishly.

"You mean the fellow I'm working for—as vice president in charge of engineering research—or something like that?"

"The same. Well, I didn't tell you. He's been the angel of this investigation—put up the cash. It's been a hobby of the old man that there were a lot of crooks advertising for ideas, and getting away with it. He's got more change than he can spend, so he put me on the job."

"Decent old party," said Jason.

"And there's another thing," continued John Bainge. "I sent that record of yours over to him, and he played it on his phonograph last night."

"Record—of mine?" said Jason.

"Yes, yes!" chuckled his friend. "That one about Every Man His Own Monkey Wrench. He telephoned over this morning that you stepped on the wire and broke it, right in the middle of the best part. He wants you to come over and finish it. Better hop on a car now, because the old man is apt to be cantankerous if he doesn't get what he wants when he wants it."

"What? Me?"

"Yes! Me!" echoed honest John Bainge. "I guess you'll have to wear my clothes or be arrested. I gave yours to the ash man this morning."

BANKED FIRES

Continued from Page 16)

"Gilbert has gone, and he left his messages for you."

"You must be lonely."

"I'm rather used to that."

He hesitated; then: "It's quite fine out; I'd like it if you'd walk with me, have tea or something."

She was a long while in answering. "Very well," she agreed. "After three."

She chose to turn away from the holiday aspect of the city and follow the emptier sweep of the boardwalk. They were both silent, in sunny calms that alternated with softly blustering puffs of salt wind. The tide was out, and she went down to the beach. There she stopped and sat on a great plank half embedded in the sand.

"Tell me some more about the works," she directed.

A positive interest sparkled in her countenance as he pictured for her the progress of the metal, from the moment of its arrival as carloads of indistinguishable scrap until it poured purified into the ingot molds.

"I can't understand how you stay away from it," she insisted.

This time he didn't attempt to argue with her; curiously enough, he began to be a little surprised at himself.

"The men I know," she continued, "principally do nothing. It is very bad for them." She fell into a deep abstraction, and he told himself that she was thinking of Von Tieck. "But I suppose it isn't their fault; they are taught that one mustn't labor. They think nothing of things you would probably detest, and detest all that you accept as necessary.

"Do you know"—she gazed at him directly—"I envy you. Your opportunities were splendid. In a way the same things that make steel made you—the fires and hammering and tempering."

A deep flush of pleasure rose to his head. This admission was nothing less than a surrender of her aloofness. At the same time it was a fatal blow at all that he had planned, a eulogy of the life he had discarded forever.

"Not many come through," he said stupidly.

She had taken off her hat and the wind stirred in her amazing hair.

"Like a furnace in blast," he spoke involuntarily, and immediately regretted his words. Avril laughed. "I have heard a great many things about my hair," she admitted; "in, perhaps, six languages; but no one else ever called it a furnace."

After dinner he went up to her as if a matter of course, and she drew aside her scarf, resting on the other half of the small sofa she was occupying. Now the qualities that had first antagonized him were infinitely precious. Her indifference since, as it were, he had been admitted behind its defense was the most engaging thing in the world.

They still talked but little, about details of no importance. He got her book from the clerk at the desk; and, if he finished lunch or dinner first, frankly waited for her in a chair by the dining room. He was entirely obsessed by his passion for her: rare glimpses of warmth and charm, of actual enthusiasm, piercing her mask, filled him with choking emotion. Again, her habitual manner struck him as amusing beyond words; the exact loveliness of her person was a marvel.

He often thought of Von Tieck; and at times he discovered an allusion to an early unhappy love in her manner or words. He was secretly glad that the fellow had been a German; no other circumstance could have disposed of him so neatly. With this Fisher Nichols was conscious of an increased interest in the war, of a definite sense of himself as an American. Avril Sandby

(Continued on Page 107)

"Americans Can 'Do Their Bit' By Refusing to Wear Pointed Shoes"

Bent Bones That Were Bent by Pointed Shoes
Straight Bones That Grew Straight in Educator Shoes
CAUTION: It is not an Educator shoe unless stamped thus. There can be no protection stronger than this trademark, for it means that behind every part of the shoe stands a responsible manufacturer.

THAT is what a writer in the New York Evening Mail recently said. He went on to point out what we have long been saying to Americans; namely, that pointed shoes bend the delicate foot bones and inevitably cause corns, bunions, twisted toes, ingrowing nails, callouses, etc.

Such foot ills would *disappear* and a general increase in bodily efficiency would take place if every American would wear Educator Shoes.

Educators are made scientifically in the broad-toed, good-looking shape of a normal, natural foot. They give plenty of room for all five toes. "They let the feet grow as they should."

MADE FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

in all sizes—for all ages. Get the whole family into them. But in buying, be sure you are getting Educators and not some substitute. Always look for EDUCATOR branded on the sole.

READ "BENT BONES MAKE FRANTIC FEET"

a free book of curious, unusual information by experts in the care of feet. It will tell you things you have never known. Free. Write for it today.

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC., 14 HIGH ST., BOSTON, MASS.
Makers also of the famous All-America Shoe for Men, "The Shoe That's Standardized"

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EDUCATOR SHOE
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Dull Calf Button Educator for Children. Educators are also made in a wide variety of finishes for Men, Women, Boys, Misses and Infants.

TO RETAILERS

Write us and we will tell you of the opportunity in your city for a profitable Educator business. 12,000 leading merchants in the U. S. are selling Educators with results highly satisfactory to themselves.

COOPER'S BENNINGTON

Spring Needle Underwear

BUY Cooper's-Bennington. Spring needle knit, it has the stretch that springs back, assuring perfect fit through its long life. Made with an extra mile of thread, it gives an extra year of wear. Dealers everywhere can supply you summer weights in this box identified by this neck label.

BLACK CAT TEXTILES COMPANY, Home Office: Kenosha, Wis.

Makers also of Black Cat Reinforced Hosiery for Men, Women and Children

Factories at Kenosha and Sheboygan, Wis., Harvard, Ill., and Bennington, Vt.

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read enthusiastic letters from Gilbert, who was at a university taking a short course preliminary to a position in the Ordnance Department.

They discussed, through Gilbert, the ebb and flow of battle, the submarines and safety of transports, and the racial characteristics of the nations involved. Nichols did his best to develop a patriotic spirit in her, or at least an attitude antagonistic to any possible Von Tieck.

Then, in an obscure corner of the porch and at night, he kissed her. They had been standing shoulder to shoulder, when she turned to him in a sudden flow of speech; and overwhelmed by emotion he bent over her.

The feeling of her lips against his sent him back against the railing. There was no struggle, no exclamation; she stood straight, her eyes searching his face, one hand clasping a fur wrap at her heart.

"We can't have this, you know," she said with a just perceptible flutter of her voice.

"Why not?" he demanded. "Is there any reason why we shouldn't marry?"

"That's a very different thing," she replied; "ever so much bigger. There is no exact reason why we shouldn't marry. But I will not have a dragging, low emotionalism first. I must tell you that I went through all that when I was younger, and it very nearly killed me; I mean it nearly ruined life for me. I don't mind your knowing about it. I saw a great deal of him as a boy in Munich and then in Berlin, and we were terribly much in love. But he was very typical, and there were other affairs, and a great deal too much drinking; and and I couldn't bring myself to accept it. At heart, you see, I was an American. It went on and on, and I got more and more wretched. We used to cry together. Then father died in Paris, Erik was sent away in the diplomatic service, and the war came on."

He comprehended instantly the circumstance that made her apparent frigidity an absolute personal necessity.

"I won't annoy you again," he assured her.

"I am not certain that I'm annoyed," she said in a charming frankness. "That's what I have to make sure of. I can tell you this, though: if I find that I can't do without you I won't hear of the silly sort of existence you seem to have planned. I might marry a man who was making steel, but I'd never spend an hour with an imitation European or idler."

He thought rapidly; then: "I'll go back to Harrisburg to-morrow," he asserted. "They will be glad to have my experience at the Medial Works. Then I'll come for you at once."

"Don't be an idiot," she commanded. "I haven't said I'd marry you. Probably I won't. I was only describing the kind of man I might love."

None the less an extraordinary happiness possessed him, not only at the chance of having Avril but, too, at the great relief that flooded him at the prospect of returning to the labor that had made him. It seemed to Fisher Nichols that he had been sick, and that Avril Sandby had cured him. He wrote to the Medial Iron Works; and, as he had foreseen, a restrained letter answered him, through which he could yet see a relief at the prospect of getting him again.

He could not go at once, he had explained; an important personal consideration demanded a little additional time.

"There," he exclaimed, showing the correspondence to Avril, "now only you are keeping me from the work you think so much of."

However, she was not to be hurried. "I haven't said that I would marry you," she repeated. "Perhaps I won't get married at all. I don't believe I could make you comfortable, to say nothing of happy."

"That is my affair. Honestly, Avril, I ought to get on to Harrisburg. All the good houses will be gone by the middle of spring."

"I'm dreadfully wasteful."

"We both have plenty of money to waste," he replied imperturbably.

"Thank heaven you are not pig-headed about that!" she declared. "I'm very nearly persuaded." It was the middle of the morning, and they were standing at a window of the hotel overlooking the boardwalk thronged with Easter gayety. "I'll tell you to-night," she promised. "But you're not to take anything for granted. I don't want to do it for a penny. If you have an old enough hat you can go for a walk with me."

IV

PROGRESSING toward the center of the holiday throngs the boardwalk soon became so crowded that they moved slowly and as if they were a part of a solid mass. On either side of the pedestrians an unbroken line of chairs wheeled in opposite directions. Lost with Avril in the crowd, Nichols' sense of intimacy increased to a thrilling feeling of actual possession. He saw no one else so beautifully correct; she wore severe blue serge worked in dull red wool, and a hat that charmingly framed her face like an old-fashioned bonnet. She was distinctly more cheerful than he had ever known her before, and met the indiscriminate contacts of the mob with a laughing philosophy.

But finally, "It's really getting too thick," she acknowledged; "we'd better go through the chairs and turn off past the worst of it."

They moved inward, Nichols signaled with his stick for a chair to halt, and he followed Avril through the opening. Seated in the chair, he saw, was a long slender young man with a face, under a low-drawn cap, at once excessively weary and alert. His gaze was straying indifferently on when he was arrested by a sudden quivering surprise sweeping over the man's countenance. Nichols heard a short exclamation from Avril.

She stopped, blocking the chairs, looking helplessly at the individual facing her. The latter glanced fleetly right and left, then bowed with a quiet recognition.

"I had no idea you were in America," he said.

"Nor I you," she replied.

There was an impatient stir in the line of chairs. "Move on there! What's keeping you?"

Nichols put in: "I'm afraid we're in the way."

Avril made a step forward.

"Where are you stopping?" the seated man asked.

"The Boscombe."

In another moment the chairs had resumed their motion, and he was lost.

Avril was so deeply submerged in thought that she replied to a direct remark with only an absent smile.

"It's very surprising," she said finally, patently about the chance meeting. "Oh, yes! Quite an old acquaintance. . . . Yes, again; in Europe."

A frowning silence once more enveloped her. After lunch he joined her as usual near the dining room, and they walked out to the office. There, with a premonitory disappointment at an afternoon lost, he saw the man Avril had recognized in the morning. She went forward swiftly, leaving him behind; and with the other she moved toward a window, conversing in eager, low voices.

Fisher Nichols was conscious of a mild resentment at being so readily ignored; but as he was lighting a cigarette Avril waved for him.

"This is Mr. Godkin," she explained; "and Fisher Nichols."

The former made a slight bow, then quickly put out a hand to meet Nichols' grasp.

"It's been so long since we have seen each other," Avril went on, "that he insists on almost a whole afternoon."

That, Nichols agreed, was readily comprehensible; he had been at the point of making the same demand. Alone, he didn't move from the porch but sat in a pleasant haze of speculation and planning. He was charged with energy for a life which had been miraculously revivified, filled with happiness and purpose. Avril and steel—yes, and his country—joined in a triad of absorbing importance. Each, he discovered, was necessary, a complement for the others; each one had made him conscious of and responsive to the rest. But in the first place it had been Avril, Avril.

He had no doubt of her answer that evening; he had seen her intention in her features, heard it in her voice; but it was natural for her to hesitate. Marriage meant more to her than to the perfunctory majority. Yet when he came out from dinner he found that she had finished early and stood wrapped in fur and yellow brocade waiting to go out.

"It can't be helped, Fisher," she told him directly. "You'll have to be patient—or not, just as you choose. Mr. Godkin is

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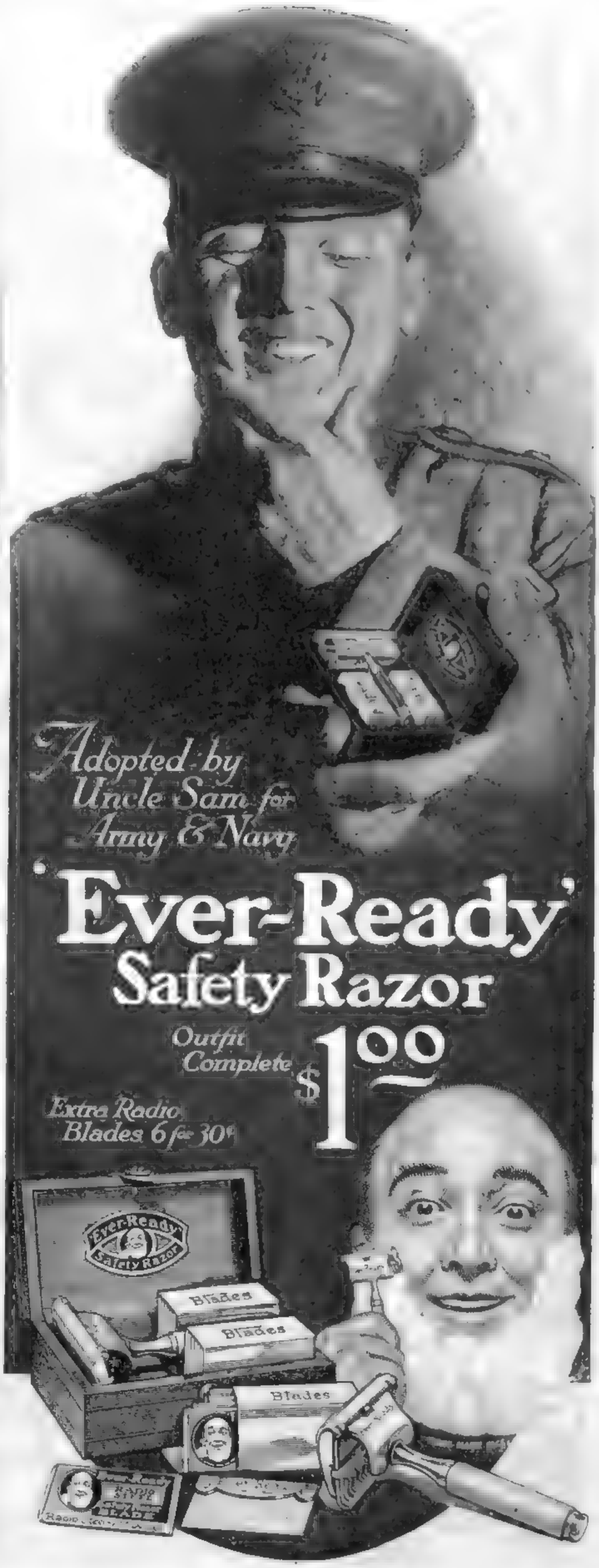


Twenty-Six and One-Half Working Days — No Overtime.

On February 20th, 1918, The Glenn L. Martin Company, Cleveland, builders of aero-planes, selected the site for this building, and we started operations on the bare, frozen land. This view was taken March 27th, 1918. The building is 300 feet wide and 200 feet deep, giving the Owner 60,000 square feet of working space for an unusual type of industry

Twelve Basic Types of Buildings Cover Most Industrial Needs

THE primary objective in every Crowell-Lundoff-Little industrial building is perfect fitness for permanent use. Instead of standardizing for speed alone, we standardized primarily according to the needs of actual use, and of course speed of construction was one of the important results. There is an immense flexibility in our Twelve Basic Types of Economy Factory Buildings, and there are few cases where one type or two or more types in combination will not exactly meet the requirements.

If special designs are necessary, our Engineering Department will supply them promptly, with the tendency to include previously standardized elements as fully as possible for time and cost economy.

Twelve Basic Types of Economy Factory Buildings Ready

We finished numerous industrial buildings from individual designs before we formulated the Twelve Basic Types.

We have the plans, specifications, materials, men and other resources necessary to realize any or all of these Types, and will commence twenty-four hours after you place your order.

Every accepted detail in all of these Types has been balanced against every other conceivable detail for merit as to time and cost, and each of the Twelve Types therefore embodies the best experience of hundreds of designers and engineers who have worked along the most efficient and modern lines.

In the past few years we have completed two hundred and fifty-eight contracts with the foremost industrial corporations in the country.

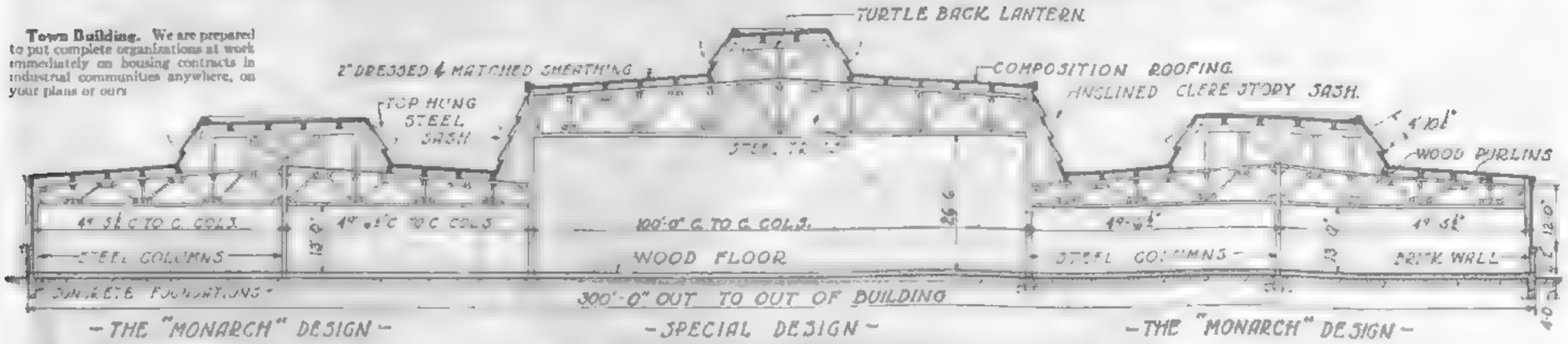
Our work is rigorously scheduled for speed and continuity; there are no guesses as to methods or materials, and an organization of a dozen special departments follows every detail from start to finish.

Our new "Blue Book of Industrial Construction" will be mailed free if you request it on your business stationery. The Twelve Basic Types are shown in this book. The return of the data sheet enclosed will enable one of our Contracting Engineers from our nearest branch to meet you with full recommendations and the support of our entire organization.

The Crowell-Lundoff-Little Co.

1951 East 57th St., Cleveland, Ohio. Branch Offices: Rochester, N. Y.—Liberty Building. Philadelphia, Pa.—Widener Building.

Town Building. We are prepared to put complete organizations at work immediately on housing contracts in industrial communities anywhere, on your plans or ours



Sectional Sketch of the Building Shown Above.

The MONARCH is one of our TWELVE BASIC TYPES and it exactly met the Owner's requirements for the 100 foot wide construction on either side. To meet the needs of this highly specialized industry, we designed the center bay to provide for greater lateral and height clearances than provided in the MONARCH. The three parts produce a special unit, but were constructed from standard elements in record breaking time

(Continued from Page 107)

going away almost immediately, and there are a lot of things to be said yet."

Any sign of displeasure, he recognized, would alienate her immediately; and he repeated his cordial acceptance of the unavoidable nuisance of the afternoon. Nevertheless, when Godkin and Avril Sandby had gone, a mounting annoyance—it wasn't vulgar enough, he hoped, to be called jealousy—took hold of him. He resented in the person of Godkin this intrusion of Avril's past, of which he had had no part. The other man evidently had so many qualities lacking in himself—an easy formality of manner, for instance, that somehow suggested both an accomplished dancer and something more rigid, almost a military aspect. He was obliged to content himself again with dreams and projections; and he got a limited amount of comfort from the feeling of waiting patiently, faithfully, for Avril's return and need.

Fisher Nichols saw her at once after breakfast, and he was surprised and shocked by the pallor of her countenance; in the pitiless flood of the morning light she seemed over thirty.

"It was a very late party," she explained with a troubled smile. "You see, I haven't been accustomed to them lately. You behaved very nicely last night, Fisher, and yes, I am going to marry you."

She said this last in no change from her low even tones; her face was almost somber.

"I think we'll be very happy," she went on. "We are neither of us entirely young or without experience; we know exactly what to expect from life and ought to understand what to give."

"Thank you, Avril," was all, in the face of her attitude, that he could think of to say.

"I'm mad about your work," she told him; "it's genuine, absolutely different from all the first part of my life. I am glad Mr. Godkin came when he did; that answered my questions, doubts." A sudden flush of warmth came into her voice and manner. "We are going to escape together into the future," she declared eagerly, "where there'll be no frightful problems, but only the clearest duty."

He pressed her hand swiftly. "I must wire the works," he said.

"Please don't go at once," she begged—"that is, not for a day or so. Then perhaps we could get married; leave together for the steel. I'm sick of hotels."

To his supreme relief Godkin didn't appear through the morning, and they sat alternately seriously planning and gayly inconsequential.

Later, after a palpable hesitation, she said: "I told Mr. Godkin that perhaps we'd stop in the Folkstone café for a punch party at about five. But I don't think I will, Fisher; I have a rotten headache. Still, he's going away to-morrow and I'll never see him again. I hate to leave him stranded. Would you stop in, just for a moment, and explain? Give him my love. It won't be necessary for you to stay. Come back soon; I'll dress early and we'll have a table together."

She went up to her room soon after four, and later he made his way to the Folkstone café. It was an inclosure of glass and tiling, with wicker tables and chairs overlooking a broad sweep of lawn and the low white angle of the Folkstone Hotel. The place was crowded, with waiters carrying trays of the famous Folkstone punch, tall fragrant glasses of cut oranges and ice and rum—a confusion of clinking glass and animated talk.

He found Godkin at once, reserving a small table in an angle of the room; an irritated disappointment clouded the latter's face at Nichols' explanation. "There is a punch all ready for her," Godkin exclaimed. "Women are the devil! Please—you cannot take her place, but you must certainly drink the punch."

Refusal, Fisher Nichols felt, was impossible, and he sat across from the other.

"It is really amazing here," Godkin continued; "I had never seen it before. Like Avril, I have spent most of my time away from from home. Yes, I am an American."

"I'd thought perhaps you weren't," Nichols commented. "Your voice——"

"But I speak English perfectly," Godkin sharply interrupted.

"Why not?" Fisher Nichols said, surprised. "I suppose having other languages affects your pronunciation."

"Of course," Godkin expelled a deep breath. "Do you mind my asking—every man does something in the United States—how you occupy yourself?"

"I make steel," Nichols replied; "in the open hearth, if you know what that is."

Instant alert interest and attention were born out of the other's boredom.

"That is of the greatest importance now," he said. "I have an idea of it—the open hearth is where they run pig iron into steel."

"We use nothing but iron scrap," Nichols corrected him. "We get a lovely high grade out of it too. That is, we did before they put a lot of new ideas into operation; I haven't seen them tried out yet."

"Please—could you tell me about it? The big industries here are fascinating."

"It's the Medial Iron Works," Nichols went on indifferently, "in Harrisburg. At our entrance into the war we were put on government stuff—ships' plates. And where we used to judge the condition of the metal at the furnaces, now a man takes the fracture out to the laboratory, where they fool with borings and thistle tubes and Erlenmeyer flasks. They write the report by telautograph, and it's repeated in the open hearth."

"The laboratory is not in the same building then?"

"No, out by the gate."

"And that's guarded?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Interesting. If the laboratory report were wrong——?"

"The heat would be flat; about two thousand dollars, and someone would lose his head."

"I suppose a great deal of care is taken to keep out undesirables, well—enemies? Quite right too. Some of the plants must be very valuable."

"The rolling mill and open hearth, yes. An accident to either would be serious. There won't be any, though; we know personally every man and pass at the gate."

Godkin had more punch on the table before Nichols could rise or object. It was a great nuisance, the latter thought; he was consumed with anxiety to get back to Avril, dressed early and expecting him. A spot of color burned in either cheek of Godkin; the punch, Fisher Nichols decided. A momentary silence fell over them, out of which the other in a low rich voice absently sang:

"Come where my love lies dreaming,
Dreaming the happy hours away
In visions bright . . .

Light is her young heart——"

he sang barely above his breath. Then he abruptly stopped.

"I should enormously like to see your plant," he said.

Why not—a friend of Avril's?

"It could be arranged," Nichols replied.

"I am leaving early to-morrow. Perhaps if I stopped at the Boscombe to-night—I wish to make my own bow to Avril, too—you could arrange it for me."

"Undoubtedly," Nichols asserted, immensely relieved at the prospect of an immediate departure. Avril, he found, was not yet down; and he dressed in a happy hurry. The long narrow face of Godkin, his precise formal English, returned illogically

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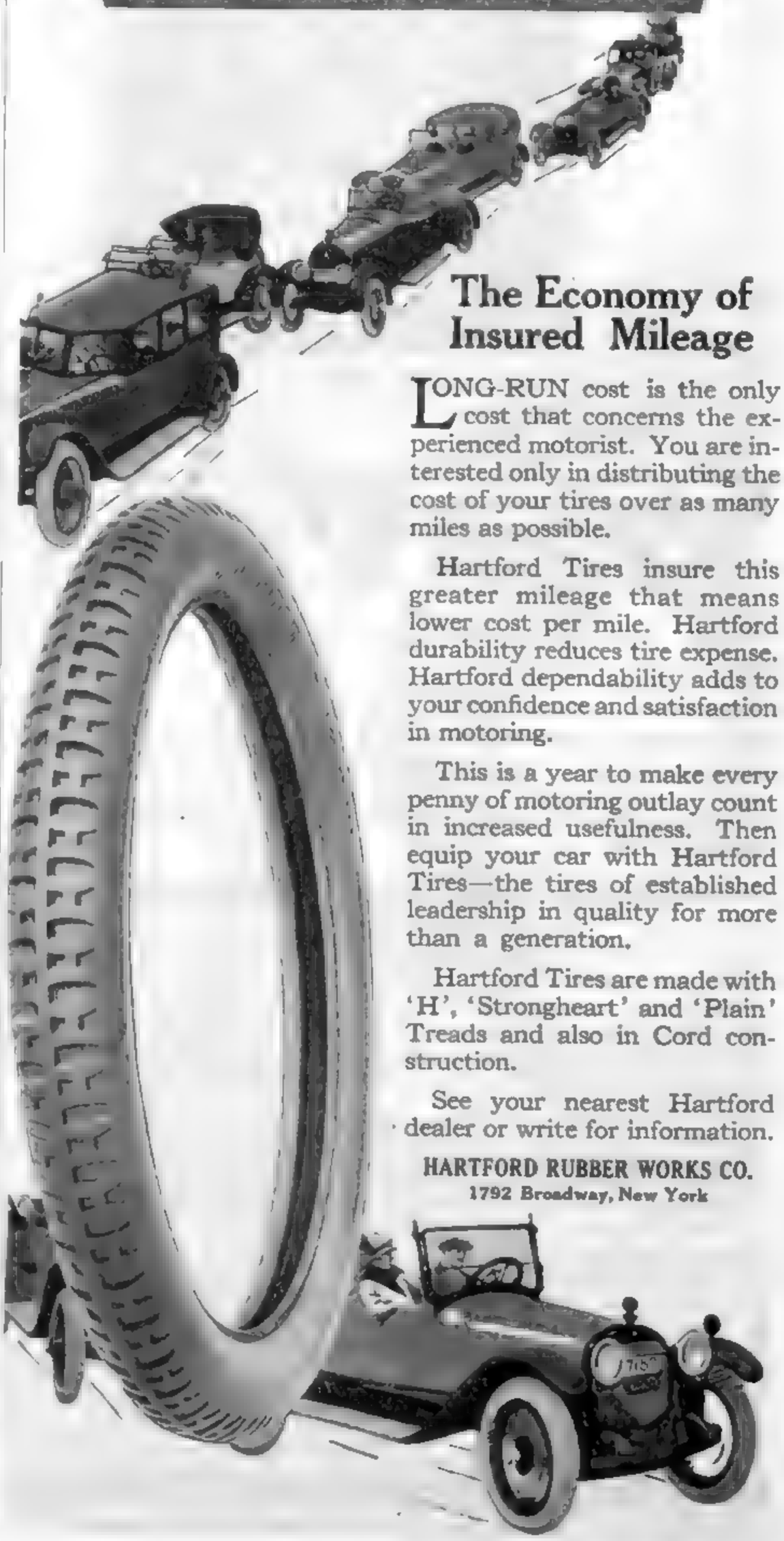

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to his mind. The other's almost painful interest in steel was surprising, unusual. Then he found himself unconsciously humming:

"Come where my love lies dreaming,
. . . the happy hours away."

An old, pleasantly sentimental song, written by—by Foster, Stephen Foster. Where had he heard it? . . . Of course, Godkin. Suddenly he stopped in his dressing. A fantastic, alarming thought invaded his mind in a jumble of remembered facts, overheard conversation: Von Tieck, a German; Avril and an old love affair; the songs of Stephen Foster. By heaven! But certainly it was nonsense; Avril would never have let him into that. He hurriedly reviewed Godkin's persistent queries about the Medial Iron Works, its various plants, locations and functions. Without a reason beyond a general curiosity the other was prepared to journey to Harrisburg.

His principal consideration, however, was with Avril. If this extraordinary suspicion were a fact she had betrayed him. More—she was betraying the country. He put it angrily out of his mind, but it returned; it obsessed all his thoughts; he couldn't, he wouldn't consider it for a moment; and at the same time he rehearsed every incident in connection with Godkin.

It would be impossible for him to put such a query to Avril; probably untrue, it would be inexcusably insulting. Now, when his joy was so new, he told himself that such trifling with it would be sheer insanity. Yet it was necessary for the doubt to be settled at once; not only for his own peace of mind but for other, even graver reasons. There must be some way in which indirectly he could learn the truth.

Such a course occurred to him seated across from Avril at the small dinner table that they were sharing in common. He hesitated, fearful of all that he was about to precipitate. She was especially, appealingly lovely in a low gown of smoky green; every gesture toward him was an intimate surrender. Nicholssteadied himself.

"I was longer than we intended at the Folkstone with Godkin," he forced himself to pronounce in a carefully casual manner. An instant frown appeared between her eyes. "Like both of us, he is very much interested in steel; in fact he has asked me to give him a pass through the works."

Fisher Nichols waited in an acute inner agony for her to speak. The silence which followed his words seemed interminable. Then he saw that her hand was clutching a napkin hardly whiter than her face.

"He's coming to-night for a minute," he added in a growing dread, "to say good-by in person, I gathered—and for the pass."

"You mustn't give it to him," Avril said in a voice so low that he scarcely caught the words.

"Then this Godkin is Von Tieck?"

He saw that she was so miserable that she completely missed the surprising fact of his knowledge.

She nodded; then "You must listen to me first," she said, gathering herself for the effort of speech. "My seeing him was a dreadful misfortune. It put me in an unspeakable situation. I believe he might be considered a spy."

Nichols nodded shortly.

"Can't you understand?" It was a low cry of distress. "We have known each other for years, and I told you that we were in love. It seems that when the German Embassy left, one of the German-American servants was very sick. Erik had practically just landed in Washington, nobody knew him, and they made him stay to finish some work—the sick man left as Erik.

"He swore to me that it was only clerical, not really harmful ——"

"Why do you suppose he was so anxious to get into the Medial Iron Works?" Nichols demanded flatly. "The fellow lied to you. No matter what he was when you first knew him, Avril, now he's a German at war, and a German at war is an especial individual. He'd lie, sacrifice you, anything, with a sense of the most honorable justification."

"But they would kill him, Fisher; a spy, remember. They would shoot him to death; and I played with him as a little boy. I still have a little bracelet he made for me out of horsehair. I couldn't —— I promised him to keep still; he's going away immediately into Mexico, it's all planned. But—but it was impossible to expose you to any chance. I had to tell you, Fisher. Won't you help me, let him escape!"

"It's hellish wrong," he said.

"Men are so hard," Avril replied. "The war makes me want to leave everything—yes, everybody; it's all so hideous. I hoped you would have a finer feeling. I tell you that if Erik was shot because of us it would ruin my happiness. Can't you see that?" she implored, leaning toward him, palpitating, exquisite.

"It's ruined either way," Nichols said harshly. A choking pain gripped at his heart. He couldn't let her go. All that she had said was tragically true. This Von Tieck, a German, unsuspected, free to go about, observe, perhaps destroy ——

"How can I, Avril? How can you?" he asked doggedly, as if the words had been independent of his will.

"I don't know," she said dully. She got up from the table and with Nichols at her shoulder walked rigidly out into the room beyond. It was of huge extent with a half circle of uninterrupted windows against the sea, and filled with various groups of occupied chairs, the orchestra playing in an alcove facing its breadth. He stopped mechanically at the rack and secured some trifles of hers and an evening paper, when he found her in the first chair beyond. She said nothing, but sat with her gaze fixed on the floor, her hands clasping and unclasping in the smoky tulle of her lap.

A sharp pity for her, for them both, tore at him. Immersed in tormented thought his gaze caught the headlines of the paper:

AMERICAN TRANSPORT SUNK BY SUBMARINE
MANY LIVES LOST

At that minute Von Tieck, not dressed for evening, walked up to them.

"I came to make you my adieu," he told Avril. "And Mr. Nichols has kindly ——"

It was evident that his gaze, too, had comprehended the announcement of the paper, for he turned a sudden metallic query on the girl.

"What is it?" she asked; and Nichols silently gave her the paper.

"Oh!" For a moment she bowed over the sheet, and then raised such a stricken face that Nichols instinctively stood between her and the idle people near by.

"Did you see?"

She gave him the paper in a hand that shook violently.

"Men lost," he saw. "Ordnance:

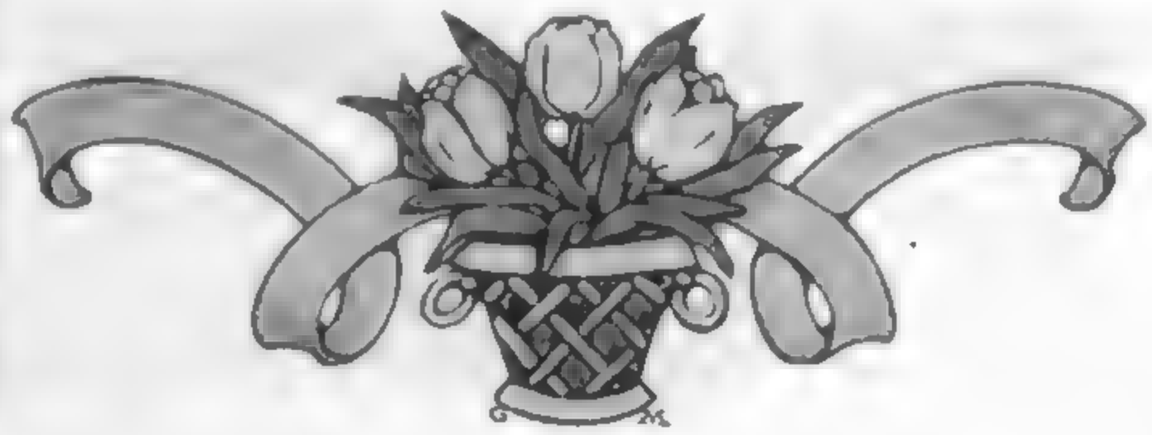
"Gilbert Sandby."

Gilbert, with his quick, sure gaze, his frank, extreme youth. He must get Avril quietly out of the room. She stumbled to her feet and he put out a steadying arm. "Did you see?" she repeated. He nodded dumbly. "Traced," she went on in a fluttering, weak speech, "to German agents in America."

There was a swelling chord from the orchestra that ended in a ripple of clapping. He saw Von Tieck step back and glance swiftly, with pinched lips, toward the far exit, choked with complacent holiday figures. Avril said: "Little Gilbert."

"Can you make it alone?" he half whispered. She shut her eyes and swayed; then, her chin up and arms tightly at her sides, she turned away without a word.

"Now, Von Tieck," Fisher Nichols said brusquely.



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TOWARD MORNING

(Continued from Page 4)

The two men bowed and shook hands. Then the *Geheimrat* walked on at the head of his procession and the *Herr Amtschreiber* turned out of the quiet street into the Ludwigsplatz.

He did not hurry any more. It was so late that a few minutes either way had ceased to matter.

The *Rathaus* looked out onto a wide old-fashioned square. It was a grave building, but neither austere nor arrogant. Its windows were full of flowers, and two tall shrubs, like sentinels, kept guard over the stone steps. Across the way and on either hand its low-roofed neighbors bore it goodly company. They were of the same generation. They had known the old *Rathaus* from their childhood and respected it, though without servility. They knew what was due to it and to themselves.

In the center of the square stood the tombstone of the grand duke who had given his name to the town. He had loved the place and had wished to be buried in its heart. For that reason perhaps his tombstone had a quaint air of having grown up out of the cobbles—to be a part of them.

The townsfolk were rather ashamed of their *Rathaus* and of the square generally. They told strangers they were going to pull the whole place down and build up something that would be more in keeping with the massive, flamboyant modernity of the Kaiserstrasse. The square troubled them. It held aloof from their clanging trams and vociferous motor cars, wrapping itself in grave civic dignity.

The *Herr Amtschreiber* went in by a side entrance. He had seen the sober carriage and pair with the gold-braided footmen and the little knot of idlers, and he knew just what had happened. He could not think of Clärchen any more. A cold fear had laid hold of him. But he could not hurry. He was like a schoolboy, dragging leaden feet.

The *Staatszimmer* was full of his colleagues. They stood in a long row, very stiff and upright, giving their elderly figures a martial bearing. In front of them the Grand Duke paced up and down with the chief officials, like a general on parade. He was tall and gray-haired, with the remote and melancholy expression of a man forever playing a part that wearies and disgusts him. The gray military coat and spurred heels did not make him a soldier.

"I thank you, gentlemen," he said.

The *Herr Amtschreiber* stood at the end of the row. He had forgotten to take off his overcoat and his soft hat was clutched convulsively in his right hand. The *Staatszimmer* was thick with a murky twilight, but through the long windows opposite he caught a glimpse of the square glittering in winter sunshine. The Grand Duke and his civilian staff moved against the light like faceless shadows. But the *Herr Amtschreiber* knew that they were looking at him—staring at him as though he had been some strange animal. He knew that his colleagues were thinking of him with a mixture of gloating self-satisfaction and pity:

"Poor devil! Glad I'm not in his shoes!"

The Grand Duke, cap in hand, had reached the door.

"I wish you good morning, gentlemen."

They bowed stiffly and expressionlessly. When the door closed they relaxed, stamping their feet and moving their arms like schoolboys after a long restraint. The *Herr Amtschreiber* stood apart. He tried to say something, to laugh and look unconcerned, but he knew that they saw through him and knew that he was sick with the premonition of disgrace.

"Well," he thought, "he can't kill me."

They heard the clatter of hoofs on the cobbles, and presently a man came back into the room. He was short and thickset, with light-blue protuberant eyes. He came up to the *Herr Amtschreiber*—so close to him that it seemed as though he meant to tread him down under his feet.

"You choose a strange occasion to oversleep yourself, Herr Felde," he said loudly and coldly. "What do you suppose the Grand Duke thinks of an administration in which the officials behave as you do? His Royal Highness honors us with his presence, and you stroll in an hour late—your coat on—anyhow—with a dirty collar—and—and crumpled clothes. My God! One would think you had been drinking."

The *Herr Amtschreiber's* lips trembled.

"Excuse me! My wife is ill. I was up all night."

"What is that to me? Do you think the work of the state has to stop because your wife has a headache? Let me tell you, Herr Felde, we expect efficiency in this office—efficiency and again efficiency. Those who can't live up to our standards—well, they can take their talents elsewhere. That's all."

The *Herr Amtschreiber* did not answer. He made a little bow and crept away to his office at the back of the *Rathaus*. His knees shook under him. It was as though he had been whipped in public—before all his fellows. But the shame did not matter. The veiled threat mattered. His *Büreauchef* hated him, had always hated him. And an *entlassener Beamte*—a middle-aged official dismissed for inefficiency—what was he? An old circus horse, trained to gallop round and round the ring, thrust out to find a living on the streets!

And there was Clärchen; and the mysterious, half-realized being who was coming; and the *Geheimrat*, who would shrug his flat broad shoulders:

"He was bound to fail. Too soft—much too soft. It doesn't do; these are stern times."

The *Herr Amtschreiber* bent over his papers. Though his head was hot and heavy he worked with a feverish accuracy. The machine revolved round him and he, who was just a little cog, infinitely significant, infinitely insignificant, revolved in measure. If he failed there would be a moment's hitch. The engineer would come burrowing down to the cause and wrench him off and throw him to the scrap heap. There would be no recrimination—no explanation. It was appallingly simple. The cog mattered only so long as it served its purpose. It was the machine—the machine that mattered always.

The *Herr Amtschreiber* forgot himself. The atmosphere of the dingy office stifled all personality, all feeling. It smelt of all the little souls that had sweated out their lives there—and of something moribund, as though an alien and evil spirit had crept into the old *Rathaus* and were eating out its heart.

No one spoke to him. His colleagues held aloof with an air of condemnation. He felt no surprise or pain. It was just. He had sinned. And then they, too, had the specter of failure at their elbows. They, too, were afraid. Not only for themselves; they were thinking of the machine. It was as though at the back of their minds was the vision of its collapse—of a monstrous cataclysm.

At last someone came up to him and spoke. It was old Heim, who had grown gray and bent in the service. He had never risen above the position of a clerk, and now he was near the end. A cancer ate at his vitals and soon he would be going into the hospital to die. But he was holding on to his office as though it were his life.

"This has just come for you, Herr Felde."

The *Herr Amtschreiber* tore open the untidy envelope. The slip of paper inside was smeared with an illiterate scrawl:

If the *Herr Amtschreiber* would please come at once. The *Herr Doktor* says so.

ANNA.

He sat there, blinking over his glasses. His vacant, wandering blue eyes rested at last in a fascinated stare on the broad back of his chief. His hands began to tremble and the slip of paper fluttered down onto the floor.

"I can't!" he thought over and over again. "I can't!"

"*Herr Amtschreiber!*"

He turned stupidly. Old Heim was leaning against the desk, his face yellow and withered as old parchment, his dry lips opened in a smothered gasp.

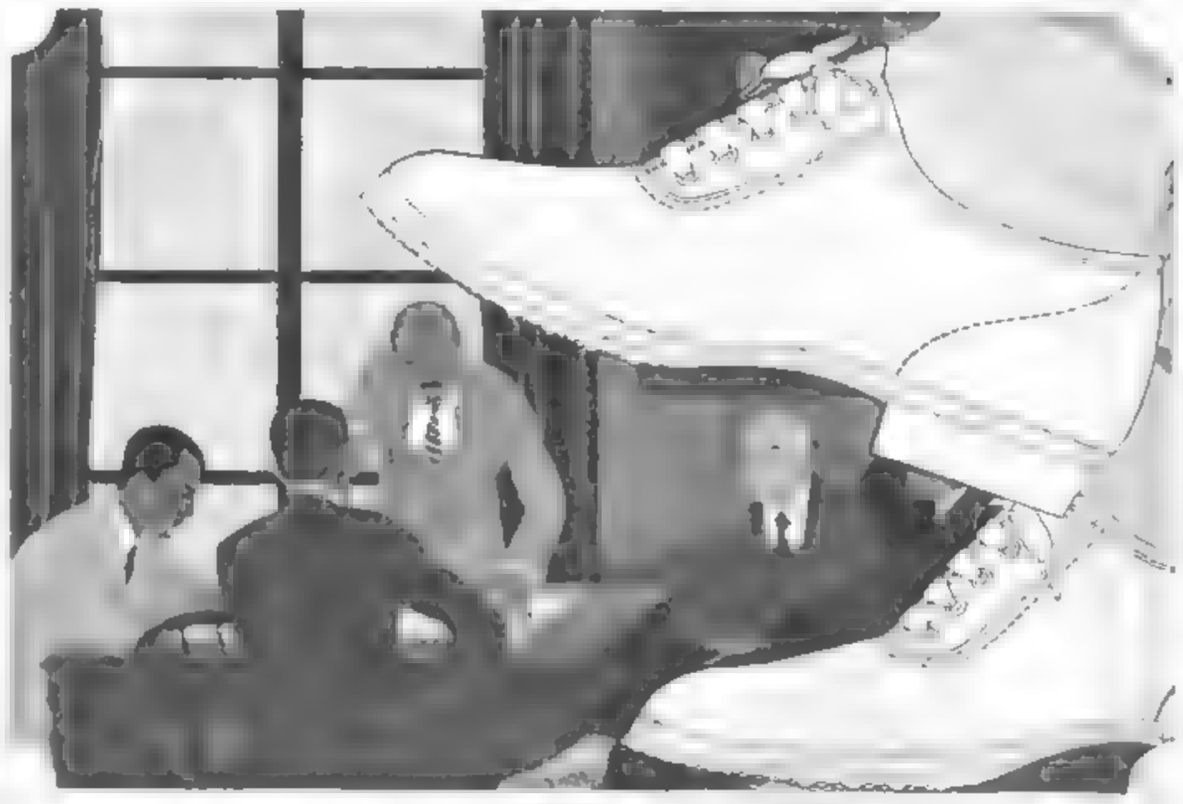
"Well?"

"Herr Felde, if I could be excused—this afternoon. I am not well; you know how it is. The pain—it's very bad."

Something leaped up out of the dark places of the *Herr Amtschreiber's* heart. It was tigerish, bestial. It had lain there in the night, ringed in by enemies, goaded and starved, gnawing the roots of its hiding place. As it leaped upon its victim the *Herr Amtschreiber* could have screamed out in an ecstasy of relief.

His hand, lying on the desk, clenched itself to a fist.

"Do you perhaps take this for a hospital, Herr Heim?" he asked.



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Their eyes met and held for a moment. Then the old man turned away. He went back to his desk and climbed onto his stool painfully, like a tired child.

The *Herr Amtschreiber* bent over his work. The rims of his eyes stung as though they had been burned with fire.

The cheap lamp nailed to the wall had been shaded, and in the half obscurity, where one form merged itself in another, the voice sounded faint and far off, as the memory of a dream.

"Our own," it said, "our very own."

The *Herr Amtschreiber* pressed his cheek against the hand that lay so heavily upon the quilt. Gently it was withdrawn and, fumbling like the hand of someone newly blind, rested at last on his bowed head, soothing him with a pitying, drowsy movement.

"Mustn't cry, *Männchen*. It's all right now. It was very bad, but it's over. And it's worth while to have something of our very own."

"I am so proud," he whispered. "It is so wonderful."

"A life we've made—together—to take care of—to make happier—than we have been"

"Our son—our son," he repeated simply.

The doctor and the nurse, standing deep in shadow, smiled palely, as though this high song of thanksgiving, so familiar, so eternal, could never lose its pathetic humor. The doctor bent down and touched the kneeling man upon the shoulder.

"Come!" he said. "You must let her sleep."

The *Herr Amtschreiber* stumbled to his feet. He did not look at the face that seemed to float like a white flower on a dark tide; nor at the unknown who slept in the low cradle. He went out, reeling drunkenly, through the door which the doctor held open for him. His teeth chattered in fever and he put his hands against the stove, letting its warm comfort steal up through his veins.

The plump little doctor watched him, still smiling and stroking his neat beard

"You will take it more calmly next time," he said prosaically. "The first is always a shock. One takes children so much for granted; and other people's children are never wonderful. But you mustn't excite her, you know. It won't do—either for her or for the child."

The *Herr Amtschreiber* lifted his head.

"I couldn't come," he muttered. "You see, there was work at the office."

"Of course! Very admirable of you. It's our old German sense of duty. As it happened it was all right. But I had an anxious quarter of an hour. You see, your wife is not so young any more; and in that case there is always danger. I thought I might have to choose between the two of them—suddenly. There was no time to ask you. But she chose. A brave woman. I congratulate you, my friend."

"And the child?"

"A fine boy—a regular little grenadier." Doctor Roth picked up his hat, chuckling. "I'll be round to-morrow. No—don't bother to see me out; you're not fit. Take a good glass of something to steady you. Good night! Good night, my dear fellow!"

The door closed. But a minute later Anna came in, bearing the lamp. She looked at him, her big shadowed eyes heavy with weariness. Yet there was a smile in them—that same slow smile of deep unconscious wisdom.

"The *Herr Amtschreiber* is glad that it is a boy?" she asked softly.

"Yes, yes!"

"One is always glad when it is a son," she said. "When I was born my mother cried. There are too many of us."

"But you have brothers?" he muttered absently.

"Oh, yes! There were four; two are in America, and two are serving their time. It is not easy to work the fields without them. In the harvest time my mother goes out and gathers in the corn. She is old now—so old."

He did not hear her. She went out, soft-footed as she had come, and he stretched his arms above his head so that he seemed to himself to grow young and strong and tall. The shuddering fear had gone. He was a god. His joy lifted him out of the gray crowd where he belonged. For a moment romance touched him with her golden finger and illuminated him. Once before it had come to him—on his wedding night—when the love that had been so cramped with little sordid cares had burst its bonds and shown itself royal and reckless even in them. It would come again perhaps—surely once again at least, with the last romance of all.

He went slowly to the table and sat down. A life-old instinct held steadfast in him. There were things to be done—a note to the *Geheimrat*, an order to the printer, a notice to be inserted in the daily paper He drew that morning's Tageblatt toward him and turned over the pages. How big was the notice to be? *Schulrat* Vosser had taken the half of two columns for his daughter. One couldn't do less. That would cost more than ten marks. Ten marks from a weekly seventy And there would be the doctor and the nurse and extra help and the chemist's bill.

Perhaps a smaller notice would do.

The music of a military band escorting a regiment home to its barracks came in a thrilling wave from the distance. It filled the drab conventional room with a fierce glow of color. It blew fear away as a wind drives off a creeping mist.

The *Herr Amtschreiber* sat back and dreamed.

"Happier than we have been!"

Yes, that was it. Not a failure, struggling and ineffectual, not even a cog playing its little part faithfully in the great whole, but an eagle mounting in great flights, a new force driving the machine faster and more splendidly to its goal. A judge, a general, an admiral, a prince of commerce. These things happened. They would pinch and save. They would manage somehow so that he should spread his young wings freely. In him all that they had dreamed would come to flower. He would be their hope, their ambition, their life.

They would call him Helmut. It was German and heroic. It spread a light about it. Helmut—bright courage.

He took a clean sheet of paper and began to draw up the announcement. He made it bigger and more splendid even than that of the *Schulrat* Vosser. His lips trembled as he wrote:

"Herr and Frau Felde joyfully announce to their friends that this day a beautiful boy has been born to them."

He framed it in thick black lines so that it looked like a shout of triumph. When it was done he dropped forward with his face between his hands.

"God grant it!" he whispered.

There was quiet and warmth within and without. The sweet exhaustion of tears crept up about him in a drowsy mist. And so the *Herr Amtschreiber* slept—suddenly and peacefully. And in his sleep he heard an infant crying.

II

AT THE bottom of all memories were Heini and Fritz Schnautzchen. There had never been a time when Heini was not. In a nebulous world of vague gigantic shapes, now dwindling into distance, Heini stood out clear and definite as a rock. His beaming, never-changing smile, his stiff sawdust limbs stretched out in jolly welcome—had received the first word and the first conscious caress. He had taken part in the first perilous two-legged journey across the dining room. He had suffered in the disaster. His pointed features were dimmed with the smear of many tears and the jammy kisses of a consoled partner. If he grew less sightly with the months that were then as eternities, and if there were times when the most ardent shrank from his proffered embrace, to Helmut he was still the perfect friend whose being had been linked to his by bands of almost mystic understanding.

Quite other was the history of Fritz Schnäutzchen, who had come later, in the glorious period of pram emancipation. He was a stray, the Feldes said apologetically, and had been picked up because of Helmut's absurd infatuation; but Helmut knew better. He knew that they had chosen each other—that they belonged according to an unwritten and secret law. One day in the forest they had met for the first time. Helmut had been playing at his mother's side with the fallen fir cones—a mysterious silent game which his mother never understood—and suddenly Fritz Schnäutzchen had appeared from among the trees. They had stood gazing at each other for a long time, not saying anything or moving, and then Fritz Schnäutzchen had quietly come to a decision. He followed Helmut's heels to the big gray block of flats in the Louisestrasse, and had waited patiently on the

(Continued on Page 117)

Columbia Grafonola

IF it's snappy, catchy music that you want to hear again and some more—it's on a Columbia Record.

That tantalizing tune you whistled for a week before you got the name—it's on a Columbia Record.

That weird close harmony the boys were singing at the club last night—it's on a Columbia Record.

THAT jazz dance riot that they encored seven times—it's on a Columbia Record.

That great quartette from "What's its name?" by—er—ah—well, never mind—it's on a Columbia Record.

Spring song, love song, musical comedy, pirate chorus, opera air, or oriental dances—if it's music that's *alive*, Columbia's got it. If it's music that you like, the Columbia Grafonola will make you like it better.

Columbia Grafonolas are priced at $18 to $250 Period designs up to $2100

A BIG, jolly friend with a happy, melodious voice—that's the Columbia Grafonola. A handsome, cheerful fellow who is always the fun-center of the home he lives in. Of course he's always happiest when he sings Columbia Records.

Food will win the war. Don't waste it.

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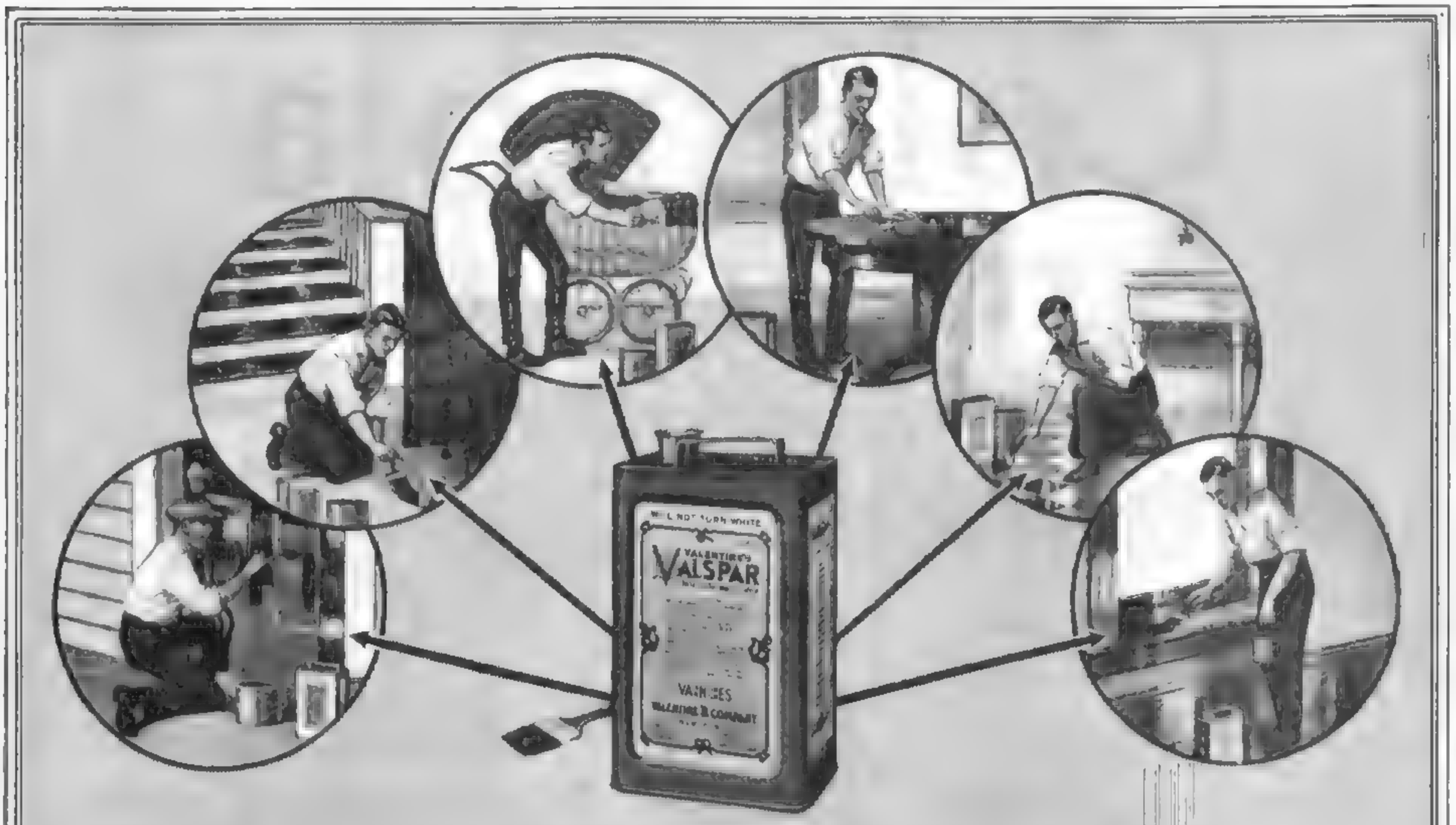

What a can of Valspar did—

"I took a few days off last week. Spent them with a can of Valspar varnish and a brush, the whole thing costing me only a few dollars. What happened these extracts from my diary show:

"*Thursday*—Valsparred the front door this morning. Found it easy to use Valspar. In the afternoon tackled the dining-table. Wonderful result! Valspar is certainly great stuff.

"*Friday*—Big rain-storm woke me up in the night. Thought 'there goes my Valsparred front door.' But this morning I discovered that rain doesn't affect Valspar a particle. Today I Valsparred the hall and stairway, and the linoleum on the kitchen-floor. Valsparring is really great fun.

"*Saturday*—Had heart failure at breakfast time when the maid upset a cup of boiling-hot coffee on the dining-table. But—did it faze Valspar? It did *not!* Evidently Valspar is fool-proof. Wound up the week-end by Valsparring some of the woodwork and the baby-carriage.

"*Sunday*—Took the baby out for an airing. Met some women friends and they said: 'Oh! doesn't it look cunnin' in its new carriage!' But it wasn't a new carriage: Valspar did it."

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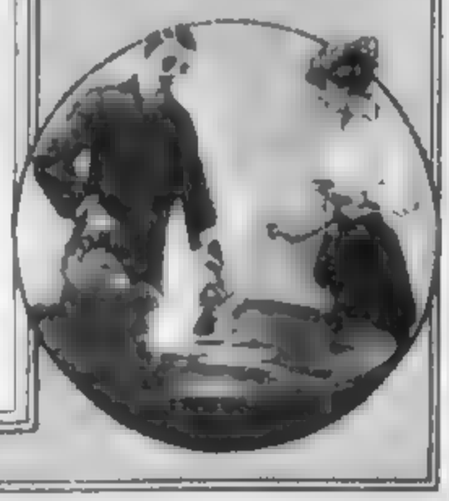

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(Continued from Page 114)

doorstep while Helmut howled within for his adoption. In the end their love had triumphed, and every week a twenty-five-pfennig piece was set aside toward a dog tax, which was in theory to be Helmut's birthday present.

There was no very clear explanation for Schnäutzchen's unusual and slightly grotesque nomenclature except perhaps in the fact that he himself was unusual and more than slightly grotesque. The Schnäutzchen may have had its origin in the raceless snub nose, which must have been derived from a pug ancestor. The Fritz was unquestionably utilitarian; one could not shout "Schnäutzchen!" with any comfort, and certainly not with dignity.

He was in truth not beautiful and not even young. He was a kind of dog all to himself, balking description, and the years weighed heavily upon him. One saw that life had not been kind, and behind his dim brown eyes was the sad knowledge of inexplicable human cruelty. He shrank from men—even from the *Herr Amtschreiber*—and women he tolerated wearily. He went with no one, followed no one save his chosen god. Helmut he loved. Helmut he followed. When the boy played his strange games with his strange toys the dog would sit by and watch gravely. When Helmut ran, Fritz Schnäutzchen girded up his old loins and ran too—panting but indomitable. In the hours which Helmut spent in the kindergarten Schnäutzchen watched with Heini for his return. Or sometimes Frau Felde would take them with her when she went to fetch her son; but this was not often, because she was just a little ashamed of both of them.

Between Heini and Fritz Schnäutzchen there must have been some alliance. It subtly excluded Helmut. They made it, as it were, over his head and without his knowledge. But it was for his protection. They were older and wiser with inarticulate wisdom, and they loved him. They had their life from him and were ready to give it up for his sake; and knowing this of each other they became comrades. There could have been no other explanation for a dog's devotion to a rag doll.

As to Heini, his attitude and his expression were less scrutable. He embraced his ally as he embraced everyone, with open arms and a wide engaging smile.

With these two on either side of him Helmut came through the fairyland of babyhood.

To Helmut his mother and father were gray people. They were the same color as the flight of stone steps that led up to their flat and the dim hall and the faded sitting room. For a long time he did not even realize that they had features, but recognized them by instinct from the midst of other gray people. And they had a disconcerting knack of dwindling and growing. For instance, on Sunday in the big church in the Westend Strasse they grew bigger, as though the slow-rolling hymns and packed mass of other dull-clad people singing with all their might reënforced them and gave them confidence and dignity. But after the service, when they walked out together in the forest which girdled the town like a deep green sea, they faded again. They walked stiffly and anxiously in their best clothes. They looked to right and left and bowed to everyone they knew and talked about them in low tones; and the vividness and straight tall strength of the trees made them colorless and subdued.

But even when they were most faded, most gray, they were still omnipresent. Heini and Schnäutzchen were bright and definite realities, but they came and went. His mother and father were about him always. Like a low cloud they encompassed his going and his coming. He loved them, but a queer pain mingled itself with his love. A nerve united them to one another, but it was a nerve that ached under secret, constant pressure. He knew, though, without reasoning, that they were always thinking about him, watching him, waiting. He felt that when they were alone they talked about him, even when they talked of other things—of the *Herr Geheimrat*, or the *Büreauchef*, or the hope of promotion, or the cost of living—they looked at him as though he were the real significance of these things.

Once, when he had been playing with Schnäutzchen and Heini, his mother had called him, and he had not instantly obeyed. At last when he came, panting and rosy-cheeked, half laughing, half defiant, his mother had put her hands on his shoulders and he had felt them tremble. Her plain round face was close to his, and for the first time she came out of her mist and he saw her clearly. He remembered her as she was then ever afterward; and for the first time, too, he saw himself.

"Helmut—you must obey—obey always," she said. "Unless you obey you will never command, you will never be strong, you will never be a great man. You will never be of any use. We have all got to obey."

"Why?" he had asked truculently.

"It is our duty."

"What is duty?"

"The greatest thing in the world." It was strange what hardness, what sternness came into her face. And yet behind it all he felt the pain. "Duty is what we owe our country. A sense of duty is the greatest German virtue. Promise me, Helmut—promise me."

He did not know what she asked, but he took a deep breath.

"I'll try," he said solemnly. "I'll try hard."

She caressed him with hard eager hands.

"We love you, Helmut; you must always remember that we love you."

And thereafter his games were never quite the same, and their love weighed upon him like a burden. A specter stalked beside him, waiting for its moment to seize him and devour him. It was tall and grim and pitiless. And it was called Duty.

He believed most in the things he could not see. In spite of the *Geheimrat*, who explained the mechanism carefully to him, he believed in a little friendly spirit who, when you rang the bell outside the big door downstairs, lifted the latch and let you in. He believed in a brilliant, dashing person who could fill a pitch-dark room with a blaze of light, and every now and then turned crusty and wouldn't. He could almost see the crowds of tiny gray men pushing the trams along and clanging a bell. He did see them at night in the Stadtgarten, when the band played and the lights twinkled and the black-coated waiters ran hither and thither like worried moths. He saw them then under the shadow of the trees. They smoked their long pipes and drank out of their little mugs of beer and nodded their heads to the music.

He believed in fairies—not in the conventional fairies of the books, for he had never heard of them—but in the fairies from Anna's village in the mountains. Anna was married now and had a rickety, heavy-headed baby whom she loved. She was softer and sadder-eyed than ever. On Tuesdays and Fridays she came in to help Frau Felde clean, and when she was eating her lunch of dry bread and coffee she told Helmut about her home and about the fairies. It appeared that they were a queer people—not friendly, not unfriendly. They treated human beings like oafish intruders—more stupid than wicked—whom one teased, or helped, or punished according to their merit. To the really ill-intentioned they could be exceedingly nasty. For instance, there was old Hänsel, who had deliberately planted a potato patch on their favorite ballroom. His potatoes did not flourish, you may be sure, and his pigs died one after another, and finally old Hänsel himself. And every night they dance on his grave so that he can't sleep.

Helmut looked forward to Tuesdays and Fridays, and most of all to Saturdays. On Saturday when it was fine they all five Heini and Schnäutzchen included—took the tram to the Durlacher Turm, which was a Roman watch tower on a hill overlooking the Rhine; and climbing up by a minute funicular train wandered through the forests and over the fields to an inn where there was coffee and *Apfelkuchen*, and sometimes new wine tasting sweet and strong of the grape. An old stork, whose wing had been injured in babyhood, kept guard in the courtyard, standing on one miraculously thin leg and klappering with his beak to show his disapproval of little boys like Helmut.

One special Saturday in spring they went out into the woods to gather the lilies of the valley. The air sparkled, as though the sun had given it a special polishing after the long winter, and the fruit trees lay white as snow on the hills. But one tree bore no blossoms. It stood bleak and gray among its fellows, holding out its gaunt arms pitifully.

"The poor tree is dead," said Helmut's mother.

He stood looking up into the branches, his arms full of the green-sheathed spoils.

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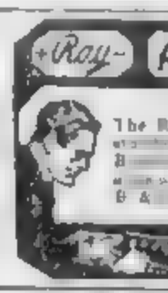

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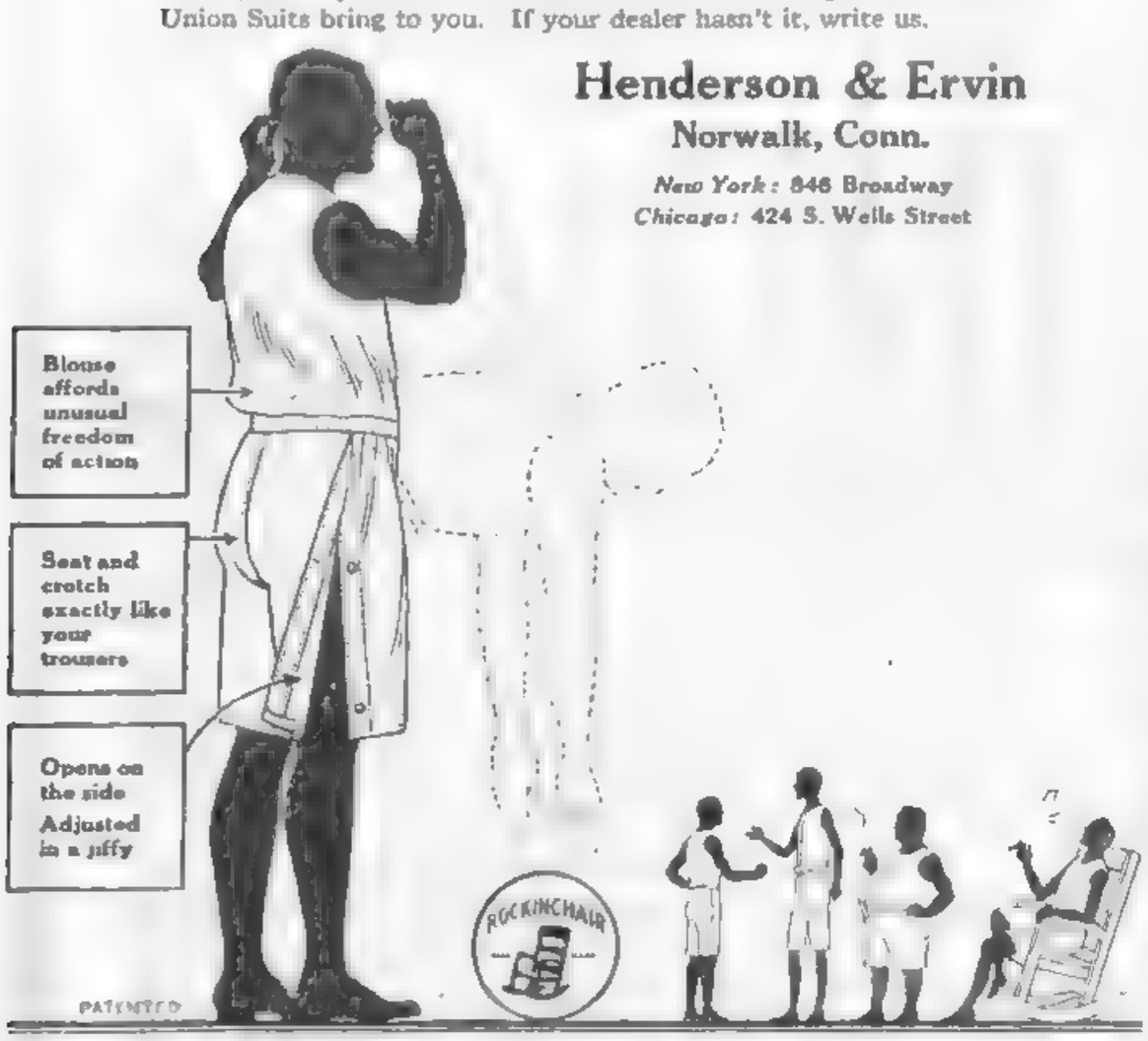

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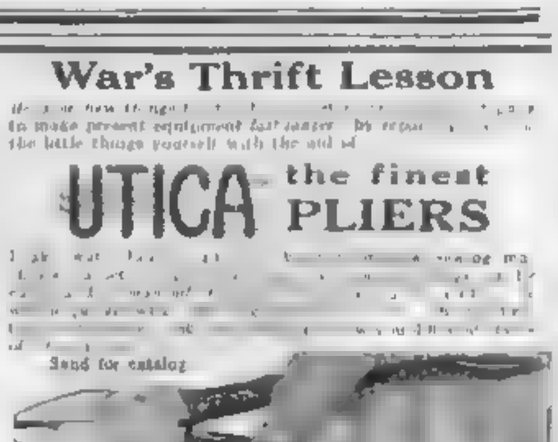

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"Do trees die," he asked; "and flowers?"

The *Herr Amtschreiber* pointed with his stick.

"Someone has torn off the bark and injured the trunk. Look where the sap has run out."

"What is sap?"

"It is like our blood." He took a lily of the valley and showed the pale greenish moisture where the stem had been snapped. "You see, it's the same thing: its life is running away. It's been torn in half, as it were. Of course we can keep it fresh in water for a day or two, but it's dying—one might say dead."

"I—killed—it," said Helmut slowly.

They were not looking at him.

"Think how pretty they will be in the big vase," said Frau Felde. "That is what they were made for."

They walked on. Helmut lingered behind. He was whiter than the apple tree and shivering as though with cold. He knelt down and dug in the soft earth, Schnautzchen, with dim memories of rabbit hunts, helping feebly. In the hole Helmut laid his flowers and covered them with leaves.

"I didn't know," he said. "I didn't know you were alive like me. I won't hurt any of you again ever."

He said his little evening hymn over them. It began: "I am very little, but my heart is pure and belongs to Jesus and Jesus alone." He did not know quite what it meant, but it was all he could think of. Fritz Schnäutzchen sat by and blinked wisely, and Heini lay on his back and smiled up at the sun.

Helmut did not gather any more flowers. And there was no *Apfelkuchen* for him that day either. He came back huddled in the corner of the tram, in disgrace and crying softly. He fell asleep at last, worn out with grief, and the *Herr Amtschreiber* had to carry him home in his arms.

"He must learn to obey," the *Herr Amtschreiber* panted. "Whatever else he learns he must learn that."

Frau Felde looked at the fair round head. "He is so young," she said pleadingly; and then, as though she were ashamed: "Yes, it is better for him that he should learn now."

There had been other Christmases, but they had come suddenly, bursting into view like skyrockets as it were; and such eternities had passed before another came along that Helmut had almost forgotten about them. But he felt this one coming. He recognized the signs and remembered the thrill in the air, which grew stronger and more exciting every day. There was the advent of marzipan animals in the windows of the *Conditoreien*, fir trees began to cluster outside the flower shops, people went about carrying parcels and talking mysteriously. On Sunday all the shops were open, and peasants in bullock wagons and wearing their best broadcloth came pouring in, in always greater numbers. They moved about slowly and with dignity, and refused to make up their minds, and were very suspicious of the assistant, who in the end sold them whatever she most wanted to get rid of.

CopperSunday! SilverSunday! Golden Sunday!

If the other Christmases had been like skyrockets, this one was like the slow splendid rising of a winter sun.

Christmas Eve! Pandemonium in the shops. Always somebody who had forgotten something. A wild rushing hither and thither. Overladen postmen appearing at all sorts of unorthodox hours. An absurd excitement on the most soured elderly countenances. A whole town feverishly doing and thinking the same things.

In the Feldes' flat the dining room had become a place of mystery, closed to all but the high priests. The double doors were locked and the keyhole pasted over. Helmut and Heini and Schnautzchen sat close together on a chair in the passage and stared in awestruck longing. Even if the doors hadn't been shut they would not have dared look in. It was a sort of glorious Bluebeard's chamber.

At last twilight added its mystery to the growing tension. Frau Felde changed into her best plaid silk blouse, the *Herr Amtschreiber* arrived from the office with the *Herr Geheimrat* and his long thin wife and their seven-year-old son Kurt close on his heels. They were just looking in before their own festivities began, they said. Then came Tante Louise, the post-office official's widow, and two elderly female cousins with their husbands, who were going to stay all the time. But the real *pièce de résistance* was of course the *Geheimrat*.

Kurt and Helmut sat together in the hall. They did not speak to one another. Kurt despised Helmut and Helmut hated Kurt, if it was only for the way he looked at Heini; and they were both scowling when a bell tinkled and the folding doors were flung wide.

Helmut rushed in, with Schnäutzchen barking quite youthfully at his heels; Kurt followed deliberately. It wasn't his tree, and anyhow he didn't think much of it. It stood in the corner and hardly touched the ceiling, and there was no snow on it, and the shiny colored balls were few and far between. But to Helmut it was the biggest and finest tree he had ever seen. The dark branches shone with candles and arched themselves under their many strange-shaped burdens, and there was the sweetest smell of burning wood.

Frau Felde sat at the piano and her hard, work-worn fingers touched the keys softly, and they all stood still and looked at the fir tree while they sang:

O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum!
Wie grün sind deine Blätter!

When it was over Helmut advanced shyly toward his parcels. And first of all he took down Schnäutzchen's bone all tied up in ribbon, and Schnäutzchen tried to beg, and finally carried off his Christmas present in triumph and hid himself under the table as though he were afraid of encountering an envious enemy.

Everyone laughed, except Kurt, who looked bored and scornful.

And there were sweets—sweets everywhere. Helmut's cheeks bulged with sweets, so that his kiss of gratitude was no unmixed blessing. The floor was strewn with paper from the recklessly opened parcels. A toy cart, an engine, an India-rubber ball, a pair of socks knitted by Tante Louise, which Helmut didn't care for at all. The finest parcel came last of all. The *Geheimrat*, looking bigger and more important than ever, helped him to undo the wrappings. Something glittered, and then, as the last piece of tissue paper fell away, a complete cuirassier's uniform, breastplate, sword and trappings, shone brazenly in the soft candlelight.

There was an "Oh!" of astonishment and admiration subtly directed at the *Geheimrat*, who stroked his black mustache and chuckled: "Now we are going to make a real man of you, Helmut!"

Helmut did not answer. He was quite still while they buckled on his uniform. A strange feeling came over him. His splendor dazzled him; and yet tears were not far off. He caught a glimpse of somebody in the Venetian glass, and suddenly he was frightened. He did not recognize the small stiff figure in the glittering breastplate or the set face under the shadow of the helmet. It was as though a witch—one of Anna's wicked old witches—had waved her wand and changed him.

"Come—out with your sword! Present arms! Head up, my boy!"

Mechanically he dragged the toy weapon from its scabbard, but he did not know what to do with it. How did one present arms? The *Geheimrat* towered over him. His dark puffy face came closer and closer. It was laughing, and yet in its gross proximity hideous and evil. Helmut shrank back, everybody was laughing at him—watching and smiling stiffly. He was lost among all these faces. He sought his mother, but her eyes were hard. It was as though she knew he was going to cry—and threatened him.

The *Geheimrätin's* voice sounded shrill with mockery:

"Oh, what a silly baby! Kurt can salute like a real soldier. Kurt, show Helmut."

"Wait!" said the *Geheimrat*. He had seen the tear rolling down the flushed cheek. He still laughed, but a dull anger stirred in him. He was in a holiday mood. He condescended to throw off his dignity and play like any ordinary person, and it insulted him that this child should cry. It made him ridiculous in the eyes of all these watchers—these poor feckless relations, who had never done anything but fail all their lives. And the *Geheimrat* had never failed. He laughed more loudly. "Just wait! Helmut can't drill yet, but he can fight, I wager, like a lion." And suddenly he caught up Heini by one of the outstretched arms—gingerly—and dropped

(Continued on Page 121)

P. A. is such a peach of a pal!

Quick as a flash Prince Albert plugs the hungry-hole in your smokeappetite—and—sets you busy-busy a'puffing-in the joy'us flavor and smiling like it's sunny-spring far and near—and twilight lasts all night! You're "on-your-own" then, sure-thing! And, in for a swell right-handed-blowout that'll speed your smokemotor to new high-top-marks!

For, P. A.'s geared to a joyhandout standard that just lavishes smokehappiness on every man game enough to make a bee-line for a tidy red tin and a jimmy pipe!

What you've hankered for in smokes you'll find a'plenty in P. A.! It never fell down yet for any other man, and it'll hand you such smoke-satisfaction you'll think it's Christmas a. m. every time you fire up! That's because it has the quality; for P. A. zips zest into your smokesystem that only *can come from quality that's real!*

You can't any more make Prince Albert bite your tongue or parch your throat than you can make a horse drink when he's off the water! Bite and parch are cut out by our exclusive patented process. You just lay back like a regular fellow and puff to beat the cards—and wonder why in samhill you didn't nail a section in the P. A. smokepasture long before the grass-grew-green! For, Prince Albert so quickly creates such a friendly feeling, you sort of chum up to it like it was your old-time-buddy-boy and call it by its first name before sunset!

Down at the corner or out there at the cross roads you'll find Prince Albert in toppy red bags, and tidy red tins, handsome full pound and full half pound tin humidors—*and*—that clever, practical crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

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Winston-Salem, N. C.

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A 5,000 Mile Go-As-You-Please

In that interesting race between speedometer and tire to the guaranteed 5,000-mile mark you will never find your General Tire a quitter.

Whatever the pace — whatever the condition of the track, so long as YOU don't neglect and abuse the racer, you'll find that sturdy old tire right in the race to the finish. Yes—and when he's passed the 5,000-mile wire he will still be ready and willing to go a few thousand miles more.

Stamina—just that same stamina, based on the same qualities, that makes winners of athletes.

Every General Tire comes from the right stock—the best stuff that can be put into a tire—selected by test for quality and proof of ability to stand up.

With that foundation, the tire is built up like an athlete to meet and unfailingly respond to all conditions of service. Tread designed to travel with the greatest smoothness and the least wear. Fabric — the backbone and muscle of the tire—so harmoniously knit together and so accurately shaped and tempered to resist wear and strain that the stamina that guarantees mileage is built right into the tire.

Nor is this accomplished by any haphazard or rule-of-thumb methods—all is as accurate and precise as an athlete's training routine. The very last word in modern, scientific appliances, machinery and methods, superintended by the best tire brains in Akron, build every General Tire to the same standard of excellence. That is why when you put General Tires on your car you know they will serve you to the limit.

Three Groups of General Tires

The General Giant Cord Tire—the last word in tire economy—gives double the wear.

The General Fabric Tire—the tire that made us famous—guaranteed for 5,000 miles—does not need its guarantee.

The General Jumbo Tire—the new oversize for Fords, Chevrolets and other light pleasure cars with 30x3½ rims, has the big air space of a 31x4. Guaranteed for 5,000 miles—goes far beyond.

Their superiority notwithstanding, General Tires are not high-priced tires. Ask the General Tire dealer of your city.

America's Largest Manufacturers of Tire Accessories Distributed Through the Jobbing Trade.

Built in Akron by

THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

Dept. E, Akron, Ohio

A country worth fighting for is a country worth saving for. Invest your savings in War Savings Stamps.

(Continued from Page 118)

him on a vacant chair by the stove. "Now then, my young soldier, that's what we're going to fight for. You're a German and I'm a beastly Englishman coming to take your precious treasure from you. Now look out—I'm coming!"

He seized one of the best cushions and holding it like a shield advanced threateningly. All the rest laughed and clapped their hands. How charming of the *Geheimrat!* How wonderful he was with children—the life of the party. And their whispered flattery came to the big man's ears. He capered terrifyingly.

"Come on, my fine fellow! *En garde!*"

For a minute Helmut stood as one paralyzed, and then something woke in him—something new, never before experienced. It was like the rush of a great wind through his shaken soul. Imagination caught fire and flamed up in anger and terror. Heini in danger—Heini in danger! And the great black figure loomed up nearer. In sheerest panic he struck out wildly—with all his strength.

The point of the sword caught the *Geheimrat* on the wrist. He laughed again, but the blow had hurt.

"Ah, you would, would you! Wait, my cockerel."

He made a grasp at Heini lying against the back of the chair and smiling serenely upon them all. The red clutching hand filled Helmut's vision. He flew at it like a mad thing—screaming—frenzied with fear and rage. He hurled himself against his aggressor, beating him with his clenched fists, tearing at him.

"Leave Heini alone! Don't you touch my Heini!"

And suddenly his sharp white teeth bit on the red hand.

The *Geheimrat* did not laugh now. He shook the child off as though he had been a rat. Deliberately, terribly he lifted the rag doll and opened the slot of the glowing stove. Just for an instant Heini stood out in shadow against the light—then vanished head foremost, arms and legs outstretched, friendly and grinning to the end.

"I think I score," said the *Geheimrat*, smiling and pulling at his disordered cuffs.

They all laughed again.

But Helmut did not move. He was staring stupidly, his helmet over one ear, his small face livid and contorted. And then suddenly he dropped where he stood.

Someone ran to him. Someone picked him up. He heard the *Geheimrat's* voice booming from a long way off:

"Overexcitement, too many sweets. A rag doll like that for a boy—idiotic! Too soft. Must make a man of him, my dear Felde—make a man of him!"

And then all was dark.

It was all dark for a long time—dark and very still. He lay quiet, thinking about his head, which ached so; and his eyes, which burned as though he had been crying. He knew that he was in bed, but he did not remember how he got there or what had happened. He wondered if Christmas Eve was to-morrow—or next week. He wanted it so, and it had such a tiresome way of always being next week.

He felt alone and frightened.

He pushed his feet down gingerly. There was Schnäutzchen, sure enough, curled up at the foot of the bed and snoring softly. The sound comforted him. He put his arm outside the bedclothes and groped about for the chair at his side, where Heini slept at night. Sometimes as a great treat—usually after a bad dream—Heini was taken in and reassured and cuddled till they both went to sleep in each other's arms.

But there was no chair. Where the chair had been there was just emptiness.

And suddenly his heart began to beat, so that it seemed it would burst in his breast.

"Heini! Oh, Heini!"

Heini was dead. Heini had been killed. Heini would never come again. No, that wasn't true; it wasn't possible. Heini had always been there; Heini had always known everything, understood everything. It couldn't be that he would never see him again, never hold him in his arms, never tell him secrets. It was one of the bad dreams. In a minute his hand would find the chair and Heini's podgy little body, and they would be locked together.

"Heini! Heini!"

Like a colored cinematograph picture he saw the red gaping mouth of the stove and Heini's shadow, spread-eagle fashion, sliding into the depths.

Once he had burned his finger. It had hurt unforgetably. And Heini had been burned like that—all over—till he was dead. And he, his friend, had stood by and seen it done. He hadn't stopped it. He hadn't even killed the murderer.

"Heini!"

Still he couldn't believe. He hurled himself against the truth, just as he had hurled himself against the *Geheimrat*, beating at it with clenched, impotent fists. He twisted about in convulsive physical anguish.

"Heini! Oh, Heini, come back!"

Then things happened like that, and there were things that never could come back—that God himself couldn't mend. Heini had been good. He had never been unkind or untruthful. But it wasn't enough to be good. People told you lies. You had to be strong too—strong as the *Geheimrat*—stronger. Then God paid attention to what you said.

He sat up violently. He did not know what he had heard. It was not so dark any more. A pale starlight came through the slits in the shutters and he could just see the dim shapes of the furniture. The chair where Heini had slept stood against the wall. Heini was not there; but there was something else—a shimmering ghostly body, squat and upright, with a silver head.

He knew what it was. The knowledge made him more afraid. It drove the sweat out on his face. He could not move his eyes. The thing fascinated him evilly. There was the sword leaning against the chair. He had worn it. If he had been strong enough he could have driven it into the *Geheimrat's* heart. He could have saved Heini.

One had to be strong.

The light was brightening. It flashed on the silver headpiece, on the round shining belly. They moved. Yes, he saw them move. Suddenly Schnäutzchen's heavy breathing stopped. He sat up growling, his pricked ears silhouetted against the light. A real body inside the breastplate reared itself up on black invisible legs. It grew taller—monstrous. There was a head under the helmet. The face lay in deep shadow, but it was there—and he knew whose face it was. It came nearer and nearer. There was something grotesque about it. It waddled. One could have laughed. It grinned at Helmut, its eyes hollow, its teeth shining under the black mustache. The sword clanked at its side.

"Come—we must make a man of you—a man of you!"

Schnäutzchen crept up the bed into his master's arms. Convulsively Helmut clung to him, shielding him, his teeth clenched, the hair rising on his head.

"No, you shan't! You shan't!"

Nearer it came. It bent over him. It was quite close, when in an instant it changed. The mustache vanished. It was his own face as he had seen it in the glass—twisted, livid, frightful.

And then he screamed—screamed so that the night rang with his mortal terror.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

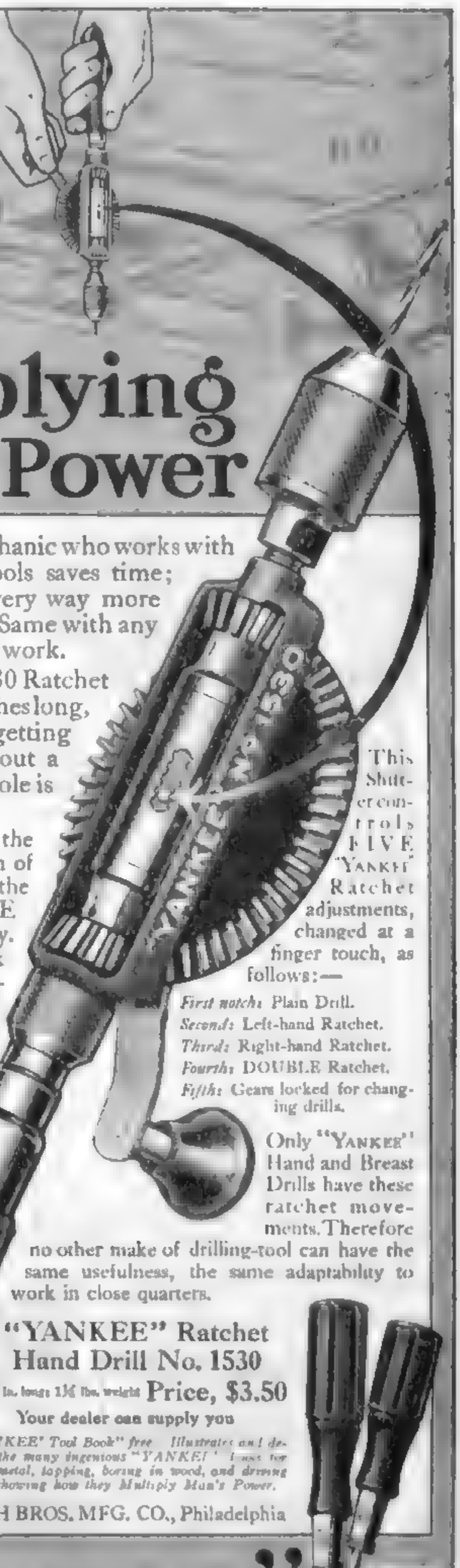
Multiplying Man's Power

THE motor mechanic who works with "YANKEE" Tools saves time; saves himself; is every way more efficient on his job. Same with any man, in any line of work.

"YANKEE" No. 1530 Ratchet Hand Drill, 10½ inches long, is a handy size for getting into tight places about a car; or wherever a hole is to be drilled.

In a position, like the above, where a full turn of the crank is impossible, the "YANKEE" DOUBLE Ratchet comes into play. A forward-and-back movement of crank—no matter how slight—gives a continuous drive, and drilling is done as rapidly as with a complete revolution of the crank.

No need to take down the construction to get at the work!



This Shutter controls FIVE "YANKEE" Ratchet adjustments, changed at a finger touch, as follows:—

First notch: Plain Drill.
Second: Left-hand Ratchet.
Third: Right-hand Ratchet.
Fourth: DOUBLE Ratchet.
Fifth: Gears locked for changing drills.

Only "YANKEE" Hand and Breast Drills have these ratchet movements. Therefore no other make of drilling-tool can have the same usefulness, the same adaptability to work in close quarters.

"YANKEE" Ratchet Hand Drill No. 1530

10½ in. long; 1¼ lbs. weight **Price, $3.50**

Your dealer can supply you

"'YANKEE' Tool Book" free. Illustrates and describes the many ingenious "YANKEE" tools for drilling metal, tapping, boring in wood, and driving screws—showing how they Multiply Man's Power.

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia

"YANKEE" TOOLS

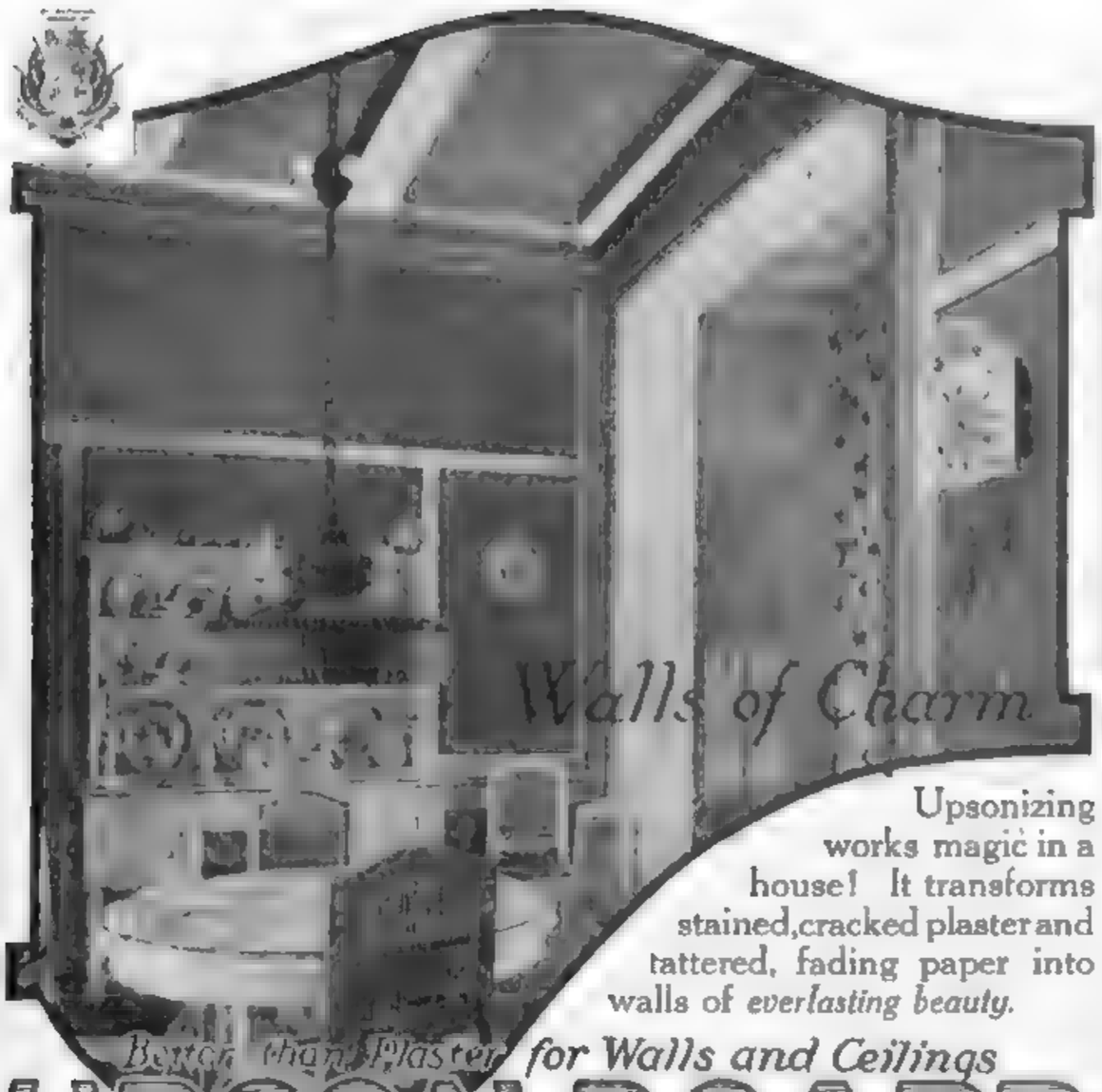
Make Better Mechanics

These Handles Never Work Loose

That's why "YANKEE" means on them a reversible screw and lever on each [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] are fastened so [illegible] to play—[illegible]

"YANKEE" No. 90—Standard [illegible] 1½ inches [illegible] handles. 20c to $2.00 each

"YANKEE" No. 95—Cabinet style, 1 inch, 1½ in. to 1½ in. [illegible] handles. 20c to 70c each



Upsonizing works magic in a house! It transforms stained, cracked plaster and tattered, fading paper into walls of *everlasting beauty.*

Better than Plaster for Walls and Ceilings

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The Most Dependable Board Made in America

BE *modern.* Say to yourself this year: "I'll *Upsonize*—once and for all

"It won't cost any more. And when I've finished my Upsonized walls in soft, rich paints, I'll have no more worry over the constant expense and nuisance of repairs to plaster."

Your carpenter can do the work without mess or dirt, in a day or two—where replastering would take weeks. He simply nails the Upson Board panels direct to the studs, or over the old plaster.

Upsonizing gives you unlimited opportunity to express your own individuality and ideas in interior decoration. You can have beautifully paneled walls, or—with the great 64-inch panels—virtually unbroken wall surfaces.

Upson Board is practically artificial lumber—looks, feels and works like wood. *It is nearly twice as strong* as ordinary pulp wall board. It does not break like soft, spongy wall boards—is handled more easily—and does not pull from the nails.

Upson Board is *scientifically processed*. Kiln-cured, to be flat. Water proofed—ordinary leaks won't injure it. Surface-filled, without wax, so that one or two coats of paint finish it perfectly, without spotting or peeling. Some boards need three or more costly coats.

There are other boards. Some cost less. Get your sample of Upson Board—and see why *the LITTLE differences in price does not measure the BIG difference in quality.*

We will also gladly send you a valuable book on Interior Decoration, together with our booklet on Upson Fibre-Tile.

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Send me painted Upson Board sample, Interior Decoration book, and these booklets I have checked.

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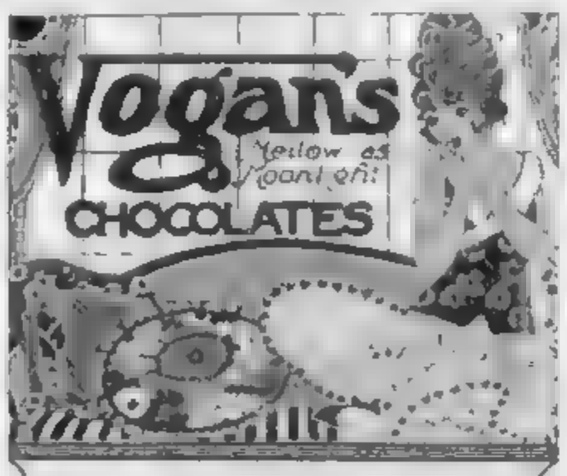


Each bit of Vogan's is a harmony of delicately blended flavors—pure wholesome.

Just sweet enough—

Just rich enough.

If your dealer can't supply you, send a dollar for a package of Fruits and Nuts in chocolate and cream.

Vogan Candy Company
Portland, Oregon
Dealers and Jobbers

SHOOTING STARS

(Continued from Page 9)

For a time I felt very much pleased with myself circling above the aërodrome, but suddenly an awful thought came to me. Somehow or other I had to get that machine down to the earth again. How blissful it would be if I could just keep on flying! At last, however, I screwed up all my courage, reached for the throttle, pushed it back, and the engine almost stopped. I knew the next thing to do was to put her nose down. So down the machine went at a steep angle. I felt it was too steep, so I pulled her nose up a bit, then put it down again, and in a series of steps descended toward the ground.

About forty feet from the ground, however, I did everything I had been told to do when two feet from the ground. So I made a perfect landing—only forty feet too high. Eventually I realized this slight error, and down went her nose again. We rapidly got nearer the ground, and then I repeated my perfect landing—about eight feet up. This time I just sat and suffered, while the now thoroughly exasperated old machine taking matters into its own hands dropped with a "plonk" the intervening distance. There was no damage, because the training machines are built for such work and can stand all sorts of hard knocks.

After doing my first solo I progressed rather rapidly, and in a few days was passed on to a higher instruction squadron and began to fly more warlike machines. I found that to qualify as a pilot I had to pass certain tests in night flying. This awed me to a certain extent, but it also appealed to me, for just two months before, the first Zeppelins had been brought down at night on English soil by our airmen. I was very anxious to get taken on for this work, and eventually succeeded.

Night flying is a fearsome thing—but tremendously interesting. Anyone who has ever been swimming at night will appreciate what I mean. All the familiar objects and landmarks that seem so friendly by day become weird and repellent monsters at night. It is simple enough to go up in the dark, and simple enough to sail away; but it is quite something else to come down again without taking off a chimney pot or straffing a big oak tree. The landing tests are done with the help of flares on the ground.

The First Night-Flight

My first flight at night had most of the thrills of my first solo. I taxied out to what I thought a good place to take off from. The instructor shouted a few last words to me. I turned the machine to face down the long line of lights, opened out the engine, raced along the ground, then plunged up into utter blackness.

I held the controls very carefully and kept my eyes glued on the instruments, which gleamed brightly under little electric bulbs inside the machine. I could not see a thing round me; only the stars overhead. Underneath there was a great black void. After flying straightaway for several minutes I summoned up courage enough to make a turn. I carefully and gradually rounded the corner, and then away off to one side I could see the flares on the ground. I completed a big circuit and shut off the engine preparatory to landing. Suddenly in the midst of my descent I realized I had misjudged it very badly, so quickly put the engine on again and proceeded to fly round a second time. Then I came down, and to my intense surprise made quite a good landing. This was only the beginning. I had to repeat the trick several times.

On the final test I had to do a given height. I left the ground as before, and just as I did so I could see the reflection of the flares on the tin roofs of our huts. It made a great impression upon me as I climbed away into the darkness. Then my thoughts went to my engine and I realized it was as important as my own heart. I listened to its steady beat with an anxious ear. Once or twice there was a slight kick or hitch in its smooth rhythm. No matter how many cylinders you have whirring in front of you the instant one misses your heart hears it even before your ears do. Several times my heart seemed to stop. The tension became very great as I toiled and struggled up through the night. The lack of anything upon which I could put my eyes outside the machine gave me a very queer feeling.

One other machine was up at the same time, doing its test, and somehow, though the space in the air is very wide, I had a great fear that we might collide; so I gazed anxiously out into the darkness trying to see the little navigation lights we carried on our wings. It is hard to look into jet blackness, and the strain hurt my eyes, but I was afraid not to look for all I was worth.

I continued to fly as much as I could in a dead straight line. Whenever I had to make a turn I made a very gradual one, hardly daring to bank or tilt my machine at all. It is funny, this feeling at night that you must not bank, and a most dangerous instinct to follow. The feeling that you are off an even keel upsets you, as you have no horizon or apparent ground below you to take your bearings by, and you have to go by the instruments or tell from the feel of the machine itself whether you are level or not.

Tests of a Pilot's Skill

However, at the stage of learning I had reached I knew nothing of the real feel of a machine and was entirely dependent upon the instruments. This isn't a very reassuring state of mind; so when the instruments at last indicated I had attained the required height it was with a happy heart that I throttled back my engine to come down. I was afraid to shut it completely off for fear it would get too cold to pick up when I put it on again. When you come down with your engine running it takes a much longer time to reach the ground. Every thousand feet or so, as I lost height, I would carefully try out the engine and do a complete circuit. Underneath me I could see the little twinkling flares and I kept them in sight as much as possible on the downward journey to make certain of not losing myself.

Finally I reached the ground and made a careful landing. When I stepped out of the machine I had at last qualified as a pilot.

I was sent to a home-guarding squadron near the mouth of the Thames. I spent hours practicing in the air both by day and by night. Several times we had flight maneuvers at night, and that was ticklish work. We would go up to patrol a certain area, with lights showing on all the aërodromes in that section of the country, so that you could steer by them. I don't know of many greater tests of a pilot's skill than this flying in the dark, with a lot of machines about you in the air, their little navigation lights looking for all the world like so many moving stars. The cold of the higher altitudes at night is agonizingly intense. After half an hour or so in the frigid zone you get sort of numb and then for a long while the cold doesn't seem to affect you any more. The real nasty part is when you have landed and begin to thaw out. It is really worse than the original freezing.

In spite of the discomforts and the dangers of night flying you could not fail to admire the great beauty of the scene below you when the lights were on and sparkling. These lights would mean nothing to a stranger, but to us in the air they were friendly beacons of safety and gave us a feeling of absolute security. On such nights the skies would seem full to overflowing with myriad stars. We finally became so accustomed to flying in the dark that nothing troubled us except ground mists or light fogs that would occasionally shut in from the sea, obliterate the lights and make landing a difficult and perilous task.

My luck as a Zeppelin hunter was very poor. I used to dream occasionally about stalking the great monsters in the high thin air, pouring a drum of blazing bullets into them and gloating as they flared into flame. But no real Zeppelins ever came my way. The cold nights that we stood by on duty waiting for them were very long, but not without their compensations. There would be two of us at a given station. We would play cards, strum on some sort of instrument, read for an hour or so, play cards again, and all the while hoping for an alarm that would send us aloft in pursuit of a marauding gas bag from over the sea.

Christmas Day we cooked our own turkey and the rest of the meal. Then in a burst of yuletide hospitality we telephoned in to a local hotel and told the manager to send anybody he wanted to out to the aërodrome for dinner. Alas for our ten-pound turkey! The guests from the hotel kept coming until there were actually twenty of them. However, in some miraculous way we managed to feed the hungry score.

(Concluded on Page 125)

Somebody is mistaken

If all tires are called "best"—how are you going to choose yours?

WHEN each of fifty different tire manufacturers claims that his is "the best tire on earth," —somebody surely is mistaken.

As a matter of fact, there are a number of pretty fairly good tires manufactured and some are better than others.

The user of the tire, and not the manufacturer, is the one to decide which of the many has given him lowest cost per mile.

There are some thousands of satisfied users of Sterling Tires—users whose experience has proven *at least for them* that Sterlings are best.

From this we deduce that there are some additional thousands who, if they tried out Sterling Tires, would have the same experience and the same opinion.

As tire manufacturers go, we are a comparatively small concern—we do not aspire to be the largest in the world, either this year or in any future year. During 1918 we shall make about 250,000 Sterling Tires, and one-third of these are already sold, most of them to people who have used Sterling Tires in the past and therefore know exactly what they are buying.

What one user says

Recently we were privileged to see a letter written by one of our customers who operates over 600 cars, in which he said: "We do not hesitate for one moment in saying to you that in all our dealings with the Sterling Tire Corporation we find them entirely fair-minded, just, and ever anxious to co-operate with us in every possible way. As far as we know, this is their policy to one and all. The Sterling Tires being furnished to this company are strictly hand-made. Having conducted exhaustive tests with tires of divers makes, we are in a position to state most authoritatively that Sterling Tires are filling our requirements better and giving complete satisfaction. We know that a 6,000 mile Sterling Tire, inflated with sufficient air and used under proper conditions, will give more than its guaranteed mileage."

Other users of Sterling Tires say pretty much the same thing. Continuous, year-after-year performance on fleets of from 6 to 600 business cars is evidence that Sterling Tires are at least good, honest, serviceable tires. They may or may not be the "best on earth," but they surely give their users high mileage at low cost.

It is the intention of the Sterling Tire Corporation to make as good a tire as can be constructed from rubber and cotton. Sterling Tires are hand-made—each one is a job by itself. A year from now we can tell the name of the man who built the tire and the name of the inspector who passed it. The inspectors are penalized for passing defective tires.

Saving mileage from the scrap-heap

We have put most of our selling effort on concerns which use cars for business purposes. As we have learned the requirements for such service, we have from time to time modified and improved our tires. They are built to withstand the strain of heavy service.

The Sterling Tire of any stated size will almost invariably be found larger and heavier than that same stated size in other makes. The quality and quantity of material used and the care at every stage of the production, make a tire which will sturdily withstand the attrition and the bumps of the road, will not puncture easily, and, if punctured, cut, or otherwise damaged, can be repaired so that it is usually, almost, if not quite, as good as new. A light-weight, heavily compounded, quick-cure tire is killed by the first serious hurt. Sterling Tires are built with the assumption that all of them are going to be seriously hurt and that they must be good enough to justify a repair, even after they have run many thousands of miles over the guarantee.

Millions of miles are yearly thrown on the scrap-heap because all tires are not built on this principle.

TO THOSE WHO WATCH COST-PER-MILE:

RUBBER and cotton are essentially munitions of war, and every pound of both that is used in tire construction this year should be used in such a way as will insure full mileage service for each ounce of it.

A recital of the quality of materials and method of construction used in Sterling Tires cannot be very interesting or very illuminating, because all tires are made of pretty much the same material, in different grades, and all tires are constructed on practically the same principle.

We repeat, that some thousands of car owners are using Sterling Tires because past experience has convinced them that they get more and better service, at lower cost per mile, from Sterling than from other tires.

We very much desire to sell one complete set of Sterlings to concerns which operate a number of business cars, and which keep accurate cost-per-mile records. We are satisfied to rest our hopes for future business on the performance of this single set of tires.

Please address the nearest branch or write the home office for the name of a convenient dealer.

The *Vacuum-Bar Tread* is a scientific non-skid that really *holds*. It is exclusively STERLING—patented. Ordinarily the non-skid feature will last through the guaranteed mileage.

We own and operate direct factory sales branches in the following cities:

ALBANY, N. Y.	53 Central Avenue
BALTIMORE, Md.	1701 N. Charles St.
BOSTON, Mass.	201 Clarendon Street
BRIDGEPORT, Conn.	340 Fairfield Avenue
BROOKLYN, N. Y.	53 Rogers Avenue
BUFFALO, N. Y.	210 Franklin Street
CHICAGO, Ill.	[illegible] S. Michigan Ave.
CINCINNATI, Ohio	1302 Race Street
CLEVELAND, Ohio	1018 Euclid Avenue
DETROIT, Mich.	[illegible] Woodward Avenue
HACKENSACK, N. J.	Main and Passaic Sts.
HARTFORD, Conn.	286 Main Street
JERSEY CITY, N. J.	2082 Hudson Blvd.
NEWARK, N. J.	38 William Street
NEW HAVEN, Conn.	232 Crown Street
NEW YORK, N. Y.	[illegible] West [illegible] Street
PATERSON, N. J.	[illegible] Ward Street
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.	1338 Spring Garden St.
PITTSBURGH, Pa.	540 N. Craig Street
PROVIDENCE, R. I.	234 Broad Street
READING, Pa.	104-106 N. 5th Street
ROCHESTER, N. Y.	565 East Main Street
RUTHERFORD, N. J.	Maple St. and Erie Ave.
SPRINGFIELD, Mass.	336 Bridge Street
ST. LOUIS, Mo.	2824A Locust Street
SYRACUSE, N. Y.	518 South Clinton St.
WASHINGTON, D. C.	1621 14th St. N. W.
WORCESTER, Mass.	[illegible] Southbridge Street

Sterling Tire Corporation
Gentlemen:

I would like to receive full data on STERLING TIRES.

My tire size is

Name

Address

S. E. P.

STERLING TIRE CORPORATION

(Established 1908)

Rutherford, New Jersey

Export Department: 44 Whitehall St., New York

TO DEALERS:

There is at least one man in every sizeable town who will agree with the Sterling spirit and Sterling policy, and who can do a satisfactory and agreeable business, increasing year by year, as Sterling quality proves itself. To such dealers, outside of the cities in which we maintain branches, we are prepared to make a proposition for exclusive representation of Sterling Tires and Tubes

Our years of direct retail selling have given us a system which we know will be valuable to our dealers. Please address the home office.

Sterling Tires

TRADE MARK

CORD AND FABRIC TYPES

With every movement of the body—in every position and posture—there is perfect freedom in the "COMFORT FIRST"

Imperial
TRADE MARK

"DROP SEAT" Union Suits

The distinctive "DROP SEAT" feature makes possible a Union Suit into which is incorporated an ACTUAL PAIR OF DRAWERS and from which all openings ordinarily closed by double thicknesses or folds of cloth have been eliminated.

The Result is Comfort and Convenience
ALWAYS a closed crotch

Imperial Loose-Fitting Athletic
Nainsooks—Soisettes—Silk mixtures and other woven fabrics.

Imperial Summer Weight Knitted
Lisle—Mercerized Lisle—light weight worsted and other knitted fabrics.

Ask Your Dealer for the IMPERIAL "DROP SEAT"

THE IMPERIAL UNDERWEAR COMPANY, PIQUA, OHIO

(Concluded from Page 122)

Having partaken of our food they did not tarry long. Night shut in early, and once more we took up our wintry vigil.

Toward the end of February word came through from the War Office one night that I was to go to France. I had become convinced that the winter would not offer much opportunity at Zeppelin hunting, and had applied several times for duty at the fighting Front.

Before I went, however, there was another course, at a special school, where I learned to fly the smallest of our single-seater machines. Now I felt I had reached the height of my ambition at last; actually to fly one of these tiny wasplike fighting machines seemed to me the most wonderful thing in the world. A few days later when I reported for my orders to cross the Channel it was with a gay heart and a determination to reflect as much honor as I could upon the double wings on my left breast.

With a dozen other flying men I landed in Boulogne March 7, 1917, for my second go at the war. At the Boulogne quay we separated, and I wish I could say that "some flew east and some flew west," but as a matter of fact we didn't fly at all. Instead we meandered along over the slow French railroads for nearly two days before reaching our destinations.

One other pilot and I had been ordered to join a flying squadron on the southern sector of the British line. The squadron to which we were assigned had a great reputation, one of the best in all France, and we were very proud to become members of it. Capt. Albert Ball, who was resting in England at the time but who came back to France in the late spring and was killed within a few weeks, had brought down twenty-nine machines as a member of "our" squadron. That was an inspiration in itself.

The Smart Little Nieuports

The first day of my stay with the squadron there was no flying and so I wandered about the field hangars looking at the machines. They were all of a type I had never seen before at close range—Nieuport Scouts, very small and of course with but a single seat. Being a French model the Nieuport Scout is a beautiful creature. The distinctly British machines—and some of our newer ones are indeed marvels—are built strictly for business, with no particular attention paid to the beauty of lines. The French, however, never overlook such things.

The modern fighting scout, and to my mind the single-seater is the only real aëroplane for offensive work, may have the power of two hundred horses throbbing in its wonderful engine. Some of the machines are very slender of waist and almost transparent of wing. Aëroplanes do not thrust their warlike nature upon the casual observer. One has to look twice before definitely locating the gun or guns attached so unobtrusively to the framework, and synchronized, where necessary, to shoot through the whirring propeller in front. Such guns are connected to the engine itself by means of cams and are so arranged that they can fire only when the propeller reaches a given position, thus allowing the bullets to pass safely between the blades. It seems like a very delicate bit of timing, but the devices are extremely simple.

The nacelle, or cockpit, of the modern machine I have heard people say suggests to them the pilot house of a palatial private yacht in miniature. They generally are finished in hardwood and there are polished nickel instruments all about you. They indicate height, speed, angle, revolutions, and about everything an airman ought to know. There are ingenious sights for the guns and range finders for bomb dropping.

When he is tucked away in the nacelle, a little well-like compartment about as big round as an ordinary barrel, only the pilot's head is visible above the freeboard of the body of the machine—the body being technically known as the fuselage. Directly in front of the pilot is a cute little glass wind screen, a sort of half-moon effect.

We newcomers at the squadron—the other pilot and myself—had to stand by the next day and watch the patrols leaving to do their work over the lines. It was thrilling even to us, accustomed as we were to ordinary flying, to see the trim little fighters take the air, one after the other, circle above the aërodrome, and then dropping into a fixed formation set their courses to the east.

That night we listened with eager ears to the discussion of a fight in which a whole patrol had been engaged. We stay-at-homes had spent the day practice-flying in the new machines. There were three days more of this for me, and then having passed some standard tests to show my familiarity with the Nieuport type I was told the next morning I was to cross the lines for the first time as the master of my own machine.

The squadron commander had been killed the day before I arrived from England, and the new one arrived the day after. It rather pleased and in a sense comforted me to know that the new commander was also going over in a single-seater for the first time when I did. He had been flying up to this time a two-seater machine, which calls for entirely different tactics during a fight. Two-seater machines as a rule have guns that can be turned about in different positions. On the fighting scouts they generally are rigidly fixed. This means that it is necessary to aim the machine at anything you wish to fire at.

The night before I was to go over I received my orders. I was to bring up the rear of a flight of six machines, and I assure you it was some task bringing up the rear of that formation! I had my hands full from the very start. It seemed to me my machine was slower than the rest, and as I wasn't any too well acquainted with it I had a great time trying to keep my proper place, and to keep the others from losing me. I was so busy at the task of keeping up that my impressions of outside things were rather vague. Every time the formation turned or did anything unexpected it took me two or three minutes to get back into my proper place.

But I got back every time as fast as I could. I felt safe when I was in the formation and scared when I was out of it, for I had been warned many times that it is a fatal mistake to get detached and become a straggler. And I had heard of the German head-hunters too. They are German machines that fly very high and avoid combat with anything like an equal number, but are quick to pounce down upon a straggler or an Allied machine that has been damaged and is bravely struggling to get home. Fine sportsmanship, that!

The way I clung to my companions that day reminded me of some little child hanging to its mother's skirts while crossing a crowded street. I remember I also felt as a child does when it is going up a dark pair of stairs and is sure something is going to reach out of somewhere and grab it. I was so intent on the clinging part that I paid very little attention to anything else.

We climbed to a height of more than two miles on our side of the lines, then crossed them. There were other formations of machines in the air, patrolling at various places. I could see them in the distance, but for the life of me I could not tell whether they were friendly or hostile. On the chance that they might be the latter I clung closer than ever to my comrades. Then, a long way off, I was conscious that a fight was going on between a patrol of our machines and a Hun formation. I could make little of it all until finally I saw what seemed like a dark ball of smoke falling and learned afterward it was one of our own machines going down in flames, having been shot and set on fire by the enemy.

The Squadron's Pet Air-Pig

A few minutes after this my attention was attracted elsewhere. Our old friends the Archies were after us. It is no snug bullet, this being in the rear of a formation when the Archies are giving a show. They always seem to aim at the leading machine, but come closer to hitting the one at the end of the procession.

The first shot I heard fired was a terrific bang close to my ears. I felt the tail of my machine suddenly shoot up into the air, and I fell about three hundred feet before I managed completely to recover control. That shot, strange to relate, was the closest I have ever had from antiaircraft fire. The smoke from the exploding shell enveloped me. But close as it was, only one piece of the flying steel fragments hit my machine. Even that did no damage at all.

After recovering control I looked about hastily for the rest of my formation, and discovered that by now they were at least half a mile away, and somewhat higher than I was. Terrified at being left alone I put my engine on full and by taking a short cut managed to catch up with them. Much relieved I fell in under the formation, feeling safe again, and not so alone in the world.

We continued to patrol our beat, and I was keeping my place so well I began to look about a bit. After one of these gazing spells I was startled to discover that the three leading machines of our formation were missing. Apparently they had disappeared into nothingness. I looked round hastily, and then discovered them underneath me, diving rapidly. I didn't know just what they were diving at, but I dived too. Long before I got down to them, however, they had been in a short engagement half a mile below me, and had succeeded in frightening off an enemy artillery machine, which had been doing wireless observation work. It was a large white German two-seater, and I learned after we landed that it was a well-known machine and was commonly called "the flying pig." Our patrol leader had to put up with a lot of teasing that night because he had attacked the pig. It seems that it worked every day on this part of the Front, was very old, had a very bad pilot, and a very poor observer to protect him.

It was a sort of point of honor in the squadron that the decrepit old pig should not actually be shot down. It was considered fair sport, however, to frighten it. Whenever our machines approached, the pig would begin a series of clumsy turns and ludicrous maneuvers, and would open a frightened fire from ridiculously long ranges. The observer was a very bad shot and never succeeded in hitting any of our machines; so attacking this particular German was always regarded more as a joke than a serious part of warfare.

The idea was only to frighten the pig, but our patrol leader had made such a determined dash at him the first day we went over that he never appeared again. For months the patrol leader was chided for playing such a nasty trick upon a harmless old Hun.

A Week of Adventure

During my dive after the three forward machines I managed to lose them and the enemy machine as well. So I turned and went up again, where I found two of my companions. We flew round looking for the others, but could not find them, so continued the patrol until our time was up and then returned to the aërodrome. The missing ones arrived about the same time and reported they had had a great many fights, but no decisive ones.

About this time the Germans were beginning in earnest their famous retreat from the country of the Somme. There had been days upon days of heavy fogs, and flying had been impossible.

Finally there came a strong breeze from the southwest that swept the fog away and cleared the ground of all mist and haze. This was on that wonderfully clear March day just before the Germans evacuated Bapaume and left it a mass of ruins. We were early in the air and had no sooner reached our proper height to cross the lines than we could see something extraordinary was happening behind the German trenches. From fifteen thousand feet we could see for miles and miles round.

A few miles to the east there were long streaks of white smoke. Soon we realized that the Germans had set fire to scores of villages behind their Front. From where we flew we could see between fifty and sixty of them ablaze. The long smoke plumes blowing away to the northeast made one of the most beautiful ground pictures I have ever seen from an aëroplane, but at the same time we were enraged beyond words.

We flew up and down over this burning country for two hours hunting, and wishing for German machines to come up and fight; but none appeared. We returned at last to the aërodrome and told what we had seen during our patrol, but news of the fires had long since been reported by the airmen whose duty it is to look for such things, and our general staff had at once surmised the full import of what was happening.

The next week was full of exciting adventures. We would fly over a sector of country from east to west and mark down on our maps the points from which we were fired at. It was easy to know the Germans were at those particular points. This was very tense and exciting work, flying along very low and waiting each second to hear the rattle of machine guns or the crack of a shell. We were flaunting ourselves as much as possible over the German lines in order to draw their fire.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Bishop. The second will appear in an early issue.

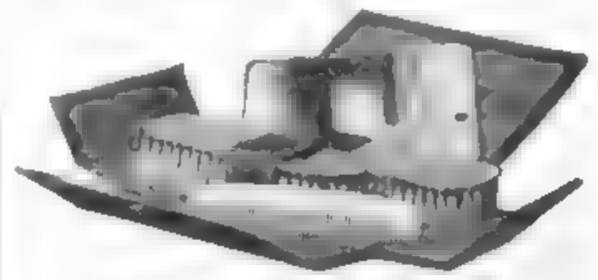
Dirt is the Worst Enemy of The Hair and Scalp

It Is the Prime Cause of Falling Hair

Your hair and scalp cannot be kept clean with dirty brushes any more than you can clean your face with a dirty towel.

SANITAX BRUSHES

keep your hair and scalp healthy and clean. The only hair brush that can be washed, boiled or sterilized without the slightest injury. Carefully selected Russian bristles, hand-drawn into an open metal back. You can see right through them. No wood to warp. Hair brushes $2. *Guaranteed to please and last or money back.*



SANITAX SAMMY KIT

Just the Thing for Your Boy at War

So convenient it fits in the pocket. A gift that is "different"—a real necessity. Built for service—compact, clean, neat, lasts for years.

The U. S. Government insists on sanitary equipment for the boys at war. Help your boy to keep clean and healthy.

The Sanitax Sammy Kit contains 1 Hair Brush, 1 Hand Brush, Comb, double metal Mirror, in khaki case. Just the thing for the boys at the front. Equally good for motorists, travelers and campers. Price $1.50 complete. See them at your dealer's or write.

If your dealer cannot supply you we will ship direct on receipt of price. Get one today. Insist on the genuine Sanitax. All Sanitax Brushes plainly marked.

SANITAX BRUSH CO.
2343 S. Wabash Ave. Chicago

HAVE YOU A SWEETHEART,

Soldiers use Foot-Ease

Son or Brother in training camps in the American Army or Navy? If so, send him a package of **ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath. The American, British and French troops use Allen's Foot-Ease, because it takes the Friction from the Shoe and freshens the feet. It is the greatest comforter for tired, aching, tender, swollen feet, and gives relief to corns and bunions.

The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning. Ask your dealer today for a 25c. box of Allen's Foot-Ease, and for a 2c. stamp he will mail it for you. What remembrance could be so acceptable?

Old Town Canoes

Sail or Paddle!

Go out where there's a brisk breeze or [illegible] Old Town sailing outfit [illegible] sport and real [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few applications of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off

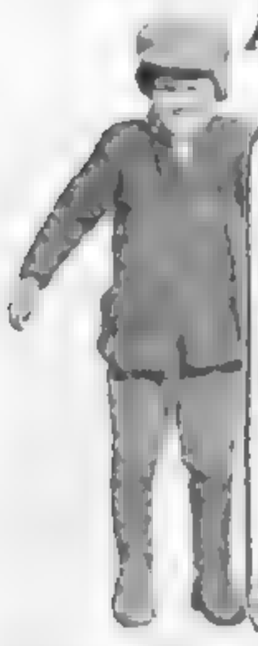
Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for two or three nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.



America Needs This Boy

What are you doing to help the men and women of tomorrow? There are thousands like this boy. Their energy must be rightly directed and nothing takes the place of healthful exercise in play.

We are authorities on apparatus for city playgrounds, for the home, school, kindergarten, etc. Our Free Book illustrates and describes our wide line. All apparatus is scientifically built, simple, strong and sightly. Address

HILL-STANDARD CO.
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FUN FUL
TONTUE

Any Spare Time?

If you have any spare time this spring, we will buy it and pay you liberally in salary and commission. Many Curtis representatives average a dollar an hour. Let us explain our offer.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
342 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

DESPOTISM BY THE DREGS

(Continued from Page 24)

But the Bolsheviki and their similars in many countries deny that they are anarchists; and they insist that they uphold the quite opposite ideals of socialism. Socialist has become a term of such varied, elastic, vague and evasive meaning that many persons accept it as they might wear a magnificent cloak to render themselves invisible at need. In fact, it is almost as useful as charity for covering a multitude of sins.

I am not concerned with labels, but with actions; and the actions of the Bolsheviki, so far as they have been described during the Russian Revolution, warrant us in classing them with the most destructive revolutionists, who propose and have to some extent used the methods of the anarchists, whatever may be the state they wish to establish after they have destroyed society as it is.

There is an old story—perhaps untrue—of one of the early Rothschilds, who was held up one day by a ruffian-like fellow who said angrily: "I believe in the division of wealth. Nobody has a right to be as rich as you are." Not at all disconcerted, Rothschild was silent for a moment, as if computing; then he replied: "Very well. I am worth so much. There are so many million inhabitants in this country. Your share, pro rata, is two and a half thalers. Here they are." And he handed out the money and walked on.

That seemed a simple way to settle the feverish conflict between capital and labor; but, even if the division could be made peaceably, nobody believes that it would result in a lasting settlement. , I do not intend to thrust forward the argument, as cheap as it is trite, against socialism or anarchism or any other scheme of revolution, that, even if it were carried out, the world would revert in a week's time to its immemorial state of inequality; those who have the knack of getting rich would have begun to acquire the share of those who not only cannot make money but cannot even keep it when they have it. A survey of history, ancient or modern, justifies us in assuming that this reversion to inequality would take place. But, with the damnation of Germany before us, let us beware of asserting that human nature will never do this thing or that thing.

Up to fifty years ago the Germans were regarded as a decent, well-intentioned, rather kindly if mannerless people; leaders in philosophy and in music; leaders in science; devoted to education; literally saturated with the poetry and prose of Goethe, Schiller and their contemporaries; fed on Luther's Bible; and prone to relieve their patient, plodding pursuit of science by romanticist outbursts and by unabashed sentimentality.

The Hunnish Poison

Then the Prussian virus, which had been distilling from Prussian bandits, Junkers and barbarians for many generations, was inoculated into the German body; and it spread slowly through every artery and vein, through every limb and muscle, including the heart, and mounted into the brain,—and poisoned all. And the German people, the good-natured burly people of scarcely half a century ago, has been perverted into a nation of wolves and serpents.

They repudiate every moral law, every instinct of humanity that raises man above the beasts; they preach and practice the slaughter of the innocent and the defenseless; they shrink from neither arson nor outrage nor torture; they pollute wells and spread baneful bacteria; they bombard hospitals and hospital ships, killing without mercy the wounded, the nurses and the surgeons; and in their insensate fury they destroy even trees, mute witnesses of their diabolism.

With this object lesson before us of the power of evil to transform a people in less than fifty years, let no one say hereafter that human nature is always the same; and that, therefore, reforms which aim at making over its essence cannot possibly succeed. Let us rather ask why, if the forces of evil can work this change, the forces of good might not conceivably work another equally fundamental?

It is on our belief that human nature is perfectible that we can, as individuals and as groups, improve ourselves in manners, mind and morals; that we base our systems of education from age to age. They change and the pupils whom they discipline change—an indication that human nature, which underlies both, changes also. Nay, the Germans, who are now so thoroughly infected with the Hunnish poison, might plead that that is not what it used to be: for during the Thirty Years' War the Germans resorted to cannibalism and ate each other—a degradation they have abstained from in the present war.

I admit, therefore, that, as human nature may change, the argument against socialism, which depends on the unchangeability of human nature, is not valid. But let us turn from vague and very remote possibilities to unescapable facts. Let us ask what the Bolsheviki professed and what they actually did. It ought certainly to be fair to take Trotzky, whom they have followed and obeyed for many months, as their representative and to regard him as their authoritative spokesman.

The Muscovite Catiline

In 1916 he was living in France, editing an incendiary Russian newspaper called the Nashe Slovo, and sowing the seeds of the Revolution to the best of his ability among the French proletariat. He belonged to the Workmen's International, a body that has been industriously burrowing under the surface of society in most of the European countries and in the United States. Being suspected of instigating a mutiny among Russian sailors, Trotzky was expelled from France.

It happened that Jules Guesde, a socialist of formidable reputation, was a member of the Briand Ministry which expelled him. Trotzky thereupon addressed to Guesde an open letter filled with vituperation and scorn of the backsliding socialist minister, and with fiery protestations of Trotzky's incorruptibility and dauntlessness. Listen to a few sentences from this address of the Muscovite Catiline.

"We revolutionary internationalists," he says, "are more dangerous enemies of German reaction than all the governments of the Allies taken together. Their hostility to Germany is, at the bottom, nothing but the hatred of the competitor; our revolutionary hatred of its ruling class is indestructible. Imperialist competition may again unite the rival enemy brethren of to-day. When the total destruction of Germany has been realized, England and France, after a decade, would again approach the Kaiserdom of the Hohenzollern in the friendliest spirit, to defend themselves against the superiority of Russia. A future Poincaré will exchange telegrams of congratulation with Wilhelm or with his heirs; Lloyd George, in the peculiar language of the priest and the boxer, will curse and condemn Russia as the defending wall of barbarism and militarism; Albert Thomas, as the French ambassador to the Kaiser, would be showered with flowers cut by the gentle hands of the court madames of Potsdam, as occurred so recently in Tsarskoe Selo.

"All the banalities of present-day speeches and articles would again be unpacked. Mr. Renaudel would have to change in his article only the proper names, a task for which his mental faculties and abilities would doubtless suffice. But we will remain the outspoken sworn enemies of Germany's rulers that we are to-day; for we hate German reaction with the same revolutionary hatred that we have sworn against Czarism and against the French moneyed aristocracy."*

Brave words of the Muscovite Catiline of 1916! But I do Catiline an injustice by this comparison; for the Roman fought and died; but the Bolshevik ranted and vapored and ignominiously surrendered. There is a long distance still between such Russians and the Romans, not only in their civilization but in their capacity for backing up a revolution, or in any other task requiring character.

Less than a year after Trotzky had hurled his defiant sarcasm at Guesde he turned up in Berlin on his way from New York to Russia, and there some influence seems to have overcome his valor. More than that, it seems to have hopelessly crippled his logical sense; for on reaching Russia and succeeding, with Lenine, in grasping control of the Revolution, which had sunk by this time to the level of the Bolsheviki, he set about arranging to surrender Russia to William the Second and the Austrian Emperor, whom he had recently branded as "two criminals who . . . refused to respect the rules and regulations of international law." He and Lenine disbanded the shattered fragments of the Russian Army, bade the Russians fraternize with the Teutons, and in less than four months had made over great provinces of Russia, with fifty-five million inhabitants, to the German Kaiser and his Austrian vassal.

To those of us who still cling to the meaning of words and who understand the values of the things behind the words, this is the most amazing treachery in history; but Trotzky would no more blush at being accused of it than he blushed at committing it. He holds patriotism in disdain; he calls it "this mania of nationalism." In his view the proletarians have no nation, no country; and, therefore, they feel no patriotic passion. What binds them together is their class interest, which he regards as identical in Russia, Germany, France and the United States.

But we cannot help asking what happened to change Trotzky's vehement hatred of the German Kaiser. Their enemies say that he and his Bolshevik accomplices were bought up by the Kaiser's gold; and we can imagine that if they were, in fact, bribable, the Kaiser could have lured them all for a smaller sum than it costs him to run the war a day.

There is, however, besides bribery, the alternative reason—duplicity—to account for the great betrayal. Lenine and Trotzky and the little group of vaporers round them may have been honestly hoodwinked, gulled and captured by German guile. How varied this is we all know. Perhaps the Germans flattered the vanity of these two men, who had risen with tragical suddenness to control in a very real sense the destiny of Russia, and to deflect, so far as they could, the course of the war.

The Persecutions of Prussianism

Doubtless the boches promised much, smoothed over difficulties, pretended to be deeply concerned for the welfare of the downtrodden Russian proletariat, and anxious lest, if the Bolsheviki did not accept German good will, some turn of fortune might restore the Czar, and with him all the tyranny the lower classes had suffered from the Romanoffs. In short, you can imagine what blandishments you will; the result you know: Led by Lenine and Trotzky, the Bolshevik fly walked with a lunatic simper into the parlor of the Hun spider. Russia ceased to exist as a coherent empire.

What should we say of these men? They had protested for years their hatred of tyranny; but when the Russian yoke was lifted for the first time they were so feeble-minded, so moth-witted, that they rushed voluntarily and eagerly to put their necks into a yoke more terrible than they had ever borne. Bad and loathsome as czarist despotism was, it never equaled that of the Prussians, for under the Czars there always came respites in oppression, moments when the corrupt and incompetent administration relaxed a little, perhaps from sheer indolence; but the Poles in Posen and the French in Alsace know that the Prussian never relaxes. To him a subject people is an enemy, toward whom he never relents. On the contrary, he busies his careful, painstaking mind in devising new forms of persecution. To Prussian tyranny Trotzky and Lenine consigned the Russian people with a smirk of self-satisfaction, as if they were placing their countrymen beyond the reach of peril.

Trotzky has written so clear a statement of his aims† that we are hardly likely to misunderstand or misjudge him. Before the war he believed that the Second International—that is, the Socialist League, which was organized in Europe and America—would control not merely international economic but also international political conditions. If the capitalist governments

(Concluded on Page 129)

*This letter was first printed in Geneva and recently appeared in the Class Struggle, the Internationalist organ in New York City. The New York Tribune reprinted it on March 10, 1918.

†The Bolsheviki and World Peace, by Leon Trotzky; New York, 1918.

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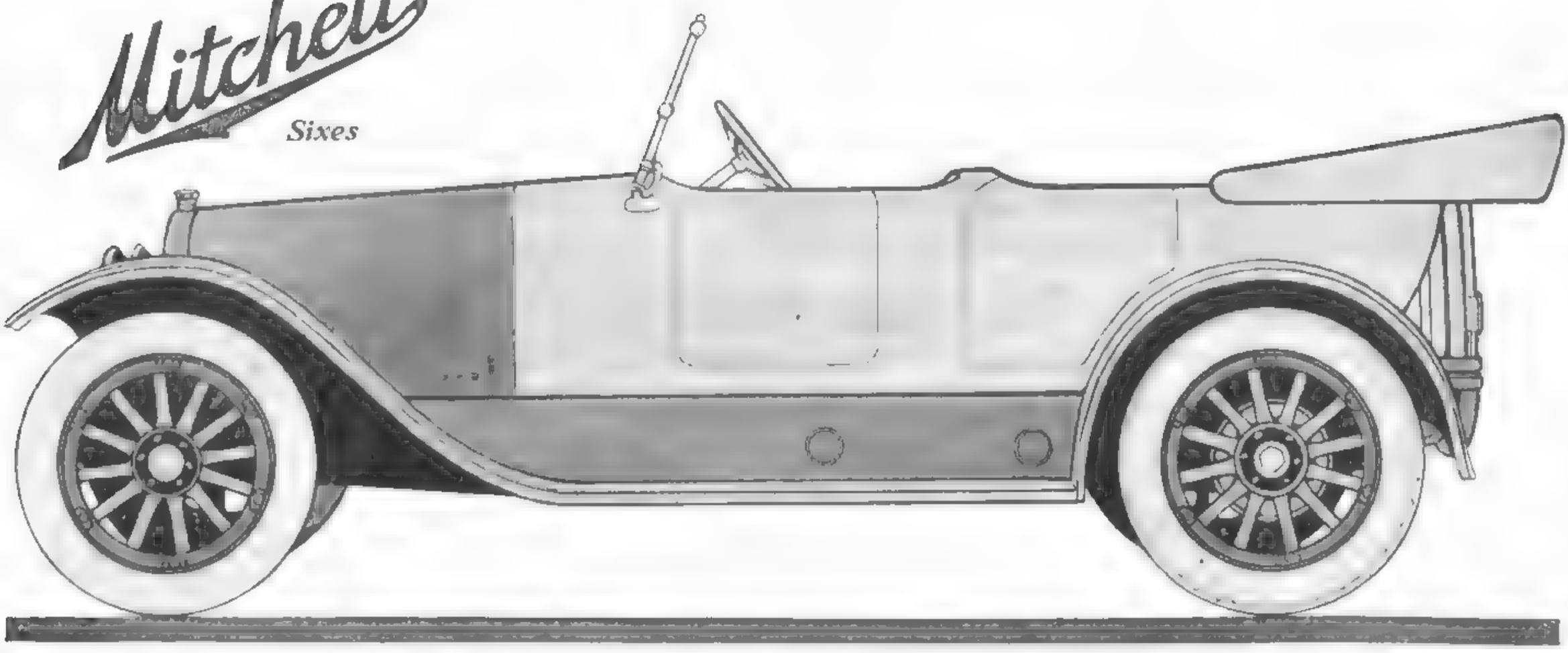

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We shall, like others, build fewer cars this year. War demands require it. But reduction in output enables us to make this a record year for improvements.

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The Mitchell D-40—price $1250 at factory—is by far the greatest value in this price-class today.

The wheelbase is 120 inches, which means long, low, impressive lines, and unusual room. The motor is a 40-horsepower Six—the final result of specializing for many years on Sixes.

This car embodies the new Mitchell standards. Every line and detail shows distinction. The rear springs are shock-absorbing, so the car is a marvel of comfort. At $1250 this new Mitchell Six is this year's wonder-car.

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The Mitchell C-42—price $1525 at factory—offers equal excess value. Both these models, at their prices, offer more than you'll expect. Both are built to tests which are far beyond what cars in service meet.

These extra values are due to scientific methods, to remarkable factory efficiency. This model factory has been perfectly adapted to produce the Six type economically. These new Mitchells, in a hundred ways, show the results of those savings. Write for our new catalog.

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MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin

(6-13)

(Concluded from Page 126)

proposed to make war on each other, the French socialist, being a socialist first and a Frenchman second, would simply refuse to fight the German, who was assumed to be a socialist first and a German second; and so of Russian, Austrian, Italian and all other socialists. Then there could evidently be no war.

But facts inconsiderately exploded the socialist expectations, perhaps because the German, through his utter brutality, taught the Frenchman and the others that he was at heart German before everything else. The socialists in Germany truckled obsequiously to the imperial command, and their leaders informed foreign socialists that they contemplated no move which should weaken or menace the German imperialist policy. I except the socialist Liebknecht, who, so far as appears, has been the one moral hero in Germany since August, 1914; and he has been, quite naturally, most of the time in prison.

Trotzky has had to deplore, therefore, that the nations were fighting the battles of capitalism, in which the proletariat had absolutely no interest, just as if the International had not been working and agitating for more than a decade. And so he laments that the Second International had nothing to do but to die. When Russia rid herself of the Czar by the Revolution and the Bolsheviki came into control, Trotzky, the lifelong enemy of capitalism, was inspired by the brilliant thought that he would betray Russia to Germany, the very country which, he insisted, had made greater advances in capitalism than any other.

Writing only a few months ago, Trotzky expressed alarm lest the war should continue for several years, until all the belligerents were reduced to exhaustion. If that state were reached he foresaw that the proletariat would be worse off than any of the other classes; so much so, indeed, that all the gains the socialists had made in the last "two generations would vanish in a sea of blood, without leaving a trace behind." Accordingly, he believed it to be desperately urgent that peace should be arrived at on any terms. It mattered little to him that it should be a German peace, leaving German despotism, based on Junkerdom and the army, actually if not avowedly intact.

Trotzky's Own Words

"Such a struggle for peace," he says, "means for us not only a fight to save humanity's material and cultural possessions from further insane destruction. It is for us primarily a fight to preserve the revolutionary energy of the proletariat. To assemble the ranks of the proletariat in a fight for peace means again to place the forces of revolutionary socialism against raging, tearing imperialism on the whole front."

Thus the Bolshevik peace into which Trotzky would inveigle us holds two possibilities for this war-worn, blood-choked world: Either the German Empire, controlling more than two hundred million people, will proceed, as soon as it can conscript their able-bodied men into armies and equip them, to conquer the world; or if, by some miracle which neither Trotzky nor anybody else describes, Germany is transformed into a peace-loving "female" race, then the proletariat will rise up and blight the world with such a revolution as it has never even dreamed of.

The present war, Trotzky remarks, has "wrenched the hammer out of the worker's hand and put a gun into his hand instead. And the worker, who has been tied down by the machinery of the capitalist system, is suddenly torn from his usual setting and taught to place the aims of society above happiness at home, and even life itself. With the weapon in his hand that he himself has forged, the worker is put in a position where the political destiny of the state is directly dependent upon him."

In quoting Trotzky's words I would beg the reader to understand that he means them literally. Monstrous as it may seem to the average intelligent American that anyone could await complacently a world either shackled to German despotism or demolished by an earthquake of world-wide range, Trotzky and his friends, and his dupes, in every country, look forward to one or the other of these alternatives.

Silly Sentimentalists

Thanks to Trotzky and Lenine, and their betrayal of Russia, we know what Bolshevikism aims at and what it has already done. There are Bolsheviki in all countries, but the Russian variety is the *reductio ad absurdum* of them all. They set out with an implacable hatred of tyranny and immediately surrendered to the tyranny of Germany. More gullible creatures have not been known in history. They profess to yearn for peace, but it is not the peace of justice, not the peace of democracy; but a peace in which the Social International may at once overturn whatever remains of civilized government.

To think of surrendering the last shred of law and order to such incompetent visionaries is crazy! But it is against this very danger that the statesmen of the Allies must be on their guard. These proletarians pretend that they are international and aim at no narrowing local patriotism. In fact, however, the German socialists remain incurably German, and they hoped, at the congress at Stockholm, to seduce and swindle the other national socialist bodies as they succeeded in doing with the Russian. In the United States the I. W. W., who represent the militant wing of the proletariat, have not disguised their pro-German purposes.

There are sentimental souls whose pity for the wretched leads them not merely to defend the Bolsheviki, wherever they may be, but even to justify and eulogize them. In their philanthropic hearts they feel a glow of self-satisfaction at throbbing at what they call the wrecks and slaves of capitalism. They are as surely the enemies of justice and humanity as are the pacifists. Under the mask of aiding downtrodden proletarians they are actively engaged in strengthening the Germans. Make no mistake about this, you ladies who flit hysterically from fad to fad and just now weave garlands for the Bolsheviki.

There is but one moral: Civilization must beat Hun barbarism and win this war. That accomplished, the world will turn to social and economic questions and settle them through righteousness and through justice. To stop the war now, at the plea of socialists and the proletariat, would be to betray all classes and the dominion of the world to the Hun, whose rule is the negation of civilization.

THE FUTURE IN ENGLISH LAND

(Continued from Page 17)

million acres should at all times be in arable. Preeminently with us, an island nation, it is to our arable land that we must look for emergency rations. An acre of grass will produce 120 gallons of milk in a year, and in two and a half years 180 pounds of meat, or at the rate of seventy-two pounds of meat a year; 120 gallons of milk will weigh 1150 pounds. However, that same acre will produce in a year five tons of potatoes—11,200 pounds of equally valuable human food! Translate those figures into terms of transport and tonnage and my meaning will be clear. It will further be clear why there can be no doubt that the government, as a permanent measure of safety, will see to it that at least half of our farm land is annually plowed.

"But accepting that premise, England's dairymen and stock-breeders have been much put about to discover that which the future holds for them. Questions that are often asked are whether the new policy does not signal a deterioration of our especially fine stock, whether the beef of old England will not disappear, whether enough land will escape the plow to support our herds, and so forth. Such fears are groundless. For forty years before the war the beef of old England had been largely a myth and was only restored to actuality again with the war. The English beef that won fame was a three-year-old fed on grass and roots. Back in the seventies, artificial feeding was invented and introduced here; English beef then became a two-year-old that had been artificially fed. With the war our farmers found it impossible to secure the oil cake, which was imported, for artificial feeding, and consequently were thrown back upon the old and sounder methods. It is to be hoped that with peace

On factories fit for any emergency

WHEN Uncle Sam needed Liberty Motors, Liberty Trucks, sub chasers, and ships in a desperate hurry, he turned to factories *already fit*.

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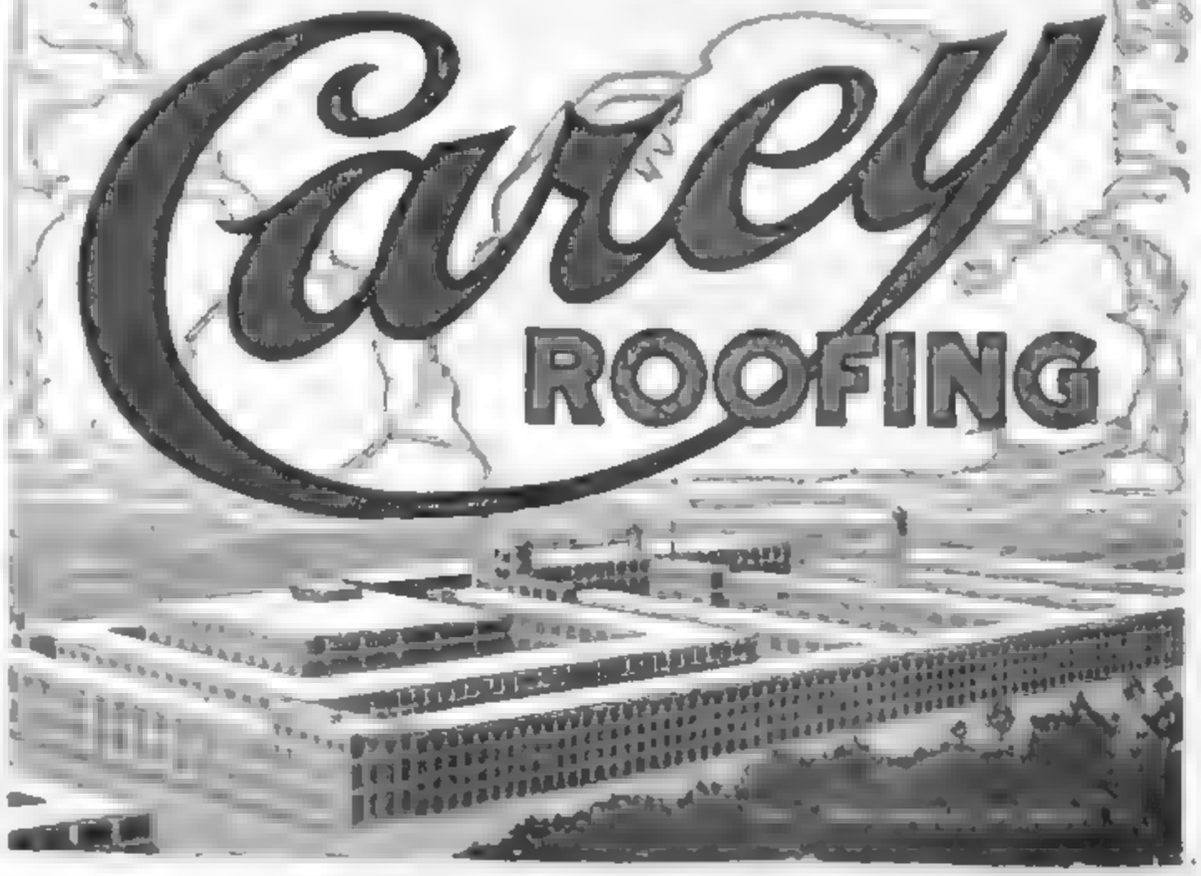

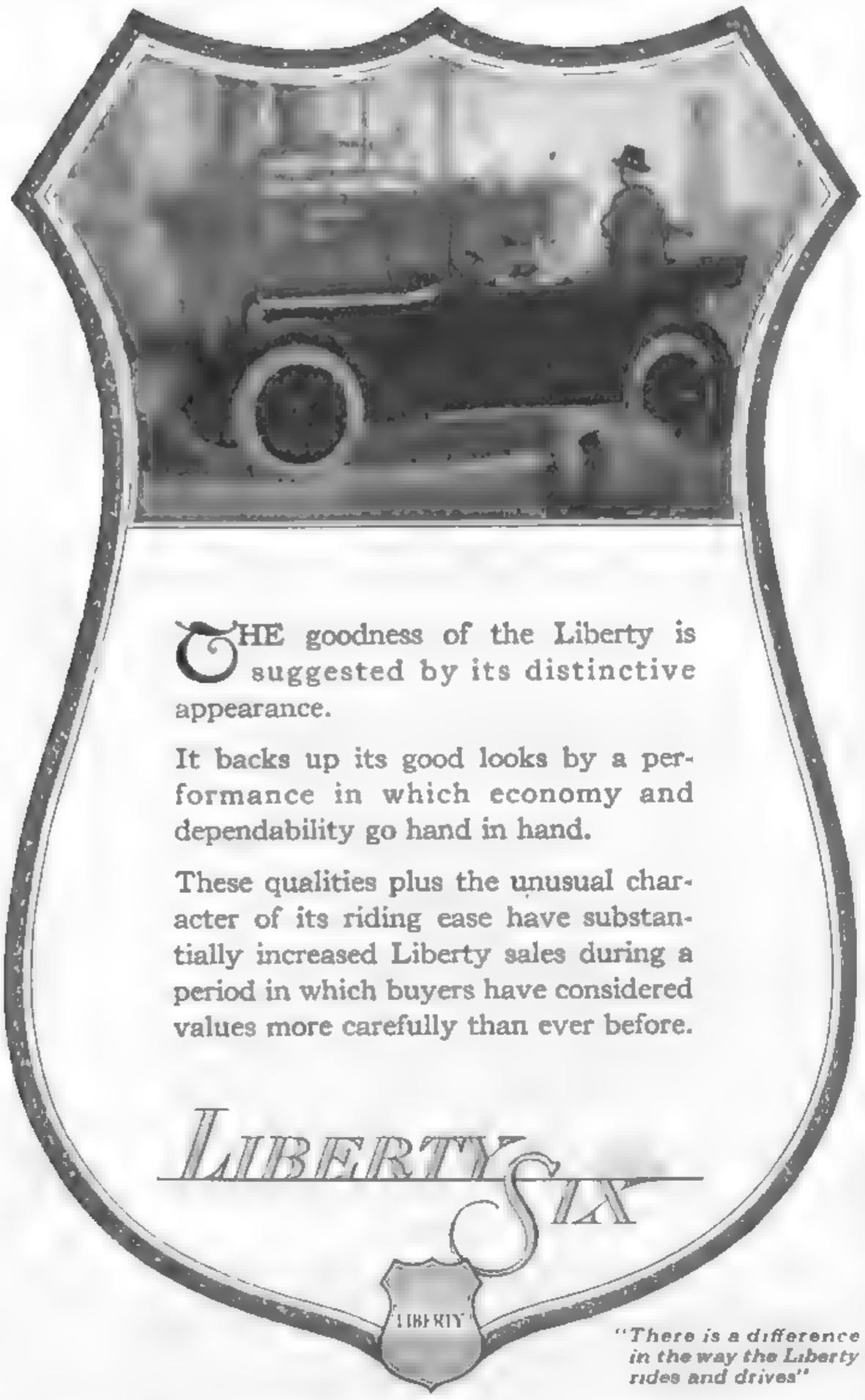
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It backs up its good looks by a performance in which economy and dependability go hand in hand.
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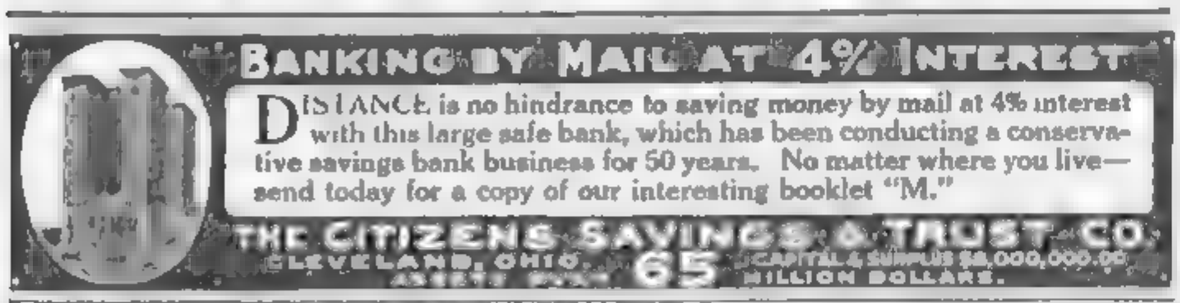
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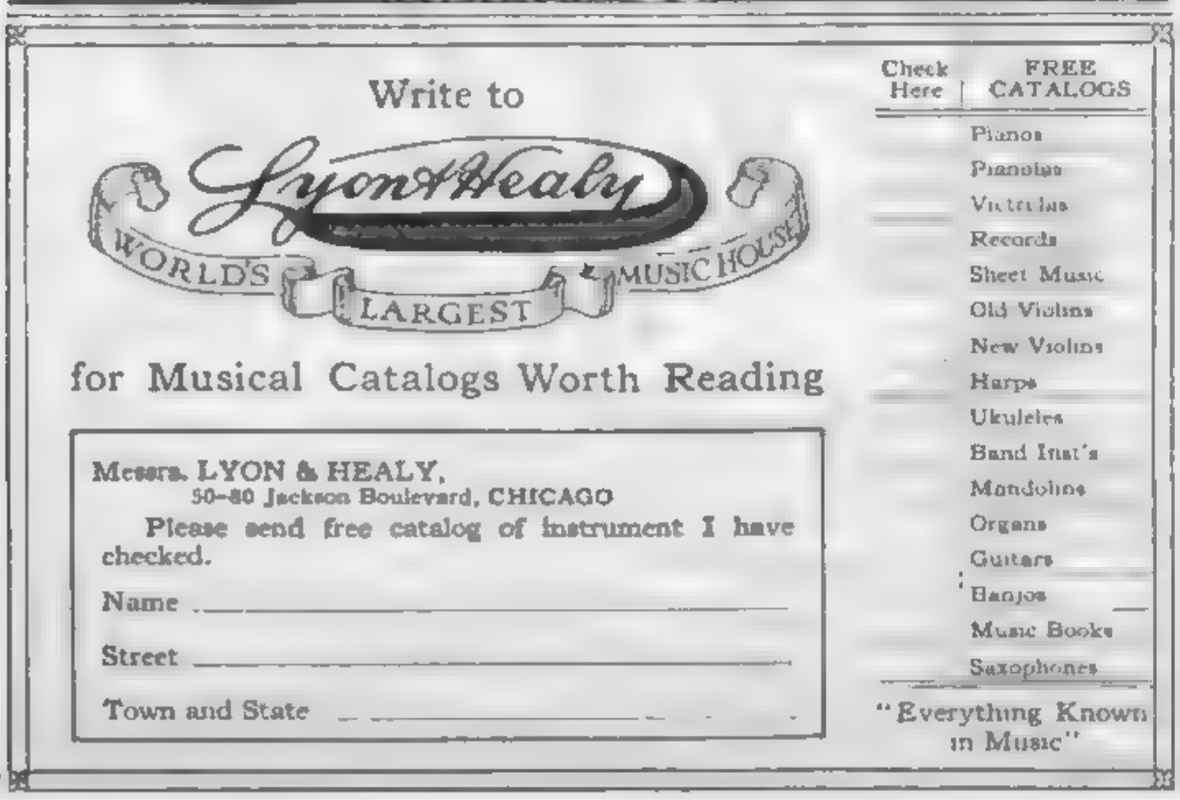


they will stick to root and grass feeding, and there is no reason why they should not; even with three million acres removed from the grass area there will be ample land in England for our stock requirements.

"First, in this connection, let me remind you that only half of our cattle have in recent years been grass-fed. Stall feeding from the arable—carrots and such—has been extremely general with us. The cost is somewhat less and the only drawback observable in arable feeding is that it is impossible to get cheese from the milk. Next, we have not been nearly so thrifty with our fields as we could have been. To illustrate: Twenty acres under grass will produce a ton to the acre, or twenty tons; but eight acres under lucern will produce an equal tonnage, leaving twelve acres free for plowing. Again, instead of using fouled arable land for grazing, as we have often done, we should go in for the scientific cultivation of pasturage and seek to develop to the utmost the feeding value of every foot. By such means, and others, our dairymen and breeders can, under the new régime, readily find sufficient areas.

"As long as stock is reared in England it will be of superior quality. There is a special acid tang in our grass that is found nowhere else in the world, and of which neither wars nor agricultural policies can deprive us. Further, the government may be relied upon to protect all the best pasturage of the country, leaving it free to be devoted to the purpose for which it is best suited. Regarding the situation in full, I can detect no sound reason to dread for our herds if land is wisely and carefully used; and to see that land is wisely and carefully used will be the first concern of our boards of agriculture for many generations to come. Figure us again as exacting from occupiers that treatment of soil most calculated to promote, not personal interests, but the good of a nation that has vowed to become capable of feeding itself.

"However, placing the government in that position—the position of permanent overseer of the land—and acknowledging the continuance into peace of its right to say to owners and tenants alike that this field must be plowed up, that field must be sown with wheat, there are too many rabbits on your land, that deer park must go—acknowledging as much, the government has then, in creating new responsibilities for occupiers, also created new responsibilities for itself. In any case, the English sense of fair play steps in at this point and says that if society is going to dictate to the farmers how they shall use their land, it must also take it upon itself to see that the farmer does not become a loser by obeying orders. By enjoining national well-being as a first consideration upon soil cultivators, we make it our duty to have an eye to their individual well-being. Irrespective of obvious justice, such a course would be necessary for that kind of healthy and prosperous agricultural life essential to potential national independence in food production; it is necessary that the industry of farming should be made attractive, should be safeguarded, if our agricultural policy is to succeed."

Prices Guaranteed

"And so, briefly, the English Government must have a running bargain with the English farmer. The gist of such a bargain must be that if you, the occupier, accepting the conditions laid down, remain upon the land and work it as we, the government, think you ought to work it, we, on our part, will undertake that you will not be out of pocket thereby. There are various methods by which the government may meet its obligation. At present there is the Corn Production Act of 1917, guaranteeing the prices of wheat and oats at sixty shillings and thirty-eight shillings, respectively, for last year; at fifty shillings and thirty-two shillings, respectively, for this year and next; and at forty-five and twenty-four shillings, respectively, through 1922. Provision has been made thus for the four harvests to come. What method will be evoked at the end of that period it is impossible to say.

"Bounties and direct subsidies have been suggested, but bounties and direct subsidies seem to me out of keeping with our institutions and repugnant to the upstanding spirit of the English farmer as I know it. The nub of the matter will always be found, as it was before the war, in foreign competition. Prices are everything—yes, everything; and for generations back, in the matter of prices, we have been at the mercy of producers from overseas. A revival of antebellum foreign trade conditions would shortly put English agriculture back into its former collapsed condition. The solution may lie in tariffs and import duties. The problem is a difficult one and I shall not venture to predict its ultimate outworking, but let me stress the point that under the new doctrines stamped upon English land the principle that our agriculturists must be insured, not for riches but against loss, is as firmly fixed as its companion principle that a responsibility to the nation attaches to soil occupancy by the individual.

"To the complexities incident to an efficient and fair development of our new land policy may be attributed, in some part, the discussion to-day of land nationalization. Of course the movement for state ownership of the soil has gained its main force and following otherwise; but there is a body of opinion which argues somewhat thus: The commercial success of any permanent scheme for the extension of the arable area must ultimately depend upon the intensity of foreign competition; the state having decided that an extension of the arable area is necessary in the interest of national security, it is driven to adopt some protective system to keep the returns to the farmer up to such a level as will allow of agricultural development. The difficulty then arises that the benefits conferred by the state upon the farmer will in time be passed on to the landlords in the form of increased rent; why should not the state, by going further, solve all difficulties and become the ultimate landowner?"

The Landlord's Contribution

"There are two answers. The first is that under the new régime it will be entirely within the logical functions of the government to protect tenants against rapacious landlords; and, second, land nationalization would work injustice. For centuries England has encouraged land ownership and investment in land and its improvement, our past in that respect has been such that no government could honorably repudiate it. Furthermore, the owning class have, in the crisis of war, earned solid consideration. Indeed, theirs has been the chief sacrifice exacted in the campaign for food-production—a sacrifice which has, in the main, been freely and willingly made. During the last year the landlords of England have contributed to the cause their tremendous asset of stored fertility.

"This contribution has been little understood and, in consequence, little appreciated. For generations farms in England have been leased subject to stipulations against plowing up particular fields. Year by year the natural richness of these fields would keep increasing. Long ago the custom had become fixed of selling, occasionally for a season, the privilege of arable cultivation of such lands. Stored fertility commonly fetched from three to five pounds an acre in excess of the straight rental of the land, and there are cases where it has brought as high as fifteen pounds an acre. When we set out a little more than twelve months ago to produce upon the British Isles the greatest amount of food possible, we ignored, as we had to, these landlord caches and, declaring lease provisions abrogated, ordered tenants to plow up those especially desirable tracts, standing ready to stay the hand of any owner who might seek to interfere; tenants made no extra payments, nor was recompense supplied by the government. A free-will offering by landlords was enjoined and accepted; in effect the government conscripted without reward or promise of reward a most valuable private possession; and landlords as a class loyally yielded in good part to that conscription.

"I do not urge this as an argument against land nationalization. The point is brought forward more or less incidentally, but for the purpose of emphasizing that, under the rigors of war, our landowners have by no means forfeited a right to remind the rest of the country that immemorially England has encouraged landownership and land settlement and that, as a result of that encouragement, they are upon the land and their wealth invested in it. To dwell upon the case that landlords, in the event of nationalization, could build up is not necessary; nor do my objections to nationalization rest solely upon grounds

(Concluded on Page 133)

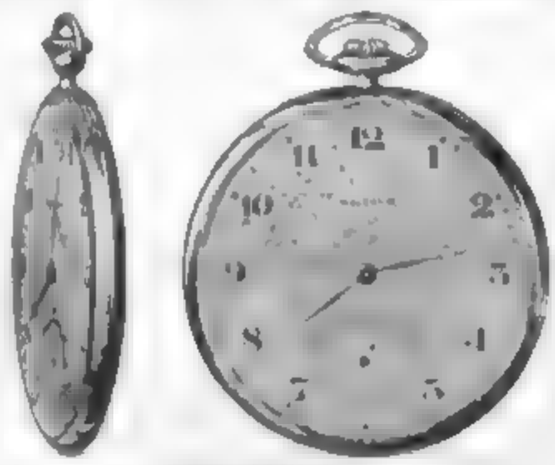
The World's Time is Waltham Time

Why Your Watch Selection should be a Waltham

STEADILY, persistently, patiently—round and round go the hands of the world's watch. Whistles blow and industries leap into action. Trains rush through space, ships sail the seas, people eat, work and play, and the tick of a timepiece guides them all. How important, then, in the scheme of life is the watch. How necessary to the smooth-running schedules of efficiency that the watch should be accurate. How easy for you to secure, when buying a watch, the world's master timekeeper—a Waltham.

By merit only did Waltham win tributes from the nations of five continents. Horological experts select official watches without fear or favor. Calmly and scientifically they test and compare, looking through the surface of a watch into its works. It is there they find their answer.

But they discovered at Waltham their true ideal of what a perfect timepiece should be a watch that outclassed in precision and reliability even the finest offerings of Switzerland, England or France. And with their verdict "the world's time became Waltham time."



COLONIAL A
Extremely thin at no sacrifice of accuracy
Maximus movement 21 jewels
Riverside movement 19 jewels

Visit a jeweler whose name stands for the utmost in quality. That is the man you desire to patronize, because you can depend on the value of any article he recommends. Ask him to place in your hand for inspection the Waltham Colonial A, illustrated on this page.

Here is a watch as precise as it is rich in the simple beauty of its refinement. Colonial A is an example of those methods of manufacture that have brought the world to Waltham for time. Could you ask for better reasons why your watch selection should be a Waltham?

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

Buy Roofing

With your eyes open

When you buy ready-roofing you should bear in mind the following facts:

There are many kinds of ready-roofing on the market.

The prices of these run from $1.00 upward, *depending largely on the quality.* Although the quality influences the price, there is small difference in the *outside* appearance of these roofings.

So you cannot determine quality by outside appearances alone. You must judge a roofing by its price and by the service it has given others.

There is only one roofing legitimately sold under the name of Ru-ber-oid. This roofing is more expensive than others. Its quality justifies its price. On many roofs it has given continuous service, without repair, for over twenty years.

If you buy roofing simply from the standpoint of low first cost you are not interested in Ru-ber-oid.

If high quality and long service are what you require you should buy Ru-ber-oid.

The Ru-ber-oid Man appears on every roll. Remember this because the name Ru-ber-oid is often wrongly connected with roofings which are as inferior to Ru-ber-oid in quality as they are lower in price.

THE STANDARD PAINT COMPANY

Chicago New York Boston

MAKERS OF

RU-BER-OID

ROOFING

(Concluded from Page 130)

that would be landlords' grounds. The subject is many-sided, with, to my thinking, a preponderance of the argument against the radical course.

"English land must be democratized; failing that, nationalization is inevitable. As is well known, extensive tracts of our country have been, as it were, locked up in great estates, or otherwise held, so that landownership with us has been centered in relatively few hands. Although, in large majority, those owners have managed their holdings with more care, more unselfishness, more public conscience than they have gained credit for, none the less the average man in England has not been able to have and to enjoy his equitable share of the soil. For years there has been in this country a persistent agitation to increase the number of small holdings and to make soil possession the privilege of the many and not of the few. From this war that national benefit must be exacted; our acreage must be opened up so that to it may come, as permanent settlers, thousands who have been awaiting chance for escape from our industrial cities. Without provision for a wide democratization of the land we cannot hope to lay any lasting policy.

"In a measure the result may come about without direct legislation. So heavily have the burdens of war taxation fallen upon the wealthy that already many owners of sizable estates have been forced to break up their holdings and to sell them off, piecemeal, as they could. Even after the war, for a long while, the rich will necessarily have to continue to suffer severely in their pocketbooks, and it therefore seems probable that considerable tracts will not fail, for a generation or more, to keep coming into the market. This tendency toward land democratization needs every support, and one means by which it may be appreciably furthered is by the manner with which we deal for the ex-service men who may desire farm settlements.

"That many men now fighting will want, with peace, to get upon the land is certain; exactly how many is uncertain, but the number is great. It goes without saying that we desire to hold those men as part of our population here and to head off any large emigration to our colonies or to America. The men will remain if proper provision can be made for them. Twofold is the problem—where to find the land and upon what terms to offer it."

The Glebe Lands

"To secure land is not simple but not impossible. Without attempting to familiarize Americans with some of the more knotty aspects of land ownership in England, we have here, among others, two especial types of land—glebe lands and lands yielding tithes. Glebe lands are owned outright by the established church—the Church of England; lands yielding tithes are not owned by the church but the church receives, in whole or in part, the rentals or tithes from these lands. Further, in reference to land yielding tithes, there are at all times heavy arrearages or unpaid rentals due from them; and such arrearages may expressly be exacted in kind—that is, in land. The annual value of glebe lands in England is £500,000; their extent, about 650,000 acres. The annual value of the tithes is £35,000,000. These two together form the largest source of the Church of England's income and provide the livings for its clergymen.

"Speaking only for myself—and as a loyal member of the Church of England, too—it is my belief that for the ex-service men the government should take over all glebe lands and should enforce a collection in kind of all tithes that, upon a given day, may be in arrearage, possessing itself thereafter of the acreage thus realized. The church should be compensated, but not with undue liberality. It has been suggested that settlement might be made upon the basis of what the land, if let as small allotments, would bring.

"The time has not yet arrived when it is well to argue over the merits or demerits of this plan. However, it is the most feasible scheme of which I know for meeting the ex-service man's all-important problem and will, in the long run, I am convinced, prove a step of immense service to the church, which has never been able to make itself a highly successful landlord. When the land has been secured, I should advocate a form of agreement with the new settlers by which they could take possession, with qualified ownership, immediately, and practically full ownership in definite prospect.

"Even if we should want to, I do not think that we could in decency offer our returning soldiers mere tenancies. In enterprises of every sort, none more than in farming, men almost instinctively wish to be able to look forward to a day when they may become owners. Remove that spur and we lose much. We must take natural ambitions into account and scheme accordingly. Beyond question, a satisfactory form of contract can be worked out under which the men would begin making certain fixed annual payments of amounts approximately equaling the normal rents and by which, also, responsibility for taxes would rest upon them. The annual payments might well be extended to cover a long period and the men allowed as much as thirty-five years in which to work out ultimate ownership. It would not be necessary for the government to finance such an operation, for it probably could be arranged that the church would receive its money as the yearly installments were paid the government."

Coöperative Movements

"No look into the future of English land would be complete without consideration of the incidental or perhaps collateral effects of the present food-production drive. During the last year English farmers have been brought together and knitted together in a new way. As a result there has come into existence in our agricultural communities a social life different from anything that we had before, and more wholesome; and, of equal importance, a coöperative movement among farmers appears to have at last gained some real momentum of its own in England. Until now the English character has never seemed to lend itself to the coöperative idea; but under the stress of war our agriculturists have come to see coöperation in a new light; its possibilities have been made apparent and its economic advantages more forcibly suggested than ever before. This may be ascribed to that which has been one of the root principles of our immediate campaign. From the first the Board of Agriculture has sought to make the present movement as much as possible a farmers' movement. All of the sixty-odd county agricultural executive councils, through which the government everywhere locally exercises its authority, are composed of farmers selected from the districts of their own jurisdictions; we here in London have hugged the background and have invested our executives with all the discretionary power that we could.

"The plan has proved most wise. It has made our war effort for food production, so far as the farmers have been concerned, practically a coöperative war effort undertaken by the farmers themselves; it has softened animosities at the enforcement of many rigorous decrees; it has enabled us to escape the danger of seeming to have been pampering the farmers.

"And now, in conclusion, a word concerning not the English farmer but the American farmer; not the future but the grim present. Doubtless by this time the American farmer has been admonished and readmonished that he is to-day, bar none, the most important man in the world. The battlefield of Europe is, in very truth, the wheatfield of America. France's production last year dropped considerably more than half; a further serious drop is certain in 1918. Russia is out as a wheat export country and so, too, Rumania. Canada, her man-power depleted, is off. The Scandinavian countries can barely harvest for their own needs. Italy's situation is alarming. The Argentine crop is always late and uncertain. It is only to the American farmer that we can look to be saved.

"And he, in turn, is confronted with a remorseless situation. The needs of any nation for wheat are greater during war than during peace; the world when it fights must have more to eat. For him that now means that he must provide not only more grain for export but more for home consumption. Threefold, therefore, is the demand upon him—to meet an appalling world deficit in wheat, to meet a foreign need greater than ever before, and to meet needs of his own countrymen that will monthly increase. The task before him is titanic and the responsibility immeasurably the greatest of all history; for, if the American farmer does not find that last sack of wheat with which the war is to be won, beyond all dispute the German farmer will."

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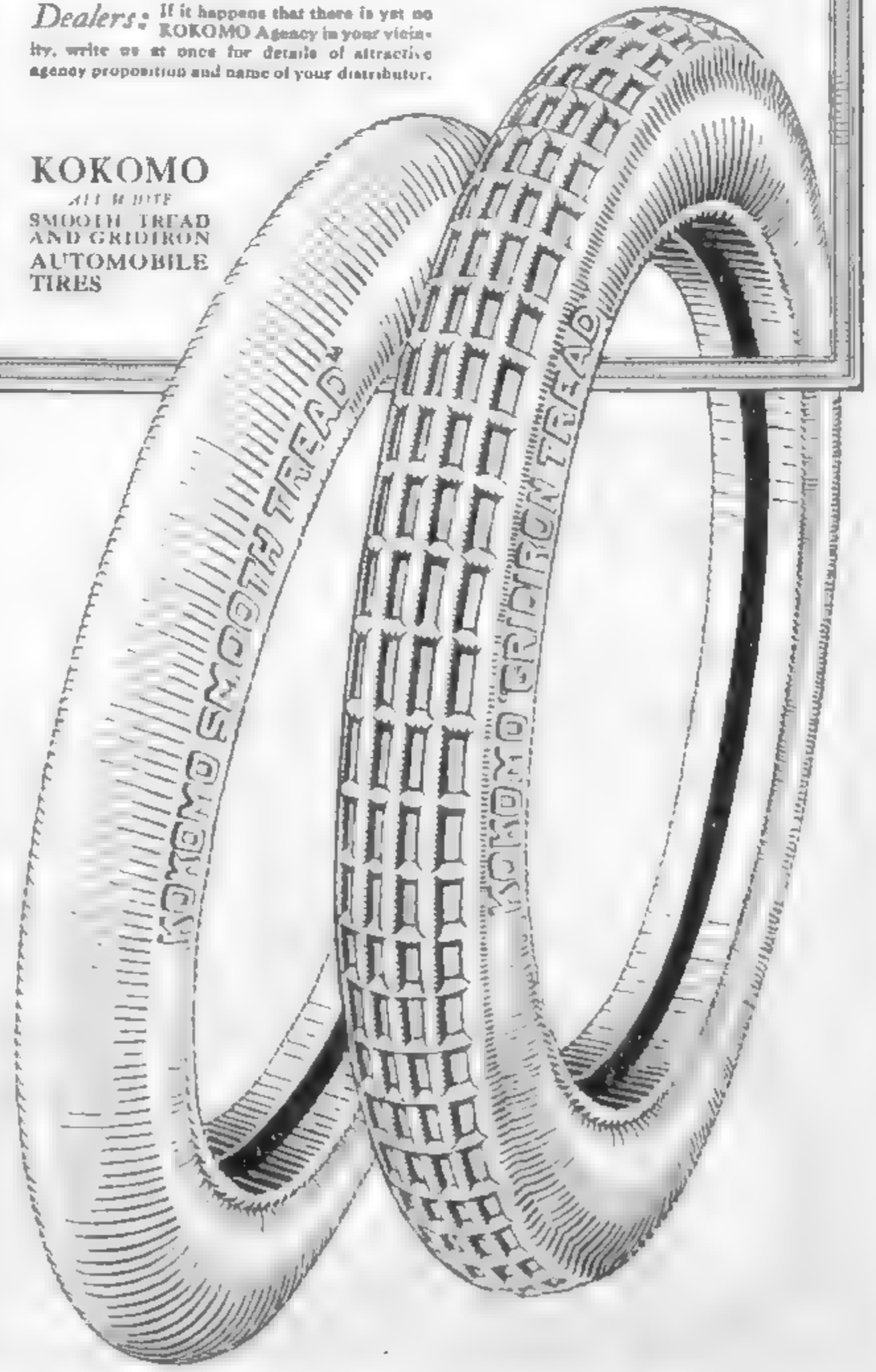

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The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years' experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.

CAUTION—Before you buy be sure W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom and the inside top facing. This is your only protection against high prices for inferior shoes. BEWARE OF FRAUD.

Sold by over 9000 shoe dealers and 105 W. L. Douglas stores. If not convenient to call at W. L. Douglas store, ask your local dealer for them. Take no other make. Write for booklet, showing how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

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When he was 11 years of age, W. L. Douglas was again "bound out" under an agreement whereby he was to receive $5.00 a month in wages besides his board and clothes. As a matter of fact, he received only $10.00 for three years' work, as the agreement was verbal, and not considered binding. W. L. Douglas acquired the habit of saving early in life. He is shown above depositing all of his first month's earnings in the bank. Today Mr. Douglas is President of the Peoples Savings Bank, Brockton, Mass.

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Just as you want more money, so we want your spare time.

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Yet, during 1918, more than a million and a half mail subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* will expire.

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THE YELLOW DOG

(Continued from Page 7)

directly or indirectly, by German affiliations. Everyone suspected that the air was full of subtle Teutonic propaganda. Was there, after all, an organized system operating in every community? As a basis of calculation Walker assumed that there was such a system. Its agents were everywhere. Obviously it would be quite as impossible to run them all down as it would be to run down the germs of a disease that might be in the air. But it would be possible to treat the soil in which these seeds of sedition were thrown so as to render it incompatible with the growth and development and flowering of such seeds. In brief, he must sterilize the soil.

On a quiet side street in Danforth, in a house of moderate proportions, lived a man who spoke with a broad Scotch dialect, so Scotchy, in fact, as to be almost unintelligible whenever he chose that it should be so. The name of this man was Alexander Cummings. He was a bachelor, a man of culture, who lived alone with one servant, an inarticulate old Chinaman with very large ears. Cummings rarely went out in the evening and was said to devote all his leisure moments to reading; in fact, the one notable feature of the establishment was the library.

Nobody seemed to know exactly what Cummings' business was. He had a small, dingy office on Beaver Street, not far from the Produce Exchange, to and from which he commuted every day. His business card bore the legend: "Commission Broker." In Cummings' office was a section of a rail with fishplates and spikes, and on a shelf some tall phials containing thickish, varicolored oils.

Three years before, a destitute German, Carl Schneider, had appeared in the office of Cummings, told a pitiful story of the sufferings of his wife and two small children, and made a plea for assistance. Cummings sized the man up, found him to be well educated and gave him a job. For six months Cummings watched Schneider, and presently satisfied himself that he was discreet. For in all that time, though he was kept assiduously at work copying old and apparently useless records, Schneider never once intimated that he'd like to know the nature of Cummings' business.

One day Cummings said to Schneider: "I can't keep you here any longer just copying those old records." Then, in answer to Schneider's look of dismay: "But there's a chance for you out in Danforth, keeping the books in the grocery store of a friend of mine. I've already spoken for the job for you. There's a little house down the street from me that would just suit you and your wife. You can have it at a nominal rent. One thing," Cummings suggested, "you'd better change your name from Carl Schneider to Charles Snyder." He paused; then: "They don't like Germans out there. But so long as you mind your business they'll let you alone. Is it all right?"

"Really, I'm very thankful. I—I—I don't quite like the idea of changing my name," was as near a protest as Schneider'd ever made.

"It's for the Fatherland. Don't you understand?" Then: "No better place for a good-looking young German than a corner grocery store, where foolish, impressionable women congregate and gossip."

Schneider looked at Cummings significantly.

Cummings opened his pocketbook. "I have learned that you are a discreet man, Schneider. Here is my card."

Schneider took the bit of pasteboard. "Rudolf Kreischer," he read aloud. Cummings smiled. "You would not expect, my friend, to pick up a Scotch blanket and find a Dutchman under it, would you?"

"Hardly," was the only comment of Schneider, the docile.

Cummings pondered a bit; then: "I have work for you in Danforth; work that I cannot do myself." Laughingly: "For some time I have been engaged in placing clerks in the grocery stores of suburban towns."

Schneider nodded.

Cummings puffed his pipe for a bit, then observed: "The soil out there is rich in fools, as it is in most American towns. I've studied it. I can direct you how, when and where to sow the seed."

And so Mr. Charles Snyder and his small family moved to Danforth. And Snyder, being clever and obsequious, a nonobtrusive, likable fellow, under the direction of Cummings became a most assiduous, subtle and effective sower of the seed of sedition.

He was adroit in the selection of his audience. To women with sons of draftable age he hinted at the prowess of the submarine. Or to parsimonious men he dilated upon the wonderful chance that the low price of securities on the market offered for immensely profitable investment.

"Of course," he would say, with a shrug of the shoulders, "it's one's patriotic duty to buy Liberty Bonds, but really the Government doesn't expect one to put all his money in four per cents when he can get gilt edges that pay him ten and twelve."

And so on, down the whole gamut.

On the evening of the day of the smiting of the cheeks of Babbitt by Walker, Snyder called on Cummings.

"I have something most interesting to relate, Mr. Cummings."

And in a few excited words Snyder told Cummings what had taken place between Walker and Babbitt. But to his surprise Cummings showed no particular interest. Instead he merely puffed his pipe and grunted.

"He called him a yellow dog," Snyder added.

"So he was a yellow dog." Then after reflection: "A very good term. If they weren't yellow dogs our work would go for nothing. We can't distribute Germans all over the United States, and if we could we couldn't speak through them. People would be suspicious. We must speak through their own people, whose motives are beyond question—their yellow dogs, as Walker so aptly calls them. They're fools; that's why they are yellow dogs. Great soil in which to sow distrust. See how it flourishes, multiplies—like this. One fool knows it." He held up one finger. "Two fools know it." He held up two fingers. "What does that stand for—two fingers?"

Snyder laughed. "Eleven."

"Good! Three fools know it." He held up another finger. "What does that stand for—three fingers?"

"A hundred and eleven," cried Snyder gleefully.

"That's the rate we are, with the help of the yellow dogs, making soldiers for the Kaiser over here."

"Mr. Cummings, you're a genius!"

"So you see, every fool we can get to use as a mouthpiece against Uncle Sam is a trumpet in favor of the Kaiser."

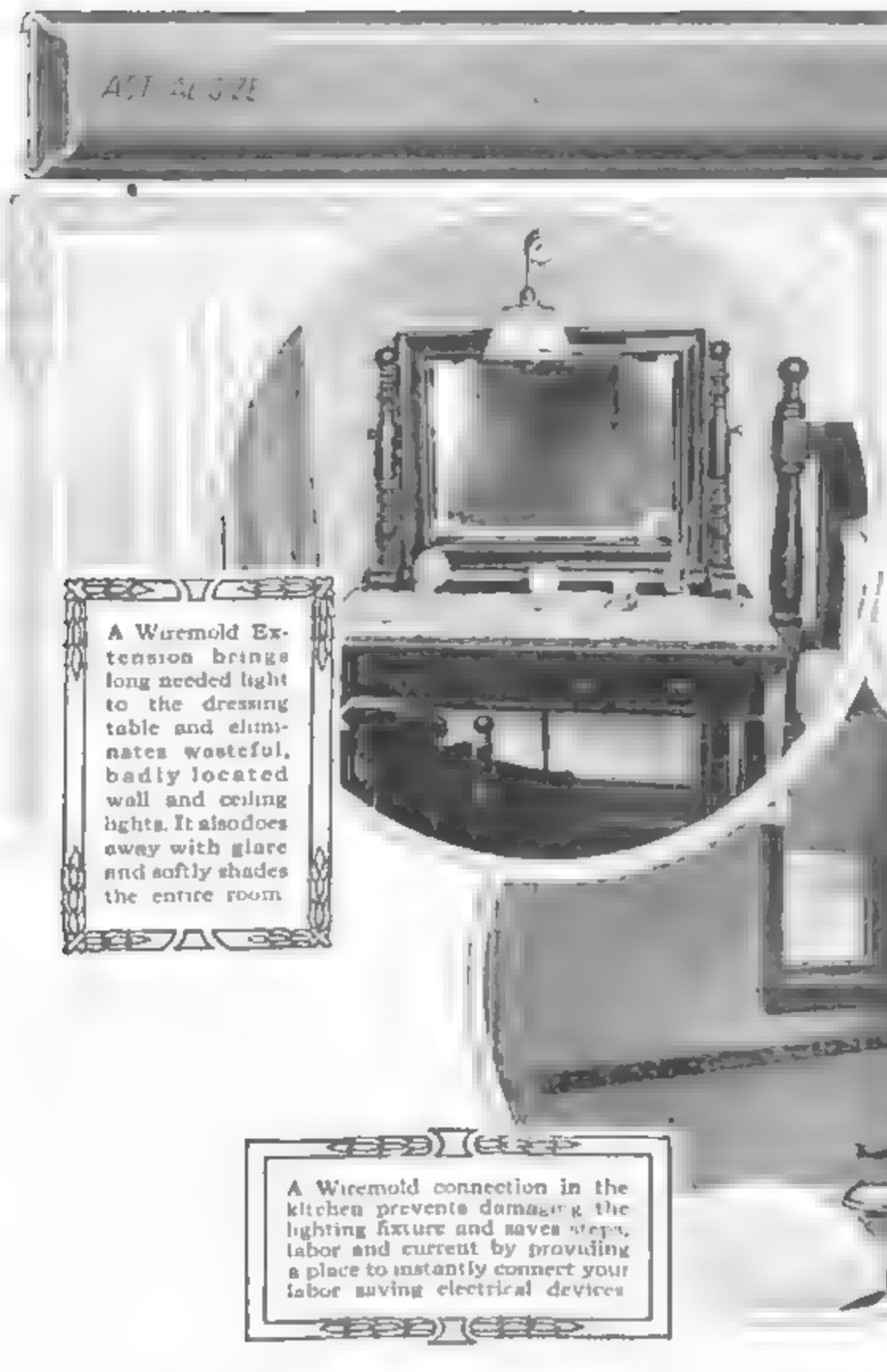
"But all Americans are not fools," Snyder protested.

Cummings softly puffed his pipe. "No, not all. But we don't talk through the mouths of the smart ones. We whine and growl and bark through the yellow dogs." Cummings paused; then: "You see, war is not only a matter of bullets and bayonets, it's a matter of psychology. The most important thing is the attitude of the people." He pointed his finger at Snyder. "That's why the Americans are more eager for news of strikes in Vienna, bread riots in Berlin, the talk in the Reichstag—than for the booming of cannon and the sinking of tanks.

"Our job now is to keep on boring holes in the foundation of the confidence of the people through the yellow dogs." He threw back his head and laughed. "Yellow dogs—fools! One fool contaminates another fool. The fools greatly outnumber the smart men, and every fool has a vote. It is on the votes of fools that the congressman must depend for his election; it is to the fools he must cater."

Cummings puffed his pipe. "We cultivate all kinds of soil." He chuckled. "There's the yellow dog that hates the rich. You'll hear him howl on the street corners from a soap box. He is a fool yellow dog, otherwise he'd be rich himself. He is utterly insincere. He envies the very man he damns. We get him to yelp to his down-at-the-heel greasy auditors: 'A rich man's war!' 'John D. has already made ninety-five millions out of the war!' 'Young John D. is in the Y. M. C. A. so he can keep an eye on the main chance to make more!' Or they say: 'Colonel Vanderbilt loaned France forty millions. And he's in the army to keep an eye on his money!' Nothing is too slushy for these yellow dogs to believe so long as it's against the Government."

(Continued on Page 137)



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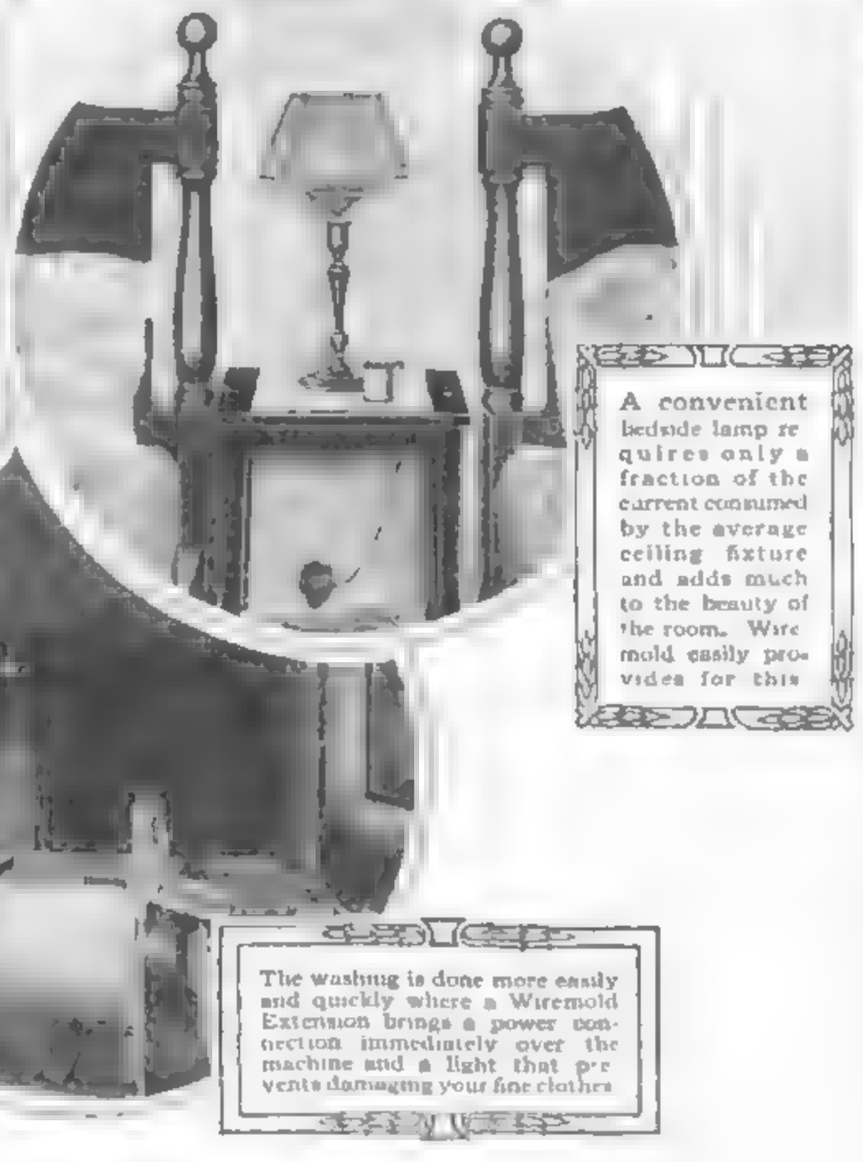
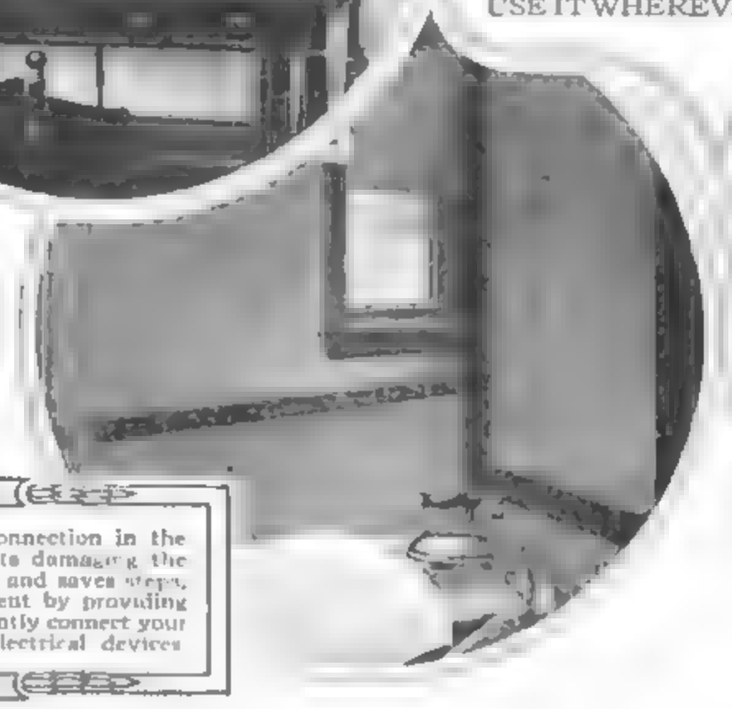
WIREMOLD requires only about one-third of the steel and costs only about one-half as much as the electrical conduits of equal capacity which are commonly used for surface wiring. The use of Wiremold conserves the supply of conduit for the many necessary war uses where nothing but conduit will serve. It makes quicker installations possible at a fraction of the expense of old methods. Splendid for emergency office and factory work. 3700 FEET OF WIREMOLD SAVES A FULL TON OF STEEL—USE IT WHEREVER YOU CAN.



A convenient bedside lamp requires only a fraction of the current consumed by the average ceiling fixture and adds much to the beauty of the room. Wiremold easily provides for this



A Wiremold connection in the kitchen prevents damaging the lighting fixture and saves steps, labor and current by providing a place to instantly connect your labor saving electrical devices

The washing is done more easily and quickly where a Wiremold Extension brings a power connection immediately over the machine and a light that prevents damaging your fine clothes

Economical Home Uses for Wiremold

Wiremold Extensions Necessary to Wartime Current Economy. They Avoid Big Installation Expense, Damage to Walls, and Dirt of Old Methods. Make Homes More Convenient and Beautiful.

TO save electricity in the home requires that one light should be burned where several were used before the war. But if you artistically place these lights with inexpensive Wiremold Extensions, you will not only save current but improve your home lighting system as well.

To install Wiremold Extensions, you don't have to disturb your walls or floors at all. First, the Wiremold is securely attached to wall or ceiling, then wires are pushed through it, connected, and the job is done—bringing a light to you and dispensing with the wastefulness of having several serving you from a distance.

Nor does Wiremold mar your home. It is independently decorative in the neutral tone enamel in which it is furnished. But if necessary the casing may be tinted to exactly match walls or ceiling, thus making it almost invisible.

It is a patriotic duty to have enough electrical extensions to save all the current you can. *Call in your local contractor and he will give you an idea of the small expense of installation—only a fraction of what it would have cost you by the old methods.*

With Wiremold, you will use just enough light for softly shaded effects, as the old-fashioned cluster-chandelier glare is as wasteful as it is objectionable.

You can now place shaded lamps exactly where you need them for the soft, tasteful lighting of your home.

You soon appreciate this restful softness and unconsciously form the habit of *using less current*—because you have connections right where you need them, economical and within easy reach.

Speed Factory Production

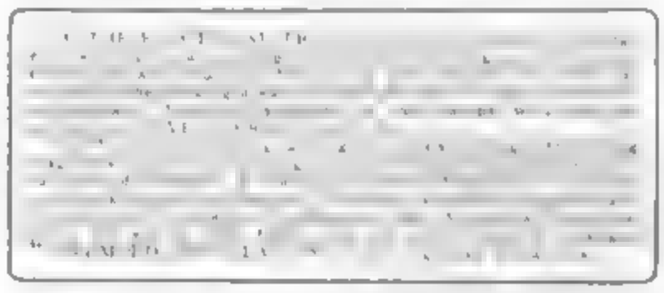
All office and factory lighting should be improved in wartime by running electric extensions to all desks and machines.

Wiremold Extensions do away with unsightly, exposed wires, effect greater economy in electricity and increase efficiency in office and factory.

Free Books on Wiremold

If interested in saving current and at the same time improving your home, send for "WIREMOLD IN YOUR HOME" which illustrates its many uses and explains how extended electrical connections will increase your domestic happiness and comfort.

Or if interested in increasing the efficiency of your office and factory, send for "WIREMOLD IN BUSINESS" which illustrates its uses for office, factory, warehouse, school, store and hospital



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Not a mere *chair!* Rather a haven of *rest*, an ever-ready *relief* from fatigue of body and mind.

Thus have thousands of men and women come to regard their *Royal Easy Chair*—the most "popular" piece of furniture in the household!

And the *only* easy chair made which affords the comfort and the *convenience* of the *Push Button!*

Royal Easy Chairs

TRADE MARK

PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES

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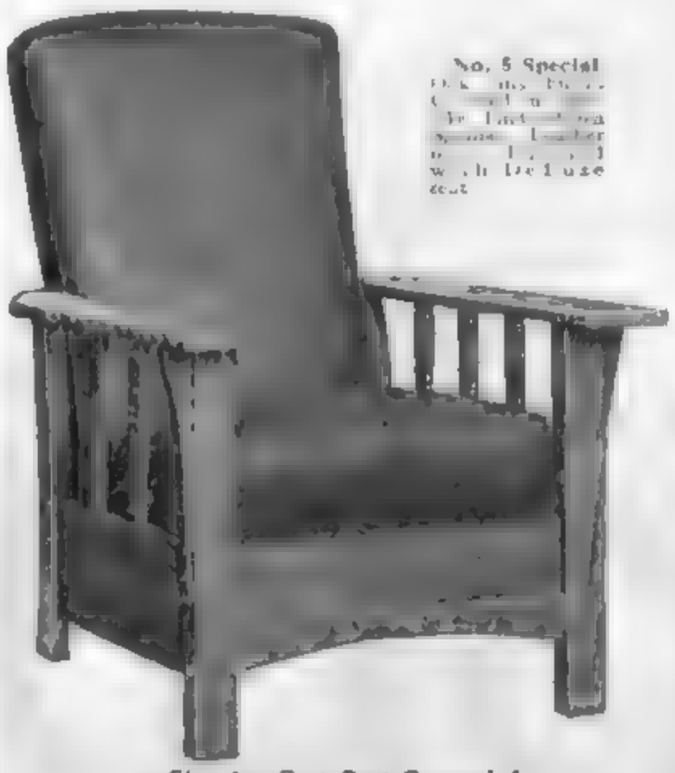
The World's Easiest Easy Chairs

Pushing the button releases the back, which then assumes any desirable position, where it is securely locked upon release of button. Another button pressure and the back quietly returns and is automatically locked in original position.

You can rest in a Royal in any position you desire, from upright to full reclining. In *every* position you are comfortably supported. No tensed muscles—no cramps—no strains. Your head is supported. So are your shoulders. And your back. And limbs. You can entirely relax! But—

—when you wish to stretch out or to again sit upright, you do not have to jump up and fumble with some clumsy contraption. Just push the button concealed in right arm of chair, and the back *reclines*, or *rises*, as you desire. You don't have to pull up another chair to rest your legs on. Pull out the Leg Rest as shown in use by woman above, and Rest—Rest—Rest!

Leg Rest, or Foot Rest, out of sight when not in use.



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Durable—dependably constructed—absolutely nothing to get out of order—will give years of satisfying service. Fully guaranteed.

Every genuine Royal has the name stamped on Push Button.

For Sale at Leading Furniture Stores Special Inducements Now Offered!

Go to your dealer today and see a Royal demonstration. Ask about the new De Luxe seat!

The two SPECIALS shown opposite are beautiful examples of Royal quality, and next week, to further introduce Royals, they will be offered at Special Prices and Terms by leading dealers everywhere. Offer is limited. See your dealer at once.

Right now, write for FREE booklet, "Conscious Rest." It tells you a delightful way to see Royals without obligation to buy.

THE ROYAL EASY CHAIR CO.

1110 Chicago Street STURGIS, MICHIGAN

No. 6 Special.

Showing Foot Rest Concealed

(Continued from Page 134)

Cummings held up his finger. "And, mark you, the dirty crowds in the parks are not the only fools! When the war started I planted a man in a shipyard as timekeeper.

"My man saw those boys were inclined to strike. The only thing that stood in the way was their patriotism. So he held up the bugaboo that all workingmen hate—Wall Street. It was a Wall Street war. The workingman was being exploited for the benefit of the stock gamblers. The munition makers were rolling up gold by the ton." Cummings laughed. "So they are, but the Government takes it all away from them to fight this war. We don't shout that fact through a megaphone. What my man said didn't actually cause the strike, but it weakened the position of the staunch Americans who were opposing it."

Cummings paused. "Hand me a match." He relighted his pipe. "As to the selective distribution of the seed, my good friend, did you ever study simple business psychology? Yes? We apply it here. For instance, we wouldn't go to a blacksmith shop to sell a piece of silk. By analogy we wouldn't go to Wall Street to preach altruism. Wall Street is a fertile field for our efforts. That's where we sow the seeds of suspicion. The grouch weed has been flourishing there for generations. No matter which way the market goes, somebody's hurt. It keeps grinding out depression. If the market falls we hint that Baruch is short. If it advances sharply and catches the bears we urge as a reason the silly old chestnut that McAdoo was put in charge of railroads by Wilson just so he could manipulate the stock market for the benefit of the American royal family. And the yellow dogs of the Street carry it to their homes and spread it among their neighbors."

"But once the Americans do realize they're fools?

"Once they realize it you and I will have to seek new fields of endeavor," said Cummings quietly. "But don't worry! Nobody's had wit enough to scheme out a way to make them realize. And remember, Yankee egotism, which we have so assiduously flattered and developed, is our great security."

There was one thing Cummings had failed to grasp in the American character, for, like most Germans, he had judged Jonathan by Fritz. There's an essential difference. Fritz has his thinking done for him by *Herr Professor;* Jonathan does his thinking for himself. When Jonathan first realized the menace of the Indians, being in an almost invisible minority, he didn't try to overwhelm them with much noise and bluster. He simply put on his thinking cap. A nation with an area of more than three million square miles and one hundred millions of free people, and wealth beyond the dreams of a Croesus, and other things too numerous to mention, was the result of Jonathan's putting on his thinking cap.

Jonathan's thinking isn't done by one man or a handful of men. Everybody schemes, invents. There isn't a village in the country that hasn't some genius who thinks he can run the war. Every normal boy thinks he has something on Edison or Graham Bell. Local recognition often makes him a smart Aleck; but some of the most enterprising spirits we have started in by being smart Alecks. So when the country wakes up and gets a move on, it does so on the multiple-unit idea. Every car has its own motor. That's why it's dangerous to tackle a good-natured people that habitually wears its thinking cap.

While Cummings was congratulating himself that his system of pin-prick propaganda was far too subtle to be traced to any one of its innumerable and elusive sources there was another shrewd brain, not more than four blocks away, that was consciously and subconsciously seeking to evolve a scheme to locate the elusive insect that was laying the propaganda egg and "swat" it.

As a boy, Walker, even then an economist, used to wonder why the titanic energy of the air should be put to no more dignified purpose than running a few foolish windmills, pulling up a bucket of water now and then for a farm hand. Why not make the wind plow the fields, instead of rippling the grass that doesn't need to be rippled? And the sea, hammering the coast with the force of ten thousand Niagaras to no useful purpose! Why shouldn't it run electric plants all over the land?

"Isn't there some human force," Walker wondered, "some force as ubiquitous as the wind, as restless as the sea, that's going to waste, that only needs direction, that can be used against this widespread disease, yellow dogism?"

Walker was getting warmer every minute, like the boy in hide and seek, only he didn't know it. But great discoveries are often the result of accident.

And then the blow fell. Jimmy Blakely, Widow Blakely's youngest, had been tried by court-martial and sent to prison as a deserter. The fact brought the war home with awful force to Danforth, for young Blakely had been a great favorite.

"It's yellow dogism that did it!" growled Walker when he heard of it. "The whole thing is yellow dogism."

Right after dinner he took his hat and stick and quickly made his way to the home of the little widow. She let him in without a word.

"I know you've come to ask me to tell you all about it," she said. "But I can't! I can't!" She broke down and sobbed.

Walker put a comforting arm round her shoulder and led her to a chair. "I've come to tell you all about it."

She looked at him, surprised.

"Charley is over there doing fine work for Uncle Sam," he began; "but you were worried about him. And you knew Jimmy'd have to go, and you've had the submarine nightmare, as all mothers have. And what Babbitt said on the train that day scared you to death."

"It did," she broke in.

"You made Jimmy run away, didn't you!"

She hesitated.

"Jimmy was too brave a boy ——"

"Yes, I did! I did!"

"Let me tell the people here that Jimmy ran away just to spare you. Then they won't think he was afraid to fight. That's how it was?"

"You're right," she said.

"Why didn't you testify to that before the court-martial?"

"Jimmy was afraid it would get me into trouble. But I told him I didn't mind that. Then he told me they'd think he was trying to put the blame on me and that it would go harder with him."

"Will you let me tell them that?"

She hesitated.

"It'll set Jimmy right before the people."

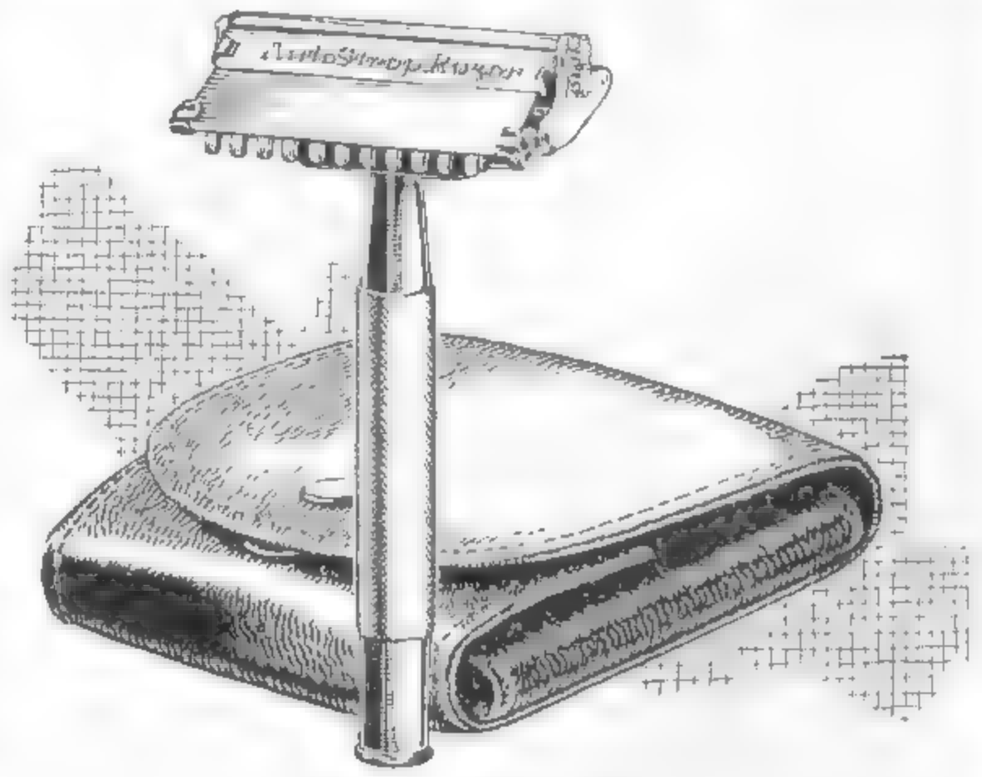
"Yes, do it! Do it!"

The same evening Snyder and Cummings had a bottle of wine together. "You see," exclaimed Cummings joyfully, "you see how it works! There was nothing to the story we got out about the sending of that transport to the bottom, not a thing—hot air. Yet it was grabbed at by hysterical men and women, and the result is very tangible. A deserter. A man in prison. His friends will resent it. Multiply the case of young Blakely many, many times, multiply the destructive influence of his friends." He held up his fingers. "One—eleven—a hundred and eleven. It will sap the lifeblood of Uncle Sam; and every drop of blood you take from Uncle Sam goes into the veins of the Kaiser."

When Walker got home after his interview with Mrs. Blakely he took his pipe and tried to forget his anger in the pages of a detective story. He had reached a dramatic climax and his nerves were at high tension when there was a quick, sharp ring at the doorbell. He went to the door and opened it with a jerk. But there was no one there. "Curious," he thought. He went back to the library and resumed the story. Presently he heard the next-door neighbor's bell and the sound of quick, light footsteps. He heard his neighbor come to the door. There were no voices. The door closed with a bang.

Walker took his stick and hat and went out the rear way. He walked round to the front porch and halted behind a great bush. In a few moments he saw three small figures emerge from the shadow of a big tree and make their way to the front gate of his neighbor on the left. Cautiously the leader mounted the steps, tugged vigorously at the bell and quickly retreated. The three boys then hid behind another tree. And Walker, not far away, recognized in the leader the unmistakable figure of "Nosey" White. Neighbor to the left came to the door, peered out into the darkness, muttered something profane and slammed the door. After much gleeful giggling the three boys came out from their hiding place, stole down the street and into another front yard a block away.

Walker went into the library and picked up his book. But he'd lost interest in the story. His thoughts were with the small boy.



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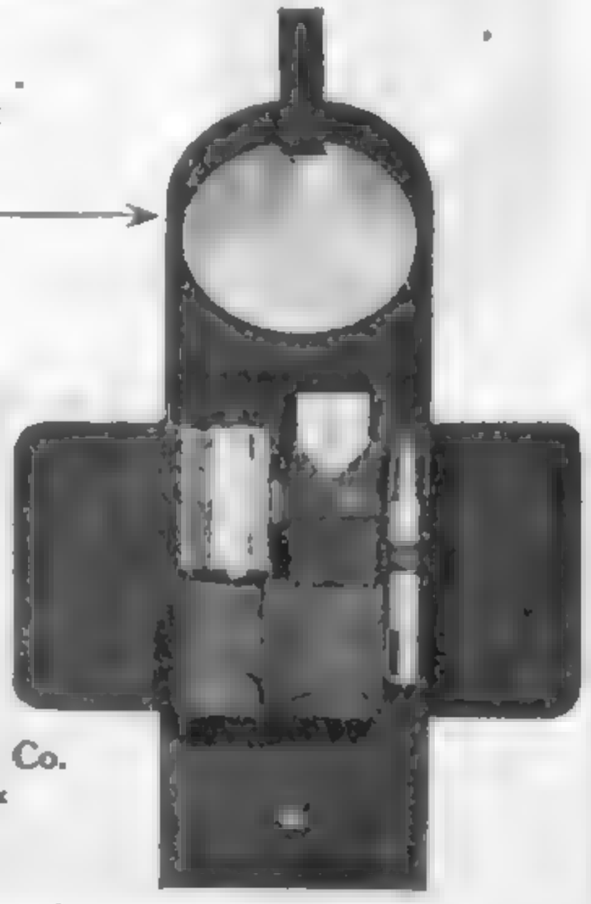

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He began to reminisce. He used to play ticktack on the local shopkeepers' windows. A bent pin, a string and a pebble. Gosh! How mad those shopkeepers used to get!

"For devilish ingenuity of the teasing kind give me the small boy," Walker mused. "Everywhere and always full of mischief. Everywhere and all at once," he said aloud. He sat up with a jerk. "By Jove, I've got it! The small boy—the red corpuscle of the country's blood—the universal policeman—everywhere and all at once!" He puffed his pipe excitedly.

For half an hour Walker sat pondering, then he took his hat and stick, proceeded to Main Street, thence round the corner to the moving picture show. Once there he was closeted for fifteen minutes with Hogan, the proprietor; and during that fifteen minutes Walker made certain arrangements satisfactory to both.

The next morning on his way to the train Walker stopped at the news stand run by the father of Nosey White. As he'd expected the young hopeful was there in attendance at the candy department.

"Alexander," said Walker. Alexander was Nosey's Sunday-school name. Walker noticed a furtive look in Nosey's eyes and a tendency to move away, and hastened to reassure him. "Alexander, I'm going to have a moving-picture show at my house to-night, a detective story. How would you like to see it?"

"Fine!" said Nosey.

"I want you to bring all your friends. You can let them think it's your party if you like, only bring 'em all!"

"Yes, sir!" said Nosey.

Nosey having always regarded Walker as a gentle, retiring, serious-minded man didn't quite understand this sudden interest in him and his friends. Suspecting that a lecture on the evils of doorbell ringing and the like might be introduced under the camouflage of a detective story on the screen he was noncommittal with the rest of the crowd.

He didn't propose that they'd have the laugh on him for falling into any such trap. So he qualified each and every invitation: "There may be a lecture stuck away in it, but it's a detective story; an' there's sure to be refreshments."

That night when the last reel showing the kid-gloved detective collaring the villain with one hand and uniting the hero and heroine with the other was run off before the delighted crowd of small boys in Walker's great parlors, Walker said: "Boys, in a few minutes we are going to have some refreshments, but before we do I want to say a few words."

"A few words" was ominous. Jimmy Whelen looked at Will Meeker. Nosey prayed away down in his guilty little heart that Walker was not going verbally to flagellate him and his wicked accomplices. His cap was in his pocket, and for strategic purposes he had located himself within leaping distance of the door. So far as his accessories, before and after the fact, were concerned, they might take care of themselves.

"Boys," Walker went on after a proper pause, "I'm going to organize a Junior Detective Society to-night to work for Uncle Sam."

The boys wriggled in their seats. Little curved backs straightened up, eyes sparkled. Seeing that his first words had gripped his audience, engaged their interest, Walker proceeded with his purpose.

"Boys, how many of you have got brothers in the trenches?" He counted the little hands that instantly shot up. "Seventeen, eighteen. Think of it, eighteen young men from this place, eighteen that you know of! Boys, did you know that there are certain persons right here in Danforth that are sending the Kaiser bullets to kill your brothers?"

The silence that followed indicated that they didn't know it.

Then up spoke Harry Nichols. "How can they send bullets to the Kaiser, Mr. Walker, when we can't even send tobacco to Sam?"

"That's a very natural question, Harry. I'll tell you how they do it." He paused, then: "Boys, do you know why Jimmy Blakely, your friend and mine, was put in prison?"

"'Cause he ran away so he wouldn't have to fight," piped up Nosey.

"Do you know why he ran away?"

There was a silence.

"He ran away"—with emphasis—"because he was bitten by a yellow dog. Did you ever see a yellow dog?"

"Hell's Half Acre's full of 'em," said Tom Brennan.

"Did you ever see a yellow dog that was a thoroughbred?" Walker went on.

"No—they're only yellow dogs," Nosey sneered. The question was quite absurd.

"You all know what happens to a thoroughbred when he associates with a yellow dog, don't you?"

"My bull pup caught the mange from Nick Hamilton's mongrel," said Jimmy Whelen.

"Yes, and your bull pup gave it to my setter," exclaimed Snowy Johnson.

"That's the way it spreads!" exclaimed Walker.

"But, Mr. Walker, what has yellow dogs got to do with the detective business?" said Nosey.

"Just this: The kind of yellow dog that bit Jimmy Blakely was a two-legged yellow dog."

There was a quick laugh of comprehension.

"Boys," Walker went on solemnly, "this town is in danger from yellow dogs. Remember, there are only two kinds of Americans in this country—true Americans and yellow dogs. The true American is heart and soul for the United States of America. The yellow dog is first aid to the Kaiser."

"But the bullets—how do they get bullets to the Kaiser to shoot our brothers with?" persisted Harry Nichols.

"Those boys at the Front expect other boys to come over there and help them fight, don't they?" said Walker.

Chorus of all but Harry, who thought his question was being evaded, "Yes, sir!"

"What's the matter with you, Harry? Can't you ketch on or do you just want argument?" whispered Nosey. "I'll give you a punch in the nose."

"Aw, I only want to know," shot back Harry.

Then Walker told the boys why Jimmy Blakely ran away.

"You see, boys"—he held up an accentuating finger—"the Kaiser's friends here did that so Jimmy couldn't go over and help his brother fight. They killed him off over here. That's the way the yellow dogs send the Kaiser bullets, Harry."

The boys nodded to one another comprehendingly.

Walker turned to Nosey. "Now the only way to run the yellow dog down is to be a good detective. Nose him out. Swat him! Let me describe the yellow dog definitely. Then you boys can spot him when you see him. Any man that says anything against the Government that he can't back up is a yellow dog. There are two kinds—the noisy and the silent. Anyone can spot the first the moment he opens his mouth. Some of them yelp, but most of them whine.

"The yellow dog of the yelping species always yelps his glee at any news against the Allies, with an 'I told you so,' 'We would go into it' air. Do you know that variety, boys?"

A dozen hands shot up.

"Babbitt, the feller you swatted!" cried Nosey White.

Walker grinned.

"The yellow dog of the whining species is always doubtful of winning, gloomy, talking long war, high taxes, afraid the Government'll go broke—won't be able to pay off its bonds, coal twenty dollars a ton before we get through with it, food way up, and all that sort of thing.

"The yellow dog of the silent species is harder to recognize. He doesn't commit himself by howling or yelping. He's the man who doesn't jump to his feet in a theater as if he were proud of the Star-Spangled Banner, or the man who doesn't applaud our boys when they march past, or take off his hat to the flag. He's the fellow that eats meat on the sly on meatless days. Or he's the vulgar dog who ostentatiously feeds, not eats, in the cafés, when every expensive dish he orders is a slap in the face for Uncle Sam. When you see such a creature as that eating meat on a meatless day you can imagine your brother in the trenches going hungry to defend that man. Remind him that he's taking food out of your brother's mouth. Whenever you see him kick him."

Walker held up a small yellow package. "I've got some cards of definitions here. I'm going to give you some. I want you to study them carefully, and when a definition applies to any man you see you'll know he's a yellow dog. Spot him!"

He passed the cards round.

"Now I suggest this: Call yourselves the Boy Detectives of America. Make every

(Continued on Page 141)

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RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
CAMPELLO (BROCKTON), MASS.

(Continued from Page 138)

boy you know a detective to work for Uncle Sam to run down the yellow dog. I want you, Alexander White; and you, Harry Nichols; and you, Tom Brennan; and you, Jimmy Whelen; and you, Harold Wetherbee; and you, Phil Hammond, to take charge, organize. Use your own wits; only begin operations at once. Report to your leaders and they'll report to me.

"Now, boys, let everybody know you're on a yellow-dog hunt. Above all, don't be afraid! If you hear a man say something against the Government you go right up and ask him: 'How do you know?' He'll be scared, just as Babbitt was. He'll shift it to somebody else. You go to the man he shifts it to and ask him where he got it. Tell him your brother's in the trenches. It's your business to find out. He'll get scared. He'll pass you along to somebody else. Then you report to me."

Walker, in setting the small boy to fight yellow dogism in Danforth, had reckoned somewhat without his host. He had forgotten that the small boy is very much of a firecracker; he's apt to go off with a bang after a very short preliminary sizzing. He is direct in his methods; he must see immediate results. Above all things, the small boy loves the trumpet and calcium route.

On the second night after the noteworthy moving-picture party Walker had retired to his library after dinner when he heard the distant strains of the most preposterous music. In astonishment he went out onto the front porch. He observed that his neighbors, as far as the eye could reach, were gathered on their front porches, too, looking down the street in the direction of the noise. Walker had once attended a Chinese theater and heard the musicians. He had been when a boy at a horning in the country, a thing blasphemously discordant. But this was neither Chinese band nor horning. It was too awful for either.

In the distance was a line of bobbing red torches and great squares of light. Walker wondered what the latter could be. Evidently the procession was coming his way. A sudden apprehension touched his supersensitive soul. On came the torches, swaying and bobbing. And now the great squares of light that had perplexed him proved to be illuminated banners. There was no applause from the onlookers on the stoops as the procession passed.

Walker's apprehension deepened as he noted that the shadowy figures bearing the torches and banners were diminutive. Presently he could read the first banner, which was borne by Nosey White:

BOY DETECTIVES OF AMERICA

WE'RE OUT AFTER THE YELLOW DOG

If Walker hadn't known what was up he would have suspected that someone had lost a mongrel pup and that the boys had adopted this preposterous way of finding it.

"It must be rather confusing to the neighbors—that first banner," he mused.

Walker was not prepared for the second banner, which the boys had been carrying somewhat askew, and now, as they approached his porch, squared round to face him. It was evidently designed for his edification and was a staggering blow to the super-modest Walker, who had hoped that the egotism of the boys would prompt them to arrogate to themselves all credit for the patriotic enterprise. The banner was proudly carried by Phil Hammond and Harold Wetherbee, sons of fellow commuters, and bore in blazing letters:

ALBERT T. WALKER IS OUR BELOVED LEADER

Walker gripped the rail of the porch and breathed hard. On came the procession, made up of several small groups, each bearing a banner. Walker noted that the inscriptions on the banners had been suggested by the cards of definitions he had given the boys and that they elucidated yellow dogism in a most comprehensive and detailed way:

ALL YELLOW DOGISM IS MADE IN GERMANY

THIS IS AN AMERICAN TOWN
WE'RE BEHIND THE GOVERNMENT
SWAT THE YELLOW DOG

WE'RE THE BOY DETECTIVES OF OUR TOWN
THERE MAY BE YELLOW DOGS IN DANFORTH BUT
THERE AIN'T ANY YELLOW PUPS

THE YELLOW DOG MAY HAVE HIS DAY BUT THIS
AIN'T IT

IF A MAN TALKS AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT AND
CAN'T BACK UP WHAT HE SAYS HE'S A YELLOW
DOG

THE MEANEST YELLOW DOG OF THE LOT IS THE ONE
THAT STANDS BY AND HEARS HIS COUNTRY ABUSED
WITHOUT PROTEST

[illegible], YES!
[illegible] NO!

WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER BELIEVE
UNCLE SAM OR THE KAISER?

ANY MAN WHO TELLS THE GOVERNMENT ABOUT ITS
[illegible] AND HOW TO CORRECT [illegible]
ANY MAN WHO TELLS THE GOVERNMENT ABOUT ITS
FAULTS JUST TO DISCOURAGE IT IS A YELLOW DOG

ANYBODY THAT SAYS COLONEL VANDERBILT LOANED
FRANCE FORTY MILLIONS IS A YELLOW DOG
HE AIN'T GOT THAT MUCH

THE INCOME-TAX DODGER
IS A YELLOW DOG

ANY MAN THAT WON'T BUY A BOND ISN'T WILLING
TO PAY HIS SHARE OF THE EXPENSES OF OUR BROTHERS
IN THE TRENCHES WHO ARE RISKING THEIR LIVES
FIGHTING FOR HIM
CAN ANY YELLOW DOG BE YELLERER'N THAT?

ANYBODY THAT SAYS U. S. BONDS AIN'T THE SAFEST
INVESTMENT IN THE WORLD
ASK HIM HOW HE KNOWS
IF HE CAN'T ANSWER YOU
HE'S A YELLOW DOG

EVERY CALAMITY HOWLER
IS A YELLOW DOG

ANYBODY THAT SAYS ANYTHING THAT GIVES THE
GERMANS A CHANCE TO WRITE HOME AN' SAY THIS
AIN'T A POPULAR WAR
IS A YELLOW DOG
IT'S POPULAR AN' THEN SOME

IF YOU HEAR A MAN SAY HE'S GLAD THE TUSCANIA
WAS SUNK
DON'T ARGUE WITH HIM!
ASSAULT HIM!

ANYBODY WHO TALKS PEACE BY COMPROMISE
IS A YELLOW DOG
JUDAS MADE A 50-50 PEACE WITH THE DEVIL
EVERYBODY KNOWS WHERE JUDAS GOT OFF

OUR BELOVED COUNTRY IS IN DANGER
NOBODY BUT A YELLOW DOG WILL OBSTRUCT THE
ANTI-YELLOW-DOG MOVEMENT IN DANFORTH

Presently came the following zoölogical anomaly:

EVERY SCARED CAT
IS A YELLOW DOG

At the tail end of the procession was a huge banner, overtopping all others and inscribed as follows:

OVER HERE
BY ALEXANDER (NOSEY) WHITE

While our boys are in the trenches
Fighting muck and boche and stenches
Over there,
He is loafing on park benches
Over here,
Talking queer,
Yellow dog.

Or he sits in a saloon
Over here,
Drinking beer.
And he'll sneer
At the boys that we hold dear,
Yellow dog.

While the foeman we attack
Over there,
He would bite us in the back
Over here.
With his cash he'll be a miser,
Won't buy bonds to beat the Kaiser,
And he'll sneak, assault and lie, sir,
Yellow dog.

Yes, he'll yelp and whine and bellow,
Will the dog that we call yellow,
Over here.

Plumb in front of Walker's gate Nosey gave the word, and the line of marchers halted. The combined strains of a tin fife, a mouth organ, a jews-harp, an accordion and a snare drum, each struggling with a patriotic air of its own—the drum coming the nearest to hitting it off—ceased. Then: "Right about! Face!" The Boy Detectives swung round. After a moment's pause Nosey shouted: "Three cheers for the Honorable Albert T. Walker, the Chief of the Boy Detectives of America!"

The cheers were given vigorously. Then from down the line came: "Speech! Speech!"

Walker noted that many of the neighbors had left their front porches and were sauntering down the walk toward his porch. It was a trying moment for him. The whole thing seemed grotesque. But when he looked into the enthusiastic faces of the boys the spirit of the thing swept over him. He stepped out into plain view, cleared his

THOSE who know the perfect privacy of the noiseless closet must consider the obsolete loud-flushing toilet an offense against good taste.

THE TRENTON POTTERIES CO.

SILENT SI-WEL-CLO CLOSET

operates silently. It cannot be heard outside the bathroom. It is self-cleansing and sanitary. It is designed to prevent clogging and constructed with a view to saving plumbers' bills. Point for point it supersedes the best loud-flushing toilets made, being unequalled either in appearance or sanitary qualifications.

Evenly glazed vitrified china is non-porous and immune to corrosion. Sediment will not adhere to its glossy, self-cleansing surface, and under ordinary conditions and normal care it will not discolor with years of use.

The reputation of THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY'S ware for excellence in mechanical construction, quality and design entitles these products to first consideration. The cost of installation is no greater because of that quality; the plumbing maintenance is less. We are using the best materials as always, employing experienced and skilled workmen. Sanitation and good health require the best plumbing fixtures—not the cheapest.

A copy of our book "Bathrooms of Character" B-5 will be of great help to those interested in home betterment or in building a new home. Write for it

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TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

SI-WEL-CLO SUPERIORITY

One feature of the SI-WEL-CLO is the care taken to furnish only the finest quality seat no exposed metal parts. Either white or mahogany. Another feature is the china connection between tank and closet—never corrodes or tarnishes. Consider these other features besides that of quiet operation

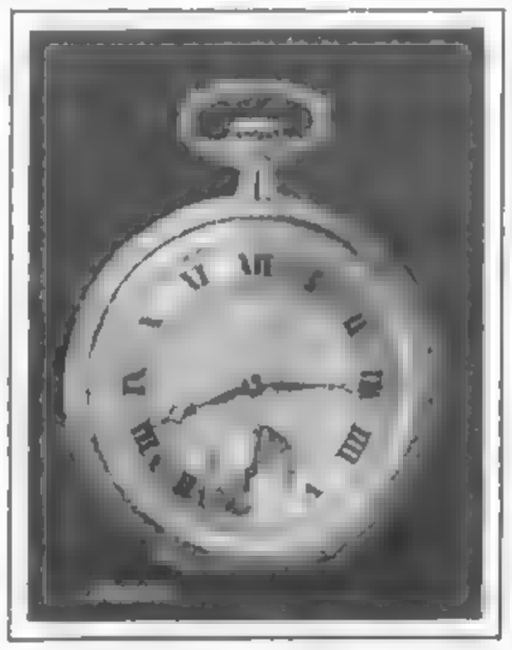
The SI-WEL-CLO Ordinary Type Water Closet

Water Surface
(Represented by solid black)

The fouling surface in a water closet is but one difference between a scientifically constructed bowl (the Si-wel-clo) and the ordinary type. The bowl of the Si-wel-clo is always clean and free from soil

Seal and Water Trapway
(Represented by solid black)

The Silent Si-wel-clo has other advantages besides its quiet operation. It has a much deeper water-seal guard against sewer gas, a much larger trapway, preventing stoppage, and a syphon auxiliary, which causes the closet to flush more rapidly and positively



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DESIGNED in the characteristic style of Louis XIV, a period when beautifully-decorated and exquisitely-fashioned timepieces were created, this new model is unusually distinctive.

It has a plain center back, daintily-chased bevel edges, and a handsomely-chased dial decorated with raised gold numerals. Or it can be had with the pat. Louis XIV platinized raised gold numeral dial.

The movement is made in Madre-Biel, Switzerland, by the best modern Swiss craftsmen, many of them direct descendants of the old masters. It is made with 17 Ruby jewels, is adjusted to five positions, to temperatures and to isochronism; accuracy is guaranteed.

In ultra-quality gold-filled, No. L14, $50. In 14-kt., No. L144, $85. Others with precision movements and 18-kt. cases, up to $225.

Obtainable only through one of the 1200 Gruen jeweler agencies—the best in every locality—to whom the sale of Gruen watches is confined.

How the Gruen Pat. Wheel Construction made an accurate watch thin

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Will You Sell Us 5 Minutes? You are perhaps too busy to have any "spare time." But there are many 5-minute intervals in your day which you should set to work. *"Time is money."* You have the time; we have the money. Will you sell? Address THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 341 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Your favorite style in a knitted fabric

Now you can get the cut and roominess you want, in a feather-weight knitted suit that simply can't get clammy, sticky and uncomfortable.

The Lastlong flat-knit fabric absorbs perspiration and helps keep the body cool and dry.

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Made in athletic and other styles, in your proper trunk and chest sizes. Popular prices.

Ask your dealer to show you Lastlong Union Suits

The Lastlong label on the neck is your cue to quality—look for it.

Write for booklet and swatch of fabric.

Lastlong Underwear Co.
349 Broadway New York

throat in a hollow way, and with the blood hot in his face and a new kind of life pulsing in him, shouted:

"Boys, I'm with you! You're all right. What you've got on your banners there is the right thing. Now, go to it! Spot the yellow dog, then swat him! I'm proud to be your leader! Go to it!"

And the procession proceeded.

An hour later Chief of Police Kidder called on Walker.

"We can't allow this, Mr. Walker," he said: "not for a minute!"

"Have a cigar, chief," said Walker. Then, when they had lighted up: "Can't allow what?"

"This noisy procession business."

"Why don't you stop 'em, then?"

"I came to you because"—he chuckled—"you're their beloved leader."

Walker knew that he held an ace, but he let the chief go on.

"Well?"

"You're aiding and abetting them."

Walker, in order to play his ace with more emphasis later on, adopted the conciliatory.

"It's only boyish enthusiasm."

The chief became austere. "Nevertheless, they've got to stop it."

"But why? The boys are out after yellow dogism. It's a good thing they are."

"It's against the law to parade without a permit."

"Why don't you give 'em a permit?"

"To be frank, Mr. Walker, there are lots of law-abiding foreigners. Their feelings ——"

Walker jumped to his feet. "To hell with their feelings! What about our feelings?"

"That's all very well for you, Mr. Walker; but I, as chief of police, am between the devil and the deep sea."

"So is Uncle Sam between the devil and the deep sea—he's got the enemy in front of him and a lot of white-livered skunks behind."

The chief didn't relish the insinuation. "Look here, Mr. Walker, I don't allow any man to tell me my ——"

At this point Walker played his ace. "Read this card—Paragraph Four."

And Paragraph Four was: "Our beloved country is in danger from yellow dogism. Nobody but a yellow dog will obstruct the anti-yellow-dog movement in Danforth."

"Well?" said the chief roughly, "what of it?"

"You're a good policeman and—a good politician. Think it over."

The chief wagged his head. "Politics don't influence me. They've got to stop this business, that's all."

"That's all right, chief," said Walker pleasantly. "Have a fresh cigar."

The chief continued to puff the butt he held in his teeth, but he took the proffered fresh weed and stuck it in his waistcoat pocket.

"Good night!" he grunted.

"Good night, chief."

"The color of his hide's beginning to turn," muttered Walker as he returned to the library.

On his way back to headquarters the chief noticed the approach of the Boy Detectives with their noise and torches. He turned to the right, made a detour through a dark street, and came out onto Main Street again far in the rear of the procession.

"Did you fix Walker, chief?" said the captain.

"Oh, yes. Walker explained. They're only some small boys out on a lark. That'll be all right. Don't get mixed up with it."

"I've a hunch that's the wisest course," said the captain.

"Boys," said Nosey White, when the procession was about to disband, "we're going to put Danforth on the map as a one hundred per cent American burg!"

Nosey had acquired a number of sound colloquialisms from the commuters who bought papers at his father's stand at the depot. Also he had learned the point of view of a number of those gentlemen through their comments on the news as they scanned the headlines in the morning. Already in his patriotic little heart he had resented the attitude of many, and had spotted the most prominent pessimists. With true juvenile perspicacity he noticed that the loudest-mouthed pessimists usually had a little ring of satellites or toadies, whose principal business it was to acquiesce.

"Spot the main croaks, fellers," he admonished. "Get after 'em. Slip 'em the yellow card. If we can shut them up the other fellers are easy. Another thing," he admonished: "always be polite—polite but firm. Don't tackle anybody in a noisy way, like a fresh Aleck trying to get in the spotlight. Just go up quietly to a man when you hear him say anything mean about the Government and ask him, 'How do you know?'"

"Say, that's a good slogan," said Harold Wetherbee. "'How do you know?'"

"It squares with the detective game, all right," said Nosey.

The first effect of the blatant torchlight procession with its snappy banners was amusement. The Danforthers treated it flippantly. No one applied the definitions to himself. But each one could see how one of these banners fitted one or more of his neighbors. There was a good deal of friendly chaffing among the commuters next morning. Brown twitted Jones and Jones passed the buck to Robinson and Robinson pushed it along to Smith. Men began to ask each other in fun: "Are you a yellow dog?" "What heading do you come under? Tax Dodger? Scandal Monger? Passive Listener?" Each began unconsciously to take stock of himself. He had long since begun to take stock of his neighbor. And as each one took stock of himself he grew more and more sensitive to flippant innuendo. Had someone taken stock of him, he wondered, as he had taken stock of his neighbor?

The "income liar" admonition was the most general in its application. One had left off various items. Another had exaggerated his expense account in a way that he felt the Government wouldn't be able to detect, but still was apprehensive. Still another had made the plea that he'd lost important data and would have to make a general statement.

A. D. Jones was the first definite victim. Jones was a stock speculator. "Bah," he said one evening at the news stand—there had been a rise in the market and Jones was a chronic bear—"it's those dollar-a-year boys down in Washington. They're mixed up with McAdoo. They're all on the make."

Harold Wetherbee chanced to be standing by. He construed Jones' remark as an insinuation against the Government. So Jones was startled by a little piping voice at his elbow: "How do you know?"

"Know what?" he said, looking down at his youthful cross-questioner.

"How do you know the Government's doin' it?"

"What do you mean?"

"My brother's in the trenches," said Harold, adhering literally to printed instructions.

"What's that got to do with it?" said Jones, amused.

Harold stuck out his chest. He had an audience and he was a natural-born smart Aleck. "It's my business to see the Government's run honest."

"Who says it isn't run honest?"

"You say so. If those dollar-a-year boys down in Washington is on the make that ain't honest, is it? That's why I want you to tell me how you know, so's I can report."

"Oh, forget it!"

"Not much I won't forget it!" Harold went on, raising his voice. "How do you know?"

"There, there! I don't know. Now you forget it."

Harold looked all round, then: "Any man that says a thing against the Government he can't prove is a yellow dog."

Everybody within the sound of the Boy Detective's voice laughed right out at Jones.

"Ugh!" grunted Jones disgustedly, picking up his paper and starting for home.

When Jones got home he found a yellow ticket in his side pocket. He was about to tear it up, but thought better of it. Instead he read the definitions.

"I'll pass this along to Reynolds. The third definition hits him."

Definition Three was: "Any man who says the Government won't be able to meet the interest on its bonds is a yellow dog."

"That's his favorite song. I'll underline it."

Next morning Jones' voice was not so noticeable in the smoker. He pretended to be absorbed in the financial news. But that device didn't work. The whole commuter fraternity had been put wise overnight. Jones had the distinction of being the first yellow dog spotted in Danforth, and he was made to realize it. The question was hurled at him: "Hey, Jones, how do you know?" A roar of laughter.

Jones thought to take refuge in sulking. Then his tormentors took another tack. "Say, Smith," said Robinson, "did you

(Continued on Page 145)

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The "Exide" is a battery with an ancestry—an ancestry that for over a quarter of a century has enjoyed prestige in every field where storage batteries are used.

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We manufacture no ready-made clothing

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Price Building, Chicago, U · S · A

Our local dealer in your own city is ready to send us your measure--*TODAY*

(Continued from Page 142)

know that Wilson was boosting stocks just to squeeze the bears?"

"How do you know?" said Robinson; and all the boys laughed, keeping their eyes on Jones.

All the way into town Jones sulked. But there was a curious reaction taking place in him, and he took a deep satisfaction in slipping the card he'd prepared into the side pocket of Reynolds' coat as he crowded past him at the ferry. Reynolds had been one of Jones' chief tormentors.

When Brigham, who was watching the blackboard at the opening, remarked in a sympathetic tone, "McAdoo is still after the bears," Jones simply said "Oh, rats!" and turned away. Brigham was amazed.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed. "Everybody knows Washington's playing the market!"

"But how do they know?" said Jones.

"How do you know?" was the chorus that greeted Jones at the end of the smoker that evening, by all but Reynolds—for Reynolds himself was emerging from goathood into sheephood.

Jones hesitated, set his jaw hard, then said: "There's one thing I do know: I own Liberty Bonds." He'd bought two that day. "And I know another thing: I made an absolutely correct statement about my income tax." Also he had amended his report that afternoon. "Did you fellows? Think it over!"

So many commuters were engaged in having fun at Jones' expense that they let down their own guard. Henry C. Beckwith at the soda-water stand in Smithers' drug store, on the corner of Lateret and Charles Streets, had the responsibility of spreading rumors brought home to him.

"I'm worried," he said. "I got inside information that the Germans have been picking out rotten timber for our airplanes."

"You don't say so!" said Billings, with a vacuous stare.

"I got it straight," said Beckwith significantly. "It's ——" He was interrupted by a freckled, professorial-looking youth, Tom Brennan, who had in his hand a notebook and pencil, like a reporter in a play.

"Mr. Beckwith," said Tom pleasantly, "will you kindly tell me where you got your inside information?"

"What the ——" Beckwith caught himself.

"Let me explain," said Tom. "My brother's in the trenches. It's my business to run down these rumors. If the Germans are doing that the Government ought to know about it."

"But I can't say who told me."

"Pardon me," said Tom, producing a yellow card. "Will you kindly read Paragraph Eight?"

Paragraph Eight was: "Any man who has inside information against the Government and won't tell where he got it so the Boy Detectives can run it down is a yellow dog."

"Say," Beckwith tried to bully, "you cut out that yellow-dog business round me!"

"Sorry, but we"—the Boy Detectives had been told to use "we" for psychological reasons—"we can't cut it out till you tell us who told you."

Beckwith pondered a bit, then impulsively: "Look here, boy, you're right! I didn't have any inside information. It was only a rumor. I was a fool to talk that way. I'm just as good an American as you are."

Young Brennan nodded gravely. "You're right, Mr. Beckwith," he said. "And now I'll thank you for that yellow slip. It doesn't belong to you any more."

Phineas J. Brown was Victim Number Three. Brown was a prominent oracle of gloom. Therefore he'd been spotted and followed assiduously, but thus far had escaped. It was Wednesday evening and Brown was radiating pessimism, as usual, in Ellis' cigar store.

"Ugh!" he groaned. "There's no use in jollying ourselves along with American resourcefulness, American courage and all that. Boys, take it from me ——"

"Look out!" said Binns, who had noted the figure of a small boy lurking outside the door. The warning came too late.

"Germany's invincible. Take it from me, she's invincible!"

Startled, Brown turned as a voice piped up: "The yellow slip for you, sir."

Brown glanced at the card the tiny fist poked into his hand.

"What's the matter with you?" he growled. "These things don't cover my case." Then in a more conciliatory tone, for he had learned through the experience of others, and anxious to set himself right with the Boy Detective: "I've got bonds, and I don't lie about my income, and I don't eat meat on meatless days. Is there anything on that bill of fare hits me?"

A grimy little forefinger pointed to Paragraph Twelve. Paragraph Twelve was: "Any man that says good things about the enemy is a yellow dog."

The Boy Detective then turned to the long-haired gentleman, one E. A. Clark, who had been smiling acquiescently behind his whiskers at Brown's discomfiture. "Here's a card for you, sir!" handing him a yellow slip.

"What for, you young pup? I haven't said anything."

The small grimy finger pointed to Paragraph Fifteen. Paragraph Fifteen was: "Anyone who listens to a yellow dog giving aid to the enemy and doesn't protest is a yellow dog."

"You go about your business!"

"It is my business, sir. My brother's in the trenches, and while the boche is fighting him in front I'm going to keep the yellow dogs from jumping on his back."

Clark saw that he had made a mistake.

"Of course you are. You're right!" He turned to Brown. "Brown, you've got no business to talk that way, always spouting calamity. It isn't right."

"Here, Mr. Clark, gimme back that card! It don't belong to you now," said the Boy Detective. And he dashed away to his usual spotting place near White's news stand at the depot.

Without further ado Clark turned on the group. "Damn you yellow dogs!" he said. "Damn you! You'll get us all into trouble with your whining."

Clark had taken up the cudgels for the Government. His little outburst in Ellis' cigar store had effected a curious change in him, just as a change had been effected in Walker. The Yankee coal in him was glowing. He had committed himself openly to the defense of Uncle Sam. He felt that his change of attitude would be noted. And it was the next day, for news travels fast in commuterdom. No one came to him with any gleeful news of the sinking of a British tank by a submarine, expecting him to listen passively. His attitude reacted again upon himself. He began to defend the Administration, and as he did so he began to wonder why he had ever given credence to the foolish rumors that he'd heard.

R. W. Hicks, the big grocer of Danforth, who had become a prominent croak under the insidious influence of Charles Snyder, was made to see the light in a little more drastic way. Hicks' favorite croak was "Why buy bonds? Half the money we pay in is being wasted and grafted." He had on a certain afternoon had his income tax figured out at the collector's office, which left him in a state of excessive grouch. On his way home he stopped in Ellis' cigar store.

"Bah!" he observed disgustedly as he lighted a weed. "They're nothing but thieves down there: thieves and fools! Do you know, Ellis, that only fifty per cent of what we pay in goes to lick the Kaiser? The rest of it is either grafted or wasted."

"How do you know?" said a tall youth, Snowy Johnson, with a white face and big black-rimmed spectacles, who entered the store at that moment. For, be it understood, the Boy Detectives had located the favorite forgathering place of the croaks and always lurked in the neighborhood thereof.

Hicks turned with a snarl, for he realized that he was in a hole and resolved to bluff it out.

"How do I know? Why, of course I know! Look here, you Boy Detectives can't bully me!"

"I don't want to bully you," said Snowy. "I only want to know."

"Everybody knows it's a fact."

"If everybody knows it, how can the grafters get away with it?"

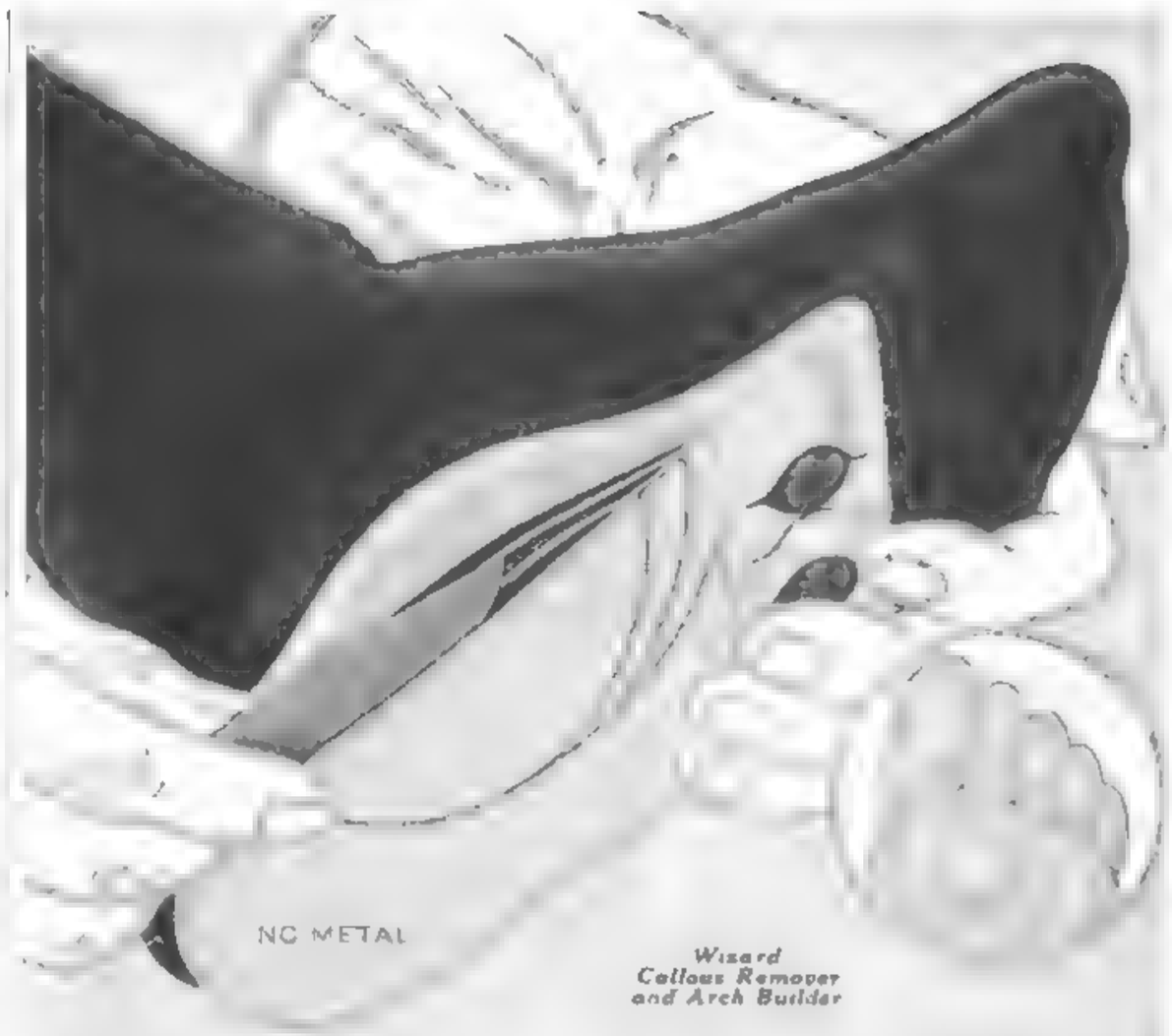
"Well, they do, all right," growled Hicks.

"It must be wonderful," Snowy commented, "for any one man to know as much as that, how half the money's being wasted and grafted."

"I know it and I believe it. You can't bully me; you young snoop!"

Without another word Hicks strode off.

The next morning Hicks found pasted on the front of his store a number of yellow cards bearing the inscription: "This man is a yellow dog. He lies about the Government. He can't back up what he says."



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Callouses are due to abnormally low metatarsal bones (just back of toes) pressing on the sole of the foot.

Treating the callous itself can do no permanent good. The pressure must be relieved by supporting the bone in normal place—then the pain stops instantly and the callous soon disappears. A callous, even if not painful, is a symptom of foot trouble that should be looked after

If your feet hurt or tire quickly

the chances are that some part of the bone structure is strained. Nearly all foot troubles—fallen arch, callouses bunions, etc., are due to displaced bones. Bone pressure on the nerves of the foot also often cause pain in the legs and back where these nerves radiate.

Wizard

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are bringing immediate and permanent relief to thousands of foot sufferers—by supporting the misplaced bones. By means of overlapping pockets, holding soft inserts, the fallen bones are gently, gradually raised to normal place.

By this simple, comfortable method, callouses are permanently corrected, fallen arches are restored, bunions are relieved, run-over-heels straightened, etc. Wizards require no breaking in because

they contain no metal

and the patented overlapping pocket principle permits instant adjustment for comfort. Wizards are made of fine leather—soft, featherlight, flexible—can be worn with perfect comfort from the start. Do not confuse them with ordinary foot appliances—Wizards are *entirely different.*

In thousands of shoe stores there are Wizard foot experts

who are specially trained in the Wizard system of relieving foot troubles. It takes a man thus trained in foot anatomy to know what bone causes your foot trouble, and what particular Wizard appliance to prescribe. That knowledge also enables such shoe stores to give better service in properly fitting shoes. Ask for Wizards where you buy shoes, and if the dealer doesn't sell them write us for name of nearest dealer who does.

Send for explanatory booklet.

Wizard Foot Appliance Co. 1631 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

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Just so, the Master Cleaners' Emblem today represents a standard. Only those who have properly equipped cleaning plants can use this Emblem. Thousands of places are held out to the public as "Cleaning Establishments" which are neither equipped nor sanitary. Through these places wholesale deceptions may be practised. Hence the crying need for this recognized standard in the cleaning industry.

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What are you going to do when you move to town? Loaf?

We know the rest of the family will enjoy town life, but unless you get into a business where your experience and acquaintanceship in the community count, it is mighty tiresome for you.

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They had no more experience when they started than you have had. They are doing it, you can do it.

If this fact interests you, write us at once. We will send you a big booklet called "Evidence" which will show you where and how others have succeeded.

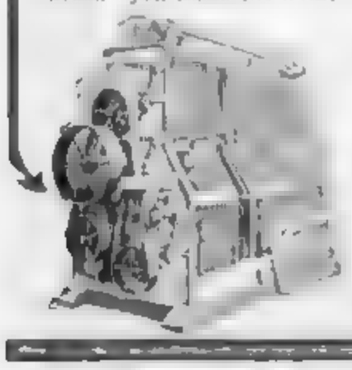
There are more than 1200 of these MARVEL mill owners in this country.

We build mills for large and small communities.

Easy terms, conscientious assistance, sales helps, all included when you enter this big, profitable business.

Many owners pay for the mill out of the profits the first year.

Everyone eats bread—takes flour to make bread—you make the flour. Write!



ANGLO-AMERICAN MILL CO.
443-449 Trust Bldg.,
Owensboro, Ky.

"What do you think of it, Snyder?" he asked.

"Now's the time for all good citizens to stand together against the spying movement that this man Walker has started," Snyder urged, with a good show of indignation. "All your friends'll back you up."

"I'll be damned if I won't leave those cards up. They can't blackmail me!" said Hicks with curious logic. "They can't shut my mouth. I'll show 'em!"

But those cards did shut his mouth, for there was a perceptible falling off in trade during the day.

"What's this?" said Farmer Sloan, pointing to one of the yellow slips.

"One of those yellow-dog pups put it up there. They can't scare fellows like you and me."

"But what did you say?"

"I said that half the money that was realized on these bonds was grafted and wasted."

"Well," said Farmer Sloan quietly, "my boys are in the trenches—two of 'em. I've put what money I could in bonds. The only way I can back my boys up is to back up the Government. I guess I don't care to trade with no man that lies about it. Good day."

"What do you think, Snyder?"

"That's only one," urged the bookkeeper.

But as the day wore on and customers began to repeat "How do you know?" and when Hicks couldn't explain to their satisfaction just how the Government they loved was squandering half the money it got, through grafting and the like, wouldn't buy goods, he lost confidence in Snyder's advice. He sent for the Boy Detective.

"Look here, you're right, boy!" he said. "No man could know all that. Even Wilson himself couldn't know it."

"There's only one way you can counteract that rumor," said Snowy, the pedantic, "and that is to put up a sign that Uncle Sam is doing the best he can."

It was a bitter pill but Hicks swallowed it.

Walker had forgotten how resourceful the small boy really is, how effective his patriotism becomes, once given a chance to express itself along the line of adventure. He had thought to kindle a bonfire in Danforth. But he found that he'd started a conflagration. The air was full of it. Metaphorically it smarted the eyes and stung the nostrils of everybody. It was not long before every yellow dog in Danforth had been served with a card of identification. A reign of terror had descended upon the place. It got so a man didn't dare to talk sedition even to his wife in the middle of the night in his own bed, lest from out the darkness come—like the far-famed clarion Excelsior—the awful, incriminating: "How do you know?"

The loyal little Boy Detectives didn't give their parents away, but they didn't hesitate to take them to task for anything that savored of sedition. Paterfamilias found that his redoubts of authority were crumbling before the constant pin-prick fire of the "How do you know?" Paterfamilias hated it and became careful about what he said. He couldn't take refuge in the "Jones told me," because he knew his boy would go and ask Jones. So paterfamilias began to think. He thought hard. In trying to convince himself that he was right he convinced himself that he was wrong. He began to realize that the boy-detective movement was the concrete result of the careless words he and others had spoken; the shafts they thoughtlessly sent out against the Government had returned to torment them.

For a time everybody hated Walker—but nobody dared to criticize him openly for fear of stultifying himself. But gradually, as the mental and moral attitude of Danforth began to change, sentiment shifted in Walker's favor and against the yellow dog. "How do you know?" had sunk into public consciousness. It began to be: "How do I know?" and not once in a hundred times was a man able to answer that question to his own satisfaction.

Habitual kickers, who had thought it smart to voice their discontent, now spoke with bated breath and not without a glance round. Men who had themselves been accused began to listen for someone else to make a break so that they could sneer: "How do you know?" Others, who had been silent and surly, now became vociferously patriotic. Still others of the yellow-streaked variety instead of harping on German invincibility began to see some good in their own country. Politicians, noting the change of the wind, began to fall into line—as all good politicians should. Congressman Millikin, who had been attempting the paradox of "hunting with the hounds and running with the hares," went back to Washington with very decided views as to his duty, ready to face the devil backing the war party.

Danforth was no longer compromising. Everybody was making a grand scramble to get aboard the Walker band wagon. It was the only way to escape the pestiferous nagging of the Boy Detectives.

"Well, Snyder," said Cummings a month later, "I told you this war was a matter of advanced psychology. Your Walker has found the key to the situation. He is a smart fellow. He didn't waste his efforts in trying to run down the sowers of the seed, who were as ubiquitous as the house fly. No. He changed the nature of the soil, rendered it incompatible with the growth of the seed. He availed of the small boy, a force that was going to waste. He set him to work; spotted the yellow dogs; brought them into the light; made them stand up and be counted. Every one of them began to ask the why and wherefore of his own attitude, and when he did so his thought changed. And so the whole public thought changed."

"Well, Mr. Cummings, shall I give up my job here and go back to town?"

"What's the use? There's nothing for us to do just now. This movement has spread. I have a letter from Meadville, out in Pennsylvania. The boys out there have caught the contagion of applied patriotism, caught it from the boys here through the big newspapers. They've stamped out yellow-dogism out there. And so they have in Williamstown, New York." Cummings held up a bunch of letters. "And so they have in Danville, Kentucky, and Belvidere, Illinois. Away out in Douglas, Arizona, they've caught on." Cummings sighed. "I'm afraid Friend Walker and his Boy Detectives have turned the trick."

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Concluded from Page 69)

Henry Irving Dodge

Park—by a long shot. But I have a weakness for identifying myself with that aristocratic section of the city. I take my work seriously. I love to invent stories, but I hate to write them. It's drudgery which I avoid on the slightest provocation or excuse.

The other day the editor of a critical literary magazine asked me to write him an article giving the process by which the story Skinner's Big Idea was evolved. I wrote him that I would much rather attempt to write a story than tell how I had written one. It would be less difficult.

As a matter of fact, Skinner's Big Idea was written on a very carefully prepared plan. I designed that it should be an argument against the throwing of the middle-aged employee onto the scrapheap, an argument directed to the employer. To appeal to that gentleman, I felt that it was necessary to give his side of the case. Also it was necessary to present to him the employee's side of the case. By the same token, of course, it was necessary to show the employee some of the most vital errors into which he had fallen.

I felt that after having scolded them both thoroughly and most officiously, the whole story would go for naught if I didn't give a solution. The first part of the solving of the problem was to make the blue-envelope boys realize that they were in ruts and to dynamite them out of the same. Then was to come their rejuvenation through physical culture. The best possible means available for men of moderate incomes was the Y. M. C. A.

I had thought to appeal to the middle-aged employee who was in danger of losing his job. That was the class I aimed at. But the bull's-eye which I hit was the Y. M. C. A. I got letters from the Y. M. C. A.'s from all parts of the country stating that because of the story men had joined their gymnasiums in shoals.

For Skinner had shown them, as many of them admitted, that rejuvenation meant play, not work.

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